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Rev. G. H. Davenport,
Foxley,
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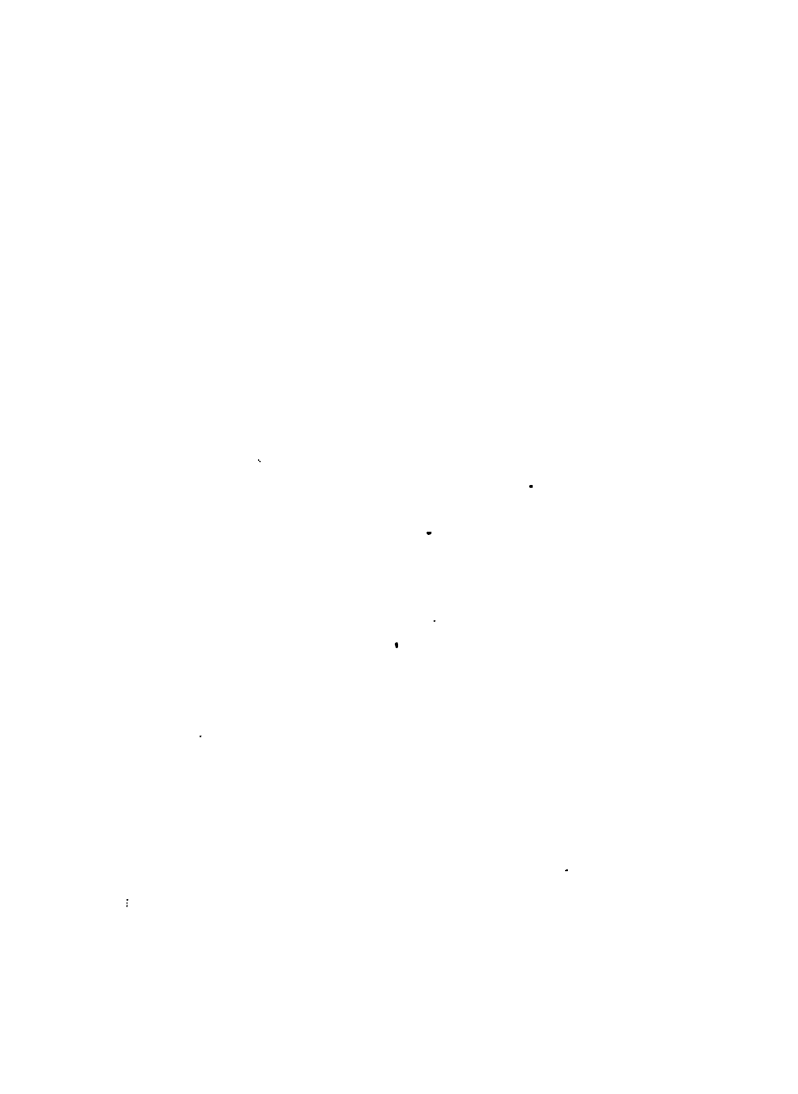
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NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETRY.

VOL. III.

Whittingham's Edition.



ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

— — —
PART V.

Odes.



LOVE AT SALE. p. 100.

Chiswick :

PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM :

FOR CHARLES S. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

1823.



NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

UNIQUE SELECTION,

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

British Poets, and Poetical Translators.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

EDITOR OF WHITTINGHAM'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

III.

ODES, BALLADS, SONGS, AND SONNETS.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART V.

Odes.

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

OF THE

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND:

CONSIDERED AS THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

Inscribed to Mr. John Home.

HOME! thou return'st from Thames, whose naiads
long

Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends whose hearts, some future day,

Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth *

Whom, long endear'd, thou leavest by Lavant's
Together let us wish him lasting truth [side;
And joy untainted, with his destined bride.

* A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced
Home to Collins.

Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My shortlived bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe who own thy genial
land.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There each trim lass, that skims the milky store,
To the swart tribes their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with Fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe the' untutor'd swain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts
neglect;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign;
And fill, with double force, her heart-commanding
strain.

E'en yet preserved, how often mayst thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son, [ear.
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's

At every pause, before thy mind possess'd,
 Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
 With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
 Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
 Whether thou bidd'st the well taught hind repeat
 The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain
 brave,

When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
 And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented
 grave!

Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel*,
 Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
 When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
 The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny
 swarms, [arms.
 And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's

'Tis thine to sing how, framing hideous spells,
 In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
 Lodged in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
 Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
 How they, whose sight such dreary dreams
 engross,

With their own visions oft astonish'd droop,
 When, o'er the watery strath or quaggy moss,
 They see the gliding ghosts' unbodied troop:
 Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
 Their destined glance some fated youth descri,
 Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
 And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
 For them the viewless forms of air obey;
 Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair:
 They know what spirit brews the stormful day,

* A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to
 tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

And artless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have they seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora * forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles raged in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw, at sad Falkirk, all their hopes near crown'd!
They raved! divining, through their second sight,
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were
drown'd!

Illustrious William †! Britain's guardian name!
One William saved us from a tyrant's stroke:
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame, [broke,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er
lose:

* By young Aurora Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

† Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

‡ The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

Let not dank Will * mislead you to the heath ;
Dancing in murky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake :
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer the' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light :
For watchful, lurking, mid the' unrustling reed,
At those murk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch
surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest'd, indeed !
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank dark fen,
Far from his flocks and smoking hamlet, then !
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed !
On him, enraged, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return !
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source !
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs ?

* A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthful force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breath-
less corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way :
For him in vain at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at the' unclosing gate !
Ah, ne'er shall he return ! Alone, if night
Her travel'd limbs in broken slumbers steep !
With drooping willows dress'd, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep :
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue swoln face before her stand,
And shivering cold, these piteous accents speak :
' Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before ;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's* wrath, nor e'er shall
aid thee more !'

Unbounded is thy range ; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which
spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile† which still its ruins shows :

* The water fiend.

† One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies ; where, it is reported, that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with hisspade upthrows,
And culls them, wondering, from the hallow'd
ground !

Or thither*, where beneath the showery west,
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid :
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade :
Yet frequent now, at midnight's solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aerial council hold.

But, oh! o'er all, forget not Kilda's race, [tides,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.

Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!

Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.

With sparing temperance, at the needful time,
They drain the scented spring: or, hunger-press'd,
Along the' Atlantic rock undreading climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's† nest.

Thus, bless'd in primal innocence they live,
Sufficed and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give:
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

* Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

† An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage

Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possess'd ;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd, in elder time, the' historic page.
There Shakspeare's self, with every garland crown'd,

Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.

From them he sung, when mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,

The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.

Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;

Proceed, in forceful sounds and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
The' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art;
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!

When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheaved the vanish'd sword!

How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!

Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung;

Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!

Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!

Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!

Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and
clear,
And fills the' impassion'd heart, and wins the' har-
monious ear !

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail ;
Ye splendid friths and lakes which, far away,
Are by smooth Annan * fill'd, or pastoral Tay *,
Or Don's * romantic springs, at distance hail !
The time shall come when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens † o'erhung with spreading
broom ;

Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led :
Or o'er your mountains creep in awful gloom !
Then will I dress once more the faded bower
Where Jonson ‡ sat in Drummond's classic shade ;
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's
laid !

Meantime, ye powers that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains §, attend !—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill or lowly moor,
To him I love your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my
absent friend !

COLLINS.

* Three rivers in Scotland.

† Valleys.

‡ Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scottish poet Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh. See an account of a conversation which passed between them, in Drummond's Works, 1711.

§ Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

TO SUPERSTITION.

I. 1.

HENCE to the realms of Night, dire demon, hence !
Thy chain of adamant can bind
That little world, the human mind,
And sink its noblest powers to impotence.
Wake the lion's loudest roar,
Clot his shaggy mane with gore,
With flashing fury bid his eyeballs shine,
Meek is his savage sullen soul to thine !
Thy touch, thy deadening touch has steel'd the
breast * [smiled,
Whence, through her rainbow shower, soft Pity
Has closed the heart each godlike virtue bless'd
To all the silent pleadings of his child.
At thy command he plants the dagger deep,
At thy command exults, though Nature bids him
weep.

I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth †,
Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,
Night waved her banners o'er the sky,
And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.
Rocking on the billowy air,
Ha! what withering phantoms glare !
As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,
At each dead pause what shrill toned voices yell !

* An allusion to the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

† Lucretius, I. 63.

The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,
 Points at the murderer's stab, and shudders by;
 In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,
 That veils its genius from the vulgar eye:
 The spirit of the water rides the storm,
 And, through the mist, reveals the terrors of his
 form.

I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,
 And holds each mountain wave in chains,
 The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer*,
 By glistening starlight through the snow,
 Breathes softly in her wondering ear
 Each potent spell thou badest him know.
 By thee inspired, on India's sands†,
 Full in the sun the Bramin stands;
 And, while the panting tigress hies
 To quench her fever in the stream,
 His spirit laughs in agonies‡,
 Smit by the scorplings of the noontide beam.
 Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,
 Blooming in her bridal vest;
 She hurls the torch! she fans the fire!
 To die is to be bless'd§:
 She clasps her lord to part no more,
 And, sighing, sinks! but sinks to soar.

* When we were ready to set out, our host muttered some words in the ear of our cattle.—See a Voyage to the North of Europe in 1653.

† The Bramins expose their bodies to the intense heat of the sun.

‡ Ridens moriar. The conclusion of an old Runic Ode.

§ In the Vedas, or sacred writings of the Hindoos, it is written, 'She who dies with her husband shall live for ever with him in heaven.'

O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,
 The sisters sail in dusky state *;
 And, wrapp'd in clouds, in tempests toss'd,
 Weave the airy web of fate;
 While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main†,
 Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral
 train.

II. 1.

Thou spakest, and lo! a new creation glow'd.
 Each unhewn mass of naked stone
 Was clad in horrors not its own,
 And at its base the trembling nations bow'd.
 Giant Error, darkly grand,
 Grasp'd the globe with iron hand.
 Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light
 Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.
 The statue, waking with immortal powers‡,
 Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the
 spheres;
 The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,
 And braves the effort of a host of years.
 Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind,
 And bright-eyed Painting stamps the image of
 the mind.

II. 2.

Round their rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise!
 A timbrel'd anthem swells the gale,
 And bids the God of Thunders hail §,
 With lowings loud the captive God replies.

* The Fates of the Northern Mythology.—See Mallet's Antiquities.

† An allusion to the second sight.

‡ See that fine description of the sudden animation of the Palladium, in the second book of the *Æneid*.

§ The bull, Apis.

Clouds of incense woo thy smile,
 Scaly monarch of the Nile*!
 But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee†!
 Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.
 Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic lore,
 Lock'd up in characters as dark as night‡?
 What eye those long long labyrinths dare explore§,
 To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;
 Again to visit her cold cell of clay, [decay!
 Charm'd with perennial sweets, and smiling at

II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright||
 With purple ether's liquid light,
 High o'er the world the white-robed Magi gaze
 On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire;
 Start at each blue portentous blaze,
 Each flame that flits with adverse spire;
 But say, what sounds my ear invade¶
 From Delphi's venerable shade?
 The temple rocks, the laurel waves!
 'The God! The God!' the Sybil cries.
 Her figure swells! she foams, she raves!
 Her figure swells to more than mortal size!

* The crocodile.

† So numerous were the Deities of Egypt, that, according to an ancient proverb, it was in that country less difficult to find a god than a man.

‡ The Hieroglyphics.

§ The catacombs, in which the bodies of the earliest generations yet remain without corruption, by virtue of the gums that embalmed them.

|| 'The Persians,' says Herodotus, 'reject the use of temples, altars, and statues. The tops of the highest mountains are the places chosen for sacrifices.' I. 131. The elements, and more particularly fire, were the objects of their religious reverence.

¶ An imitation of some wonderful lines in the Iliad.

Streams of rapture roll along,
Silver notes ascend the skies :
Wake, Echo, wake, and catch the song,
Oh, catch it ere it dies !
The Sybil speaks, the dream is o'er,
The holy harpings charm no more.
In vain she checks the god's control ;
His madding spirit fills her frame,
And moulds the features of her soul,
Breathing a prophetic flame.
The cavern frowns ; its hundred mouths unclose !
And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire
flows.

III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid rites awake the dead !
Rites thy brown oaks would never dare
Even whisper to the idle air ;
Rites that have chain'd old Ocean on his bed.
Shiver'd by thy piercing glance,
Pointless falls the hero's lance.
Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly *,
And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.
Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string !
At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er :
While murky Night sails round on raven wing,
Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's
roar ;
Chased by the morn from Snowdon's awful brow,
Where late she sat and scowl'd on the black wave
below.

* See Tacitus, l. xiv. c. 29.

III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears!
The redcross squadrons madly rage*,
And mow through infancy and age;
Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.
Veiling from the eye of day,
Penance dreams her life away;
In cloister'd solitude she sits and sighs,
While from each shrine still small responses rise.
Hear with what heartfelt beat the midnight bell
Flings its slow summons through the hollow
pile!
The weak wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,
To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle;
With choral chantings vainly to aspire
Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of
fire.

III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,
Hence with the rack and reeking wheel,
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball!
While gleams of glory open round,
And circling choirs of angels call,
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crown'd,
Hope to obscure that latent spark
Destined to shine when suns are dark?
Thy triumphs cease! through every land,
Hark! Truth proclaims thy triumphs cease:
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,
Benignly points to piety and peace.

* This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerusalem, in the last year of the eleventh century. Hume, l. 221.

Flush'd with youth, her looks impart
Each fine feeling as it flows ;
Her voice, the echo of her heart,
Pure as the mountain snows :
Celestial transports round her play,
And softly sweetly die away.
She smiles ! and where is now the cloud
That blacken'd o'er thy baneful reign ?
Grim Darkness furls her leaden shroud,
Shrinking from her glance in vain.
Her touch unlocks the dayspring from above,
And lo ! it visits man with beams of light and love.
ROGERS.

FRANCE.

YE clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
Ye Ocean-waves ! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
Yield homage only to eternal laws !
Ye woods that listen to the night-bird's singing,
Midway the smooth and perilous steep reclined ;
Save when your own imperious branches swinging
Have made a solemn music of the wind !
Where, like a man beloved of God,
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !

O, ye loud waves, and O, ye forests high,
And O, ye clouds that far above me soar'd!
Thou rising sun, thou blue rejoicing sky!
Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

When France in wrath her giant limbs uprear'd,
And, with that oath which smote air, earth,
and sea, [free,
Stamp'd her strong foot and said, she would be
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and fear'd!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs march'd in evil day,
And Britain join'd the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
Yet still my voice unalter'd sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd, and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimm'd thy light, or damp'd thy holy flame;
But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name!

**‘ And what,’ I said, ‘ though Blasphemy’s loud
scream**

With that sweet music of deliverance strove?
VOL. III. D

Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than ever maniac's dream?

Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,

The sun was rising, though ye hid his light!

And when to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled, [bright;

The dissonance ceased, and all seem'd calm and

When France, her front deep scarr'd and gory,

Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;

When insupportably advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp,

While, timid looks of fury glancing,

Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;

Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;

'And soon,' I said, 'shall Wisdom teach her lore

In the low huts of them that toil and groan!

And, conquering by her happiness alone,

Shall France compel the nations to be free,

Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth
their own!

Forgive me, Freedom! O, forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,

From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent—

I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd;

And ye that, fleeing, spot the mountain snows

With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I
cherish'd

One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!

To scatter rage and traitorous guilt

Where Peace her jealous home had built,

A patriot race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear,
And with inexpiable spirit [taineer!—
To taint the bloodless freedom of the moun-
O France! that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils!
Are these thy boasts, champion of humankind:
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
To' insult the shrine of liberty with spoils
From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray!

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of Freedom graven on a heavier chain!
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour:
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions, [waves!
The guide of homeless winds and playmate of the
And there I felt thee—on that seacliff's verge
Whose pines, scarce travel'd by the breeze above,
Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
Yes! while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there!

COLERIDGE.

THE CRUSADE.

King Richard the First, celebrated for his achievements in the Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provencal minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the Holy Land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold Duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Neale, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment, and began a song, or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer; and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder and completed it. The following Ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the Minstrel and King Richard. W.

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung—
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:

From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's* spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictured with the silver moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe.'

Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then, with ardour fresh endued,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.

' Lo, the toilsome voyage pass'd,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm,

A city and fortress of Syria, now called St. John d'Acre.

See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn* he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapours damp,

* Kaliburn is the sword of King Arthur; which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the First; and was given by that monarch, in the crusades, to Tancred, King of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190. See Ode, 'The Grave of King Arthur.'

Thy necromantic forms in vain
Haunt us on the tented plain :
We bid those spectre shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroath and Termagaunt ;
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms nor fiends of hell
The Christian holy courage quell.

‘ Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !’

T. WARTON.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE mariners of England !
That guard our native seas :
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe !
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave !
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye Ocean Warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

King Henry the Second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or 'the brown Monarch of Ireland,' was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems, sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard to be opened: when, digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the groundwork of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Telvi, in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

W.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer;
 Girt with many an armed peer,
 And canopied with golden pall,
 Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
 Sublime, in formidable state
 And warlike splendour, Henry sat;
 Prepared to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

 Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flamed aloof:
 From massy cups, with golden gleam,
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:

To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung :
With minstrelsy the rafter rung
Of harps that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :
While gifted bards, a rival throng
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude),
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabled rhyme—
‘ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming seamew soar'd ;
On Tintagel's* topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide ;
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks ;
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !

* Tintagel or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall.

Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
For, when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamel'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew ;
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head ;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she waved an opiate wand ;
And, to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains closed around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king ;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command :
Thence to Britain shall return
(If right prophetic rolls I learn),
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume ;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride ;
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore.'

They ceased ; when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard of aspect sage ;

His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent ;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd ;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd ;
His eyes diffused a soften'd fire,
And thus he waked the warbling wire—

‘ Listen, Henry, to my rede !
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-robed Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate ;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store :
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale unfold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower ;
Which, in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-enveloped Glyder's* head ;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

‘ When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire. W.

Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go :
But when he fell, with winged speed
His champions, on a milkwhite steed,
From the battle's hurricane
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
In the fair vale of Avalon* :
There, with chanted orison
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier :
Through the dim aisles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave :
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown :
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !
Thither, when Conquest has restored
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee to pay thy pilgrim vows ;
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore ;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of death.

* Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia. W.

There shall thine eye, with mild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze ;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior weeds array'd ;
Wearing in death his helmet crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith : thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
Thy Norman pikemen win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay* :
And from the steepes of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderic's heart imbrue†.

Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high ;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast :
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;
He scorns a while his bold emprise ;
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb :

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, the Fair-haired King of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin. W.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise chiefly by the use of the long bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted. W.

E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings :
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade
Of magic-temper'd metal made ;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

T. WARTON.

THE MEXICAN PROPHECY *.

FROM Cholula's hostile plain †,
Left her treacherous legions slain,
Left her temples all in flame,
Cortes' conquering army came.

* De Solis, in his History of the Conquest of Mexico, informs us that, on the approach of Cortes to the neighbourhood of that city, the Emperor Motezuma sent a number of magicians to attempt the destruction of the Spanish army. As the sorcerers were practising their incantations, a demon appeared to them in the form of their idol Tlcatlepuca, and foretold the fall of the Mexican empire. On this legend is founded the following poem. The conquest of Mexico was undertaken from motives of avarice, and accompanied with circumstances of cruelty; but it produced the subversion of a tyrannical government, and the abolition of a detestable religion of horrid rites and human sacrifices.

† Cholula was a large city, not far distant from Mexico. The inhabitants were in league with the Mexicans; and after professing friendship for the Spaniards, endeavoured to surprise and destroy them.

High on Chalco's stormy steep
Shone their phalanx broad and deep ;
High the' Hispanian banner raised,
Bore the Cross in gold emblaz'd *.
Thick the gleaming spears appear'd,
Loud the neighing steeds were heard,
Flash'd the muskets' lightnings round,
Roll'd their thunders o'er the ground,
Echo'd from a thousand caves,
Down to Tenustitan's waves †;—
Spacious lake, that far below
Bade its lucid level flow :
There the ever sunny shore
Groves of palm and cocoa bore ;
Maize fields rich, savannas green
Stretch'd around, with towns between.
Tacubà, Tezcùco fair
Rear'd their shining roofs in air :
Mexico's imperial pride
Glitter'd midst the glassy tide,
Bright with gold, with silver bright,
Dazzling, charming all the sight ‡;
From their post the war-worn band
Raptured view'd the happy land :
' Haste to victory, haste to ease,
Mark the spot that gives us these !'
On the' exulting heroes strode,
Shunn'd the smooth insidious road,

* The device on Cortes's standard was the sign of the Cross.
—*Vide de Solis.*

† Tenustitan, otherwise Tenuchtitlan, the ancient name of the Lake of Mexico.

‡ The Spanish historians assert that the walls and houses of the Indian cities were composed of a peculiar kind of glittering stone or plaster, which at a distance resembled silver.

Shunn'd the rock's impending shade,
Shunn'd the' expecting ambushade*.
Deep within a gloomy wood
Motezume's magicians stood :
Tlcatlepuca's horrid form,
God of famine, plague, and storm,
High on magic stones they raised ;
Magic fires before him blazed ;
Round the lurid flames they drew,
Flames whence streams of sulphur flew ;
There, while bleeding victims smoked,
Thus his aid they loud invoked—

‘ Minister supreme of ill,
Prompt to punish, prompt to kill,
Motezuma asks thy aid !
Foreign foes his realms invade ;
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead !
By thy temple's sable floor,
By thy altar stain'd with gore,
Stain'd with gore and strew'd with bones,
Echoing shrieks, and echoing groans !
Vengeance on the strangers shed,
Mix them instant with the dead !’

Ordaz heard, Velasquez heard—
Swift their falchions' blaze appear'd ;
Alvarado, rushing near,
Furious raised his glittering spear ;

* The Indians had blocked up the usual road to Mexico, and opened another broader and smooth at the entrance, but which led among rocks and precipices, where they had placed parties in ambush. Cortes discovered the stratagem, and ordered his troops to remove the obstructions. Being asked by the Mexican ambassadors the reason of this procedure, he replied, ‘ The Spaniards always choose to encounter difficulties.’

Calm, Olmedo mark'd the scene *,
Calm he mark'd, and stepp'd between:
' Vain their rites and vain their prayer,
Weak attempts beneath your care;
Warriors! let the wretches live!
Christians! pity, and forgive!'
Sudden darkness o'er them spread,
Glow'd the woods with dusky red;
Vast the Idol's stature grew, '
Look'd his face of ghastly hue,
Frowning rage, and frowning hate,
Angry at his nation's fate;
Fierce his fiery eyes he roll'd,
Thus his tongue the future told;
Cortes' veterans paused to hear,
Wondering all, though void of fear—
' Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Mourn, devoted city, mourn!
Doom'd for all thy crimes to know
Scenes of battle, scenes of woe!
Who is he—O, spare the sight!—
Robed in gold with jewels bright?
Hark! he deigns the crowd to call;
Chiefs and warriors, prostrate fall †.
Reverence now to fury yields;
Strangers, o'er him spread your shields!

* Bartholeme de Olmedo, chaplain to Cortes: he seems to have been a man of enlarged ideas, much prudence, moderation, and humanity.

† Motezuma, who was resident in the Spanish quarters when they were attacked by the Mexicans, proposed showing himself to the people, in order to appease the tumult. At his first appearance he was regarded with veneration, which was soon exchanged for rage, to the effects whereof he fell a victim.

Thick the darts, the arrows fly ;
Hapless monarch ! he must die !
Mark the solemn funeral state
Passing through the western gate !
Chapultèqua's cave contains
Mighty Motezume's remains.

‘ Cease the strife ! alas, ’tis vain !
Myriads throng Otumba's plain ;
Wide their feathery crests they wave,
All the strong and all the brave *.
Gleaming glory through the skies,
See the Imperial standard flies !
Down by force resistless torn ;
Off in haughty triumph borne.
Slaughter heaps the vale with dead,
Fugitives the mountains spread.

‘ Mexico, ’tis thine to know
More of battle, more of woe !—
Bright in arms the stranger train
O'er thy causeways move again.
Bend the bow, the shaft prepare,
Join the breastplate's folds with care ;
Raise the sacrificial fire,
Bid the captive youths expire † ;

* Cortes, in his retreat from Mexico, after the death of Motezuma, was followed and surrounded by the whole collective force of the empire, in the plains of Otumba. After repelling the attacks of his enemies on every side, with indefatigable valour, he found himself overpowered by numbers ; when, making one desperate effort, with a few select friends, he seized the imperial standard, killed the general, and routed the army.

† De Solis relates, that the Mexicans sacrificed to their idols a number of Spaniards whom they had taken prisoners, and whose cries and groans were distinctly heard in the Spanish camp, exciting sentiments of horror and revenge in their surviving companions.

Wake the sacred trumpet's breath,
Pouring anguish, pouring death*;
Troops from every street repair,
Close them in the fatal snare;
Valiant as they are, they fly,
Here they yield, and there they die.
 ' Cease the strife! 'tis fruitless all,
Mexico at last must fall!
Lo! the dauntless band return,
Furious for the fight they burn!
Lo! auxiliar nations round,
Crowding o'er the darken'd ground!
Corses fill thy trenches deep;
Down thy temple's lofty steep
See thy priests, thy princes thrown—
Hark! I hear their parting groan!
Blood thy lake with crimson dyes,
Flames from all thy domes arise!
 ' What are those that round thy shore
Launch thy troubled waters o'er?
Swift canoes that from the fight
Aid their vanquish'd monarch's flight;
Ambush'd in the reedy shade,
Them the stranger barks invade;
Soon thy lord a captive bends,
Soon thy far famed empire ends†;

* The above author observes, that the sacred trumpet of the Mexicans was so called because it was not permitted to any but the priests to sound it; and that only when they denounced war, and animated the people on the part of their gods.

† When the Spaniards had forced their way to the centre of Mexico, Guatimozin, the reigning emperor, endeavoured to escape in his canoes across the Lake; but was pursued and taken prisoner by Garcia de Holguin, captain of one of the Spanish brigantines.

Otomèca shares thy spoils,
Tlascalà in triumph smiles*.

Mourn, devoted city, mourn!

Mourn, devoted city, mourn!

‘Cease your boast, O stranger band,
Conquerors of my fallen land!

Avarice strides your van before,

Phantom meagre, pale, and hoar!

Discord follows, breathing flame,

Still opposing claim to claim†;

Kindred demons, haste along!

Haste, avenge my country’s wrong!’

Ceased the voice with dreadful sounds,

Loud as tides that burst their bounds;

Roll’d the form in smoke away,

Amazed on earth the’ exorcists lay;

Pondering on the dreadful lore,

Their course the’ Iberians downward bore;

Their helmets glittering o’er the vale,

And wide their ensigns fluttering in the gale.

SCOTT.

* The Otomies were a fierce, savage nation, never thoroughly subdued by the Mexicans. Tlascala was a powerful neighbouring republic, the rival of Mexico.

† Alluding to the dissensions which ensued among the Spaniards after the conquest of America.

A MELOLOGUE*.

(STRAIN OF MUSIC.)

THERE breathes the language known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone ;
Wherever Rage can rouse or Pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.
From those meridian plains
Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet
power
That when she heard the well known lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away ;
To those bleak realms of polar night,
Where the youth of Lapland's sky
Bids his rapid reindeer fly,
And sings along the darkling waste of snow
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phoebus burn'd upon his brow ;
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same ;
And faithful as the mighty sea
To the pole star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall from thee.

(GREEK AIR.)

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings
While, from Ilyssus' flowery springs,

* Recited by the author, at the Kilkenny Theatre, in 1810. The performers were gentlemen of the neighbouring country; and the profits were given to the charitable institutions of Kilkenny.

She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn,
While, by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nursed her olive bough
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant's touch unstain'd;
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter,
And every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

(GREEK AIR INTERRUPTED BY A TRUMPET.)

Hark! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms [hears;
Round her boy-soldier when that sound she
And, though her fond heart sinks with fears,
Is proud to see his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.—
See from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights,
A conqueror oft, a hero never;
Yet lavish of his lifeblood still
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

(RANZ DES VACHES.)

Oh Music! here, even here
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.
There is an air, which oft among the rocks

Of his own loved land at evening hour
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their
flocks;—

Oh! every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts, and bring about his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind;
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut to scenes like these?

Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar,
Sweet notes of home, of love are all he hears,
And the stern eyes that look'd for blood before,
Now, melting mournful, lose themselves in tears!

(RANZ DES VACHES INTERRUPTED BY A TRUMPET.)

But wake the Trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men!

Oh War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
Thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,

And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.
Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear

Of Him who made all harmony
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

(SPANISH PATRIOT'S SONG.)

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems, in every note, to swear,

By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
 By brave Gerona's deathful story,
 That while one Spaniard's lifeblood beats,
 That blood shall stain a conqueror's glory!

(SPANISH AIR CONCLUDED.)

But ah! if vain the patriot Spaniard's zeal,
 If neither valour's force nor wisdom's lights
 Can break nor melt the blood-cemented seal
 That shuts to close the book of Europe's rights,
 What song shall then in sadness tell
 Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
 Of buried hopes remembered well,
 Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
 What Muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
 In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
 What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
 Oh, Erin! thine.

(MELANCHOLY IRISH AIR, SUCCEEDED BY A
 LIVELY ONE.)

less'd notes of mirth! ye spring from sorrow's
 lay,
 Like the sweet vesper of the bird that sings
 the bright sunset of an April day,
 While the cold shower yet hangs upon his wings.
 g may the Irish heart repeat
 n echo to those lively strains;
 when the stranger's ear shall meet
 at melody on distant plains,
 he will feel his heart expand
 th grateful warmth, and, sighing, say—
 speaks the music of the land
 ere welcome ever lights the stranger's way;

III.

G

Where, still the woe of others to beguile,
Is e'en the gayest heart's most loved employ;
Where Grief herself will generously smile
Through her own tears, to share another's joy!

T. MOORE.

ON AMBITION.

THE mariner, when first he sails,
While his bold oars the sparkling surface sweep,
With new delight transported, hails
The blue expanded skies and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearless aim,
Pleased with the gorgeous scene of wealth and
In the gay morn of early fame, [power,
Nor thinks of evening storm and gloomy hour.

Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wish, and fan the youthful fire;
But woes unknown those charms conceal,
And fair illusions cheat our fierce desire.

There Envy shows her sullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate;
There Malice stabs, with rage serene;
In deadly silence treacherous Friendships wait.

High on a mountain's lofty brow,
Mid clouds and storms, has Glory fix'd her seat;
Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow,
The lightnings blast it, and the tempests beat.

Within the sun-gilt vale beneath [dwells,
More moderate Hope with sweet Contentment
While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells.

To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his share,
Man quits the path by Heaven design'd,
To search for bliss among the thorns of care.

Our native powers we scorn to know;
With steadfast error still the wrong pursue;
Instruct our forward ills to grow,
While sad successes but our pain renew.

In vain Heaven tempers life with sweet,
With flowers the way that leads us home bestrews,
If dupes to passion and deceit,
We drink the bitter and the rugged choose.

Few can on Grandeur's stage appear,
Each lofty part with true applause sustain;
No common virtue safe can steer,
Where rocks unnumber'd lurk beneath the main.

Then happiest he whose timely hand
To cool Discretion has the helm resign'd;
Enjoys the calm, in sight of land,
From changing tides secure, and trustless wind.

MARRIOTT.

TO PEACE.

SHE comes, benign enchantress, heaven-born
Peace,

With mercy beaming in her radiant eye!—
She bids the horrid din of battle cease,
And at her glance the savage passions die!
'Tis Nature's festival; let Earth rejoice;
Vanquish'd and conqueror pour exulting songs;
In distant regions, with according voice, [longs!
Let Man the victory bless—its prize to Man be-

Resistless Freedom—when she nerves the arm,
No vulgar triumph crowns the hero's might;
She, she alone can spread a moral charm
O'er War's fell deeds, and sanctify the fight!
Oh Gallia, in this bright immortal hour
How proud a trophy binds thy laurel'd brow!
Republic, hail, whose independent power
All Earth contested once, all Earth confesses
now!

Protecting spirits of the glorious dead,
Ah! not in vain the hero's noble toil,
Ah, not in vain the patriot's blood is shed,—
That blood shall consecrate his native soil!
Illustrious names to history's record dear,
And breathed when some high impulse fires
the bard,
For you shall Virtue pour the glowing tear—
And your remember'd deeds shall still your
country guard!

And thou, loved Britain, my parental isle,
Secure encircled by thy subject waves,
Thou land august, where Freedom rear'd her pile,
While gothic Night obscured a world of slaves;
Thy genius, that indignant heard the shock
Of frantic combat—(strife unmeet for thee!)
Now views, triumphant, from his seagirt rock,
Thee unsubdued alone; for thou alone wert free!

Oh, happy thy misguided efforts fail'd,
My country, when with tyrant hosts combined!
Oh, hideous conquest, had thy sword prevail'd
And crown'd the impious league against man-
kind!

Thou nurse of great design, of lofty thought,
What homicide, had thy insensate rage
Effaced the sacred lesson thou hadst taught,
And with thy purest blood inscribed on Glory's
page!

Ah, rather haste to Concord's holy shrine,
Ye rival nations—haste with joy elate;
Your blending garlands round her altar twine,
And bind the wounds of no immortal hate :
Go, breathe responsive rituals o'er the sod
Where Freedom's martyrs press an early grave;
Go, vow that never shall their turf be trod
By the polluting step of tyrant or of slave!

And from your shores the abject Vices chase—
That low Ambition generous souls disdain,
Corruption blasting every moral grace,
Servility that kneels to bless his chain!
Oh Liberty, those demons far remove :
Come, nymph, severely good, sublimely great;
Nor to the' enraptured hope of mortals prove
Like those illusive dreams that pass the ivory
gate!

New age, that rollest o'er man thy dawning year,
Ah, sure all happy omens hail thy birth;
Sure whiter annals in thy train appear,
And purer glory cheers the gladden'd Earth.
Like the young eagle, when his steadfast glance
Meets the full sunbeam in his upward flight,
So thou shalt with majestic step advance,
And fix thy dauntless eye on Liberty and Light!

H. M. WILLIAMS.

1801.

TO MANKIND.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream,
Is there on earth a power supreme,
The delegate of Heaven?
To whom an uncontrol'd command,
In every realm o'er sea and land,
By special grace is given?

Then say, what signs this god proclaim?
Dwells he amid the diamond's flame,
A throne his hallow'd shrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, Fear, and Impotence betray:
Strange proofs of power divine!

If service due from humankind,
To men in slothful ease reclined,
Can form a sovereign's claim;
Hail, monarchs! ye whom Heaven ordains,
Our toils unshared, to share our gains,
Ye idiots, blind and lame!

Superior virtue, wisdom, might
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reason must conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
Thrice sacred multitude!

In thee, vast ALL! are these contain'd,
For thee are those, thy parts, ordain'd,

So Nature's systems roll :
The sceptre's thine, if such there be ;
If none there is, then thou art free,
Great monarch ! mighty whole !

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
A host's or senate's voice !
His voice affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the species choice.

Unsanctified by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the sceptred hand
The trembling slave may bind :
But, loose from Nature's moral ties,
The oath by force imposed belies
The unassenting mind.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end ;
You punish only to defend
What parent nature gave :
And he who dares her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made
Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just decree
On universal liberty,
Not private rights resign'd :
Through various Nature's wide extent,
No private beings e'er were meant
To hurt the general kind.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,
The' oppressor's wrongs, the pilferer's gains

Thy injured weal impair.
Thy warmest passions soon subside,
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride
Thy temper'd counsels share.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,
Collected from each clime and age,
Though malice swell the sum,
Would seem a spotless scanty roll,
Compared with Marius' bloody scroll,
Or Sylla's hippodrome.

But thine has been imputed blame,
The' unworthy few assume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud :
Or those who on thy ruins feast,
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest ;
A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser spoilers share his powers,
While both thy claim oppose ?
Monsters who wore thy sullied crown,
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

Far other shone fair Freedom's hand,
Far other was the' immortal stand,
When Hambden fought for thee :
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and industry.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns the' historian's page,

A false apostate train :
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb,
Unpitied in their harder doom,
Thy thousands strew the plain.

These had no charms to please the sense,
No graceful port, no eloquence
To win the Muse's throng :
Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie ;
But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade ;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half thy light.
Even Locke beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble sight.

Hence are the motley systems framed,
Of right transferr'd, of power reclaim'd,
Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise Nature mocks the wrangling herd ;
For unreclaim'd and untransferr'd
Her powers and rights remain.

While law the royal agent moves,
The instrument thy choice approves,
We bow through him to you.
But change, or cease the' inspiring choice,
The sovereign sinks a private voice,
Alike in one or few !

Shall then the wretch whose dastard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,

And only dares betray,
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,
When force and rage and priestcraft fail,
To pilfer power away?

O! shall the bought and buying tribe,
The slaves who take and deal the bribe,
A people's claims enjoy!
So Indian murderers hope to gain
The powers and virtues of the slain,
Of wretches they destroy.

'Avert it, Heaven; you love the brave,
You hate the treacherous, willing slave,
The self-devoted head.
Nor shall a hireling's voice convey
That sacred prize to lawless sway,
For which a nation bled.'

Vain prayer, the coward's weak resource!
Directing reason, active force
Propitious Heaven bestows.
But ne'er shall flame the thundering sky
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before their weaker foes.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The British virtues, British arms
Unloosed our fathers' band:
Say, Greece and Rome, if these should fail,
What names, what ancestors avail,
To save a sinking land?

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
Mankind shall boast one nation free,

One monarch truly great :
Whose title speaks a people's choice,
Whose sovereign will a people's voice,
Whose strength a prosperous state.

LORD NUGENT.

HYMN.

Ye are the salt of the earth.

SALT of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season humankind ;
Lights of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind ;

Where Misery spreads her deepest shade
Your strong compassion glows ;
From your bless'd lips the balm distils
That softens mortal woes.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found ;
Angels of love ! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page,
Which human crimes deform ;
When vengeance threatens, your prayers ascend,
And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide,
Upwards you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

Where Guilt her foul contagion spreads,
And golden spoils allure,
Unspotted still your garments shine,—
Your hands are ever pure.

Whene'er you touch the poet's lyre
A loftier strain is heard;
Each ardent thought is yours alone,
And every burning word.

Yours is the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed;
Exile and chains to you are dear,
To you 'tis sweet to bleed.

You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Yours is the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue,
With scoff and shame and loss;
The hemlock bowl 'tis yours to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

E'en yet the steaming scaffolds smoke
By Seine's polluted stream;
With your rich blood the fields are drench'd
Where Polish sabres gleam.

E'en now, through those accursed bars
In vain we send our sighs,
Where, deep in Olmutz' dungeon glooms,
The patriot martyr lies.

Yet yours is all, through History's rolls
The kindling bosom feels;
And at your tomb, with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

In every faith, through every clime,
Your pilgrim steps we trace ;
And shrines are dress'd, and temples rise,
Each hallow'd spot to grace :

And pæans loud, in every tongue,
And choral hymns resound ;
And lengthening honours hand your name
To time's remotest bound.

Proceed ! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come, commission'd from on high,
And your reward is sure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

TO MUSIC.

QUEEN of every moving measure !
Sweetest source of purest pleasure !
Music ! why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of Joy ?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts ?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour ;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts ;
And with some softly whisper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb Despair.

DR. WARTON.



HYMN TO MAY.

— Nunc formosissimus Annus. *Virgil.*

The Argument.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: her operations on Nature. Bounty recommended: in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her birthday in this month. Rural retirement in spring. Conclusion.

ETHEREAL daughter of the lusty Spring
And sweet Favonius, ever gentle May!
Shall I, unblamed, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay?
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languish in a softer vein:
I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when Winter blackens Nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains from their base;
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, and Earth's fair children die?

Where Leda's twins*, forth from their diamond tower,
Alternate, o'er the Night their beams divide;
In light embosom'd, happy, and secure
From Winter rage, thou choosest to abide.

* Castor and Pollux.

Bless'd residence! for there, as poets tell,
The powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell* ;
Apollo wakes the Arts; the Muses strike the shell.

Certes† o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,
(For ever spread, ye laurels green and new!)
The brother stars their gracious nurture shed,
And secret blessings of poetic dew.
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for the' ethereal road;
And deem fair Isis'swans ‡ fair as their father god.

No sooner April, trimm'd with girlands§ gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers ;
But, in the eastern pride of beauty, May,
To gladden Earth, forsakes her heavenly bowers,
Restoring Nature from her palsied state.
April, retire ; ne|| longer, Nature, wait :
Soon may she issue from the Morning's golden gate.

Come, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might,
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,
All recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar nurtured, and involved in flowers :
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom : [womb ;
By Venus'self (for Venus' self demands thee) come!

By the warm sighs, in dewy eventide,
Of melting maidens, in the woodbine groves,
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride ;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves ;

* The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men.
See Pontanus, in his beautiful poem called Urania. Lib. 2.
De Gemini.

† Surely, certainly. *Ibid.* Rhedicyna, Oxford.

‡ Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan, as she was
bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

§ Garlands.

|| Nor.

By the youths' plainings stealing on the air
(For youths will plain, though yielding be the fair),
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, re-
pair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn buds,
With freshness breathing, by the daisied plains,
By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
And jovial roundelays * of nymphs and swains;
In thy full energy and rich array,
Delight of earth and heaven, O blessed May!
From heaven descend to earth: on earth vouch-
safe to stay.

She comes!—a silken camus †, emerald green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen),
And with the labours of the needle glows,
Purified ‡ by Nature's hand! The amorous air
And musky western breezes fast repair,
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her
hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems),
With the gay honours of the Spring entwined,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind,
Lovesick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy
gold.

Young circling roses, blushing, round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lilies, dipp'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties in her angel face.

* Songs. † A light gown. ‡ Flourished with a needle.

The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
 The air and seas illumines, the earth and skies;
 And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,
 Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
 Attended by the silver-footed Dew,
 The ravages of Winter to repair.
 She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
 Her naked bosom down the ether sails;
 Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the
 Spring exhales.

All as the phoenix, in Arabian skies,
 New burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
 At large, in roseal undulation *, flies;
 His plumage dazzles, and the gazer tires:
 Around their king the plummy nations wait,
 Attend his triumph, and augment his state:
 He, towering, claps his wings, and wins the'
 ethereal height—

So round this phoenix of the gaudy year
 A thousand, nay ten thousand sports and smiles,
 Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,
 Her praises chant; her praises glad the isles.
 Conscious of her approach (to deck her bowers)
 Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
 A waste of springing sweets and voluntary flowers.

* Pliny tells us, Lib. 11, that the phoenix is about the bigness of an eagle; the feathers round the neck shining like gold; the body of a purple colour; the tail blue, with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine Poem on that subject, and Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the phoenix in his Observations on Tacitus. Annal. Lib. 6. Wesley on Job, and Sir Tho. Brown's Vulgar Errors.

Narcissus * fair, in snowy velvet gown'd ;
 Ah, foolish! still to love the fountain brim :
 Sweet Hyacinth†, by Phoebus erst ; bemoan'd ;
 And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.
 Whate'er Armida‡, in thy gardens blew ;
 Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew ;
 Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

He who undazed || can wander o'er her face,
 May gain upon the solar blaze at noon ;—
 What more than female sweetness, and a grace
 Peculiar! save, Ianthe, thine alone,
 Ineffable effusion of the day !
 So very much the same that lovers say,
 May is Ianthe ; or the dear Ianthe May.

So far as doth the harbinger of Day
 The lesser lamps of Night in sheen ¶ excel :
 So far in sweetness and in beauty May
 Above all other months doth bear the bell.
 So far as May doth other months exceed,
 So far in virtue and in goodlihead **
 Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the meed ††.

* A beautiful youth who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himself, and pining away was changed into a flower which bears his name. See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. 3.

† Beloved, and turned into a flower, by Apollo. See the Story in Ovid. *Met.* Lib. 10. There is likewise a curious dialogue in Lucian betwixt Mercury and Apollo on this subject. Servius, in his Notes on Virgil's second *Bucolic*, takes the Hyacinth to be the *Vaccinium* of the Latins, bearing some similitude with the name.

‡ Formerly : long ago.

§ See Tasso's *Il Goffredo*, Canto 16.

|| Undazzled.

¶ Brightness, shining. ** Beauty.

†† Prize.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet wine,
To fire his fancy and enlarge his soul:
He weaves the laurel chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain:
He darts into her arms; quick vanishes his pain.

The drowsy Elements, aroused by thee,
Roll to harmonious measures, active all!
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy festival.
Fire glows intenser; softer blows the Air;
More smooth the Waters flow; Earth smiles more
fair:
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, thy gladdening im-
pulse share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,
O'erflowing brightness! stream their golden rays!
Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dyes,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.
Air whitens: wide the tracts of ether been
With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen;
And all above is blue, and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar,
And foamy surges of the maddening main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;
Diffused into the level of the plain.
For thee the halcyon builds her summer's nest;
For thee the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple
dress'd.

Have ye not seen, in gentle eventide,
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,
Striding the clouds, a Bow dispredden* wide
As if with light inwove, and gaily flower'd
With bright variety of blending dyes?
White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,
Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The Earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
Their vernal-tinctured leaves, luxurious, dyed
In Flora's livery, painted by the light.
Light's painted children in the breezes play,
Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

From the wide altar of the foodful Earth
The flowers, the herbs, the plants their incense roll:
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctured birth;
The vermil gardens breathe the spicy soul.
Grateful to May, the nectar spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
The zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the skies.

The Bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labour roves,
And loads its little thigh or gilds its wing
With all the essence of the flushing groves:
Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,
And, humming in delight, its waxen bowers
Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial
hours.

* Spread.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves,
That low in pastures or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.
The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
(High-arch'd his neck) and, snuffing, hopes the
dappled train.

The aerial songsters soothe the listening groves:
The mellow thrush, the ouzle* sweetly shrill,
And little linnet celebrate their loves
In hawthorn valley or on tufted hill;
The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous Spring,
The gilded mountain, and the herbage vale,
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain, and the breathing dale:
The dale, the fountains, birds, and woods delight,
The vales, the mountains, and the Spring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,
Thy image, hang (ah me!) the sickly head?
When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,
And languish for the pittance poor of bread!
O, may the man that shall his image scorn,
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
Die unanell'd†; and dead, by dogs and kites be
torn.

* Blackbird.

† Without a funeral knell.

Cursed may he be (as if he were not so) !
Nay doubly cursed be such a breast of steel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
Who hears the needy crying at his door,
Who hears them cry, ne recks *; but suffers the
be poor.

But bless'd, O more than doubly bless'd be he
Let Honour crown him and eternal Rest,
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of Charity,
Flows out to nourish † Innocence distress'd.
His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;
Like Mercy's self he looks on Want with Pity
eyes.

In this bless'd Season, pregnant with delight,
Ne ‡ may the boding owl with screeches wound
The solemn silence of the quiet night,
Ne croaking raven with unhallow'd sound,
Ne damned ghost affray § with deadly yell
The waking lover, raised by mighty spell,
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to he

Ne witches rifle gibbets, by the moon
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone :
Nor imp in visionary shape appear,
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain ;
Ne let hobgoblin, ne the ponk, profane [bra
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the bursti

* Nor is concerned.

† Ner.

‡ To nurse.

§ Affright.

Yet fairy elves (so ancient custom's* will)
The green-gown'd fairy elves, by starry sheen†,
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave their footsteps on the circled green.
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
Full featly‡, Oberon, thou, o'er grass turf bound:
Mab brushes off no dewdrops, Oberon prints no
ground.

Ne§ bloody rumours violate the ear,
Of cities sack'd and kingdoms desolate,
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;
Ne rueful murmur stain thy era date;
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despite,
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphemed the light,
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of misery assault the heart;
Ne fatherless from table be debarr'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start;
But, plenty, pour thyself into the bowl
Of bounty-head; may never want control [soul.
That good good honest man who feeds the famish'd

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
The viol wake alone and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute.

* The Lemuria, or rites sacred to the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See Ovid. Fast. 1, 5, &c. They imagined the Lemures (in English, Fairies) to be like ghosts of deceased persons: but our traditional accounts are very different in respect to the nature of fairies. Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Drayton's *Fairy Tale*, and a celebrated 'Old Ballad,' are masterpieces in their kind.

† Brightness.

‡ Nimbley.

§ Nor.

Yet Clio frets and burns with honest pain,
To rouse and animate the martial strain, [plain.
While British banners flame o'er many a purpled

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
Illustrious chief! to sound thy mighty name
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethæan lake),
Triumphant swelling from the mouth of Fame.
Meanwhile, disdain not (so the virgins pray)
This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay
(Too humble crown I ween), the offering of May.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flowers,
And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
To soothe, with dance and song, thy gentler hours;
Indulge the season, and with sweet repair
Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties share:
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
The choicest blessings liberty bestows:
When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.
Restored with him, the arts the drooping head
Gaily again uprear'd; the Muses' shade [ray'd.
With fresher honours bloomed, in greener trim ar-

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!
Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,
Thy native month approved with infant smiles,
Sweet as the smiling May, imperial boy!
Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,
Loved as thy parents, only not adored! [tored.
Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again res-

ODES.

O, may his father's pant for finer fame,
And boundless bountyhead to humankind;
His grandsires' glory, and his uncle's name,
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind:
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
The laurel Victory, Apollo wear the bay.

Through kind infusion of celestial power,
The dullard earth May quickeneth with delight:
Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure*
Elastic spring, and force within empight†.
If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move, [love?
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground
And deftly‡ lead the dance along the glade;
(O, may no showers your merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the opening, at the closing day,
All hail, ye bonnibels§, to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your garlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing: [ring.
The woods shall echo May, with May the valleys

* Recover.

† Placed, fixed.

‡ Finely.

§ Pretty women.

Your Maypole deck with flowery coronal;
Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;
And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively, join.
Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,
From bordering cot and distant glen repair,
Let youth indulge its sport, to eld* bequeath its
care.

Ye wanton Dryads and light-tripping Fawns,
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lustyhead †,
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;
O, come with rural chaplets gay dispread:
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass;
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when creation smiled,
A quivering splendour on the ocean hung,
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.
The dolphins gambol o'er the watery way,
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,
And all the seagreen Sisters bless the holiday.

In honour of her natal month, the queen
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.
Love tips with golden alchymy his dart;
With rapturous anguish, with a honey'd smart,
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

* Old age.

† Vigour.

A softly swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd
 (Myrtles to Venus algaes* sacred been),
 Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
 For ever fragrant and for ever green,
 O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
 By beauty form'd for amorous regale.
 Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flowers,
 A hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
 Through mossy grottos, amaranthine bowers,
 And form a laughing flood in vale below :
 Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay †
 (When Summer sheds insufferable day), [play.
 And sport and dive and flounce in wantonness of

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
 Save short-breathed vows, the dear excess of joy ;
 Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
 Who yield obeisance to the Cyprian boy :
 Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale ;
 Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale ;
 Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court
 In light festivity and gladsome game :
 The young and gay, in frolic troops resort,
 Withouten censure and withouten blame.
 In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
 Night steals upon the day, the day on night :
 Each knight his lady loves ; each lady loves her
 knight.

* Ever.

† Batho.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be),
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?
Let foul fiends harrow * him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that carl †, by beauty's power unmoved,
Hated of heaven, of none but hell approved:
O may he never love, O never be beloved!

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!
Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty to woman, wit to man is given;
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of
heaven.

Alliance sweet! let beauty wit approve,
As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast:
Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love;
The best alone is grateful to the best.
Perfection has no other parallel!
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?
As soon, perdie ‡, shall heaven communion hold
with hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love:
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools besure!)
Can win; though brighter Wit shall never move:
But Folly is to Wit the certain cure.
Cursed be the men (or be they young or old),
Cursed be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

* Destroy.

† A clown.

‡ An old word for asserting any thing.

Not Julia such : she higher honour deem'd
 To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms
 Than, by the potentates of earth esteem'd,
 To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.
 Not Laura such : in sweet Vaucluse's vale
 She listen'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale.
 But did poor Colin Clout * o'er Rosalind prevail ?

Howe'er that be ; in Acidalian shade †,
 Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day :
 No dreams of banishment his loves invade ;
 Encircled in eternity of May.
 Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclined
 On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :
 And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of the' Arcadian train,
 That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :
 Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !
 Of bliss and melody O take thy fill.

* Spenser.

† These three celebrated poets and lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banished on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early ; as he himself tells us in his account of his own life. These are his words—' Amore acerrimo, sed unico et honesto, in adolescentia laboravi, et diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepecentem ignem mora acerba, sed atillu, extinxisset.' See his Works, Basil, fol. Tom. 1. Yet others say, she married another person ; which is scarce probable ; since Petrarch lamented her death for ten years afterwards, as appears from Sonetto 313, with a most uncommon ardour of passion. Thomasinus, in his curious book, called ' Petrarcha Redivivus,' has given us two prints of Laura, with an account of her family, their loves, and the sweet retirement in Vaucluse. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his love for Rosalinda proved unsuccessful from the pathetic complaints, in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore, thought it only a poetical kind of justice to reward them in this imaginary retreat of Lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered, here, on account of their passions.


Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile, [style;
Though low my numbers, and though rude my
Ne quit for Acidale fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then, Ianthe! milder than the Spring,
And grateful as the rosy month of May,
O come; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,
Enchanting wild, from every bush and spray :
Swell the green germs and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

Let us our steps direct where father Thames,
In silver windings, draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval stream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah, why so long from Isis' banks away !)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand
shepherds play?

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surrey, in thy verdant vale,
At once the Muses' and the Graces' seat!
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the odours of the mazy grove :
Hark how the turtles coo : I languish too with love.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water nor enamel'd greens
Can soothe my anguish or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart :
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.



With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey :
The perch, with purple speckled manifold ;
The eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd, [gold.
And carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris hues
And Nature's pencil gay diversified
(For now the Sun has lick'd away the dews),
Fair flushing and bedeck'd like virgin bride?
Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily, clad in balmy snow ;
Sweet is the rose, of Spring the smiling eye ;
Nipp'd by the winds, their heads the lilies bow ;
Cropp'd by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Though now in pride of youth and beauty dress'd,
O think, Ianthe, cruel Time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast.

Weep not ; but, rather taught by this, improve
The present freshness of thy springing prime :
Bestow thy graces on the god of Love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthe! now, now love thy Spring away ;
Ere cold October blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence, we wind our way ;
What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
And wide their rural luxury display !

Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots, and
spires,

Villas of learned clerks and gentle squires ;
The villa of a friend the eyesight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung
The gladsome lyre, when livelood * swell'd my
veins,

And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung
In tender elegy †, and pastoral strains ‡ ;
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowers,
O green his gardens, O perfume his flowers,
O bless his morning walks and soothe his evening
hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabel enjoy
The walks of Nature, still to Virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy ;
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind !
O very long may Hymen's golden chain
To earth confine you and the rural reign ;
Then soar, at length, to heaven ! nor pray, O
Muse, in vain.

Where'er the Muses haunt, or poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tired,
Unloose thy bosom, May ! thy stores effuse,
Thy vernal stores, by poets most desired,
Of living fountain, of the woodbine shade,
Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

* Liveliness.

† Stella ; sive Amores : Elegiarum Tres Libri. Written in
the year 1736.

‡ Six Pastorals : written in the year 1734.

On Twit'nam bowers (Aonian Twit'nam bowers!)
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the Winter stars or Summer flowers;
Albe * the tuneful Master (ah!) be dead.
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
My reed to warble, to resound my string:
The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where Joy would choose to dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail, music, which the Muses scant † excel;
Hail, flowerets, not unworthy Venus' crown.
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;
Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,
Ye ever happy scenes! all you your Poet hails.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!
The recompense and glory of my song:
Ne small the recompense, ne glory small,
If gentle ladies and the tuneful throng,
With lover's myrtle and with poet's bay
Fairly bedight ‡, approve the simple lay,
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee,
May!

W. THOMPSON.

* Although.

† Scarcely.

‡ Adorned.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear *,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed ;—

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ; [vale ;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

* May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs, &c. *Langhorne's edit.*

And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin, midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil,

While Springs shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

COLLINS.

ODES TO SLEEP.

I.

O THOU whose light touch sheds the opiate dew
Of bland Oblivion; thou whose power
Man's wearied drooping frame renews,
Oft as thou deign'st thy influence shower
On my closed lids, lead me, O shadowy queen,
To fairy regions, and some blissful clime
Elysian; picturing the unreal scene
In Fancy's gorgeous garb and imagery sublime :
And bring from out thy magic cell
That potent necromantic spell
Which holds the soul in wonder's trance,
While pass thy airy train successive by,
Rolling along the vision'd ecstasy
To rapt Attention's glance :
Oft has the bard whom genius warms,
Who marks at eve thy spectre-forms,
Won from thy magic stores divine
The colouring of his simple line ;
And o'er the page the Muses own
Rays of poetic glory thrown ;
And sketch'd the high wrought scenes, and bade
 them glow
In radiant hues of light, and Fiction's solemn show.

But far, far greater boast was thine
When Inspiration led thy band ;
When not with fond illusions vain,
Such as the idle brain
Alarm with prodigy and dire portent,

Thou camest; but which when Wisdom's self beheld,
Rightly she augured what thy visions meant,
Shadow'd in doubtful hues by some immortal hand;
When breathing mystic truths divine,
Full many a seer and prophet thou hast taught,
And from the Almighty brought
Behests of dread command and import high;
While the rapt mind's judging eye
In cloudless perspective the future caught:
Nor seldom God or Angel held
Converse with man; the midnight hour
Illumined shone with glory's ray,
And coruscations of eternal day
Waved, queen of silence! o'er thy darksome bower;
Heaven oped her golden portals wide,
And far within her glittering courts were spied
The' angelic phalanx robed in vestments bright*
To earth descending slow from yon fair worlds of
light.

And still thy gracious forms await
The good man on the verge of fate;
When this world and the next between,
The Beatific Vision to the sight -
Unfolding opens heaven; then floods the scene,
In boundless bliss absorbed, and deluges of light.
Thou canst the heart of guilt appal;
Thy voice, O awful Sleep, has power
To wake the dead at midnight hour,
Obedient to thy potent call:
And tyrants oft have heard with dread
The cry of vengeance thundering in their ear,

* Genesis xxviii. 12.

While the pale spectre Fear
Hangs her dire portents round the regal bed,
Horrors and woes and death : Night's demons loud
Shriek to the moon afar, from many a passing cloud.

Beneath the dim Earth's centre deep,
Beneath where Ocean rolls his wave,
Where ghosts their lingering sabbath keep,
And, thrown across the gulf of fate,
Where Hell her ponderous adamantine gate
Bars on the mansions of the grave,
Close by Death's door, on either hand,
O Sleep, thy shadowy kingdoms stand ;
Stretch'd on thy ebon couch supine,
Soft poppy wreaths thy temples twine ;
Around thee mimic Fancy plays,
The shadow of the evening strays,
And busy murmurs creep :
While dreams in clusters thick are spread,
Like hovering mists about thy head,
That with fantastic wing thy dewy eyelids sweep.

About thy sable standard pass
Of Hopes and Fears a mingled mass,
Fluttering Wishes, gay Desires,
Sighs of Disappointment born,
Passion's unextinguish'd fires,
And Melancholy's plaint forlorn !
While from the tablet of the brain
Memory calls off her dusky train,
Dim-veil'd Illusion mocks the sight
With shortlived phantoms of delight,
And shows of promised bliss that fly
Ere the young Morn with bashful eye,

From Thetis' coral-woven bed,
Lifts o'er the wave his beaming head :
Amidst the deep-surrounding shade
Ambition's gilded trophies fade ;
No more the lover's arms enfold
The fair, snatch'd sudden from his view ;
And melting like the early dew
Slips from the miser's grasp the evanescent gold.

Vast and stupendous beyond aught,
Fancy, in fit ecstatic, thought ;
Or what beside of high-wrought lore
Graced Fiction's elfin tales of yore,
Thy forms in many a wondrous hue
Glance on the bard's astonish'd view,
Or hold in deep suspense his tranced ear ;
While many a phantom cleaves the ground,
And busy murmurs circle round,
And airy voices wake that whisper fear :
Oft by the paly star [wild,
His steps thou lead'st to shadowy wood scenes
Or, where stupendous precipices piled
Gleam through the' untrodden wilderness afar ;
Where Nature's awful scenes present
Mute wonder and astonishment ;
Or in some nook where Solitude
Sits on a rocky fragment rude,
He reads that high immortal line,
Traced by the Muse's hand divine,
Which, while enamour'd of the strain
Memory's bold pencil would retain,
Fades by degrees upon the mental sight,
And seeks Oblivion's shore, and melts before the
light.

Ye visions of the night, farewell!
The orient Morn's impurpled ray
Has chased your airy forms away,
And now with strong immortal hand
She breaks, O Sleep, thy fairy wand,
And melts thy wizard spell.
Yet with impassion'd fond regret
I quit thy shadowy realms, where, brought
Midst Fancy's high and solemn hour,
The Muse invoked thy mystic power
To nurse poetic thought:
Adieu, ye visionary vales!
Far off Night's sullen spirit sails,
The land of shadows, lo, I leave:
Yet shall yon golden lamp of day
More lasting forms more happy scenes display?
Alas! like thine, they quickly pass away,
Like thine, alas! deceive.

II.

Soft queen of shadows, gentle Sleep,
Once more to thee I pay my vow,
Again I woo thy murmurs deep
To soothe this throbbing breast of mine,
And round my aching temples twine
The grateful foliage of thy cypress bough;
Sweet are thy foldings; when the mind,
Leaving the load of cares behind,
Expatiates 'midst thy visionary reign,
And bathes in slumbers bland the wakeful sense
of pain.

Sweet are thy foldings, when, to bless
The spirit faint with trials sore,
Thou comest indulgent to restore
Past scenes of shortlived happiness !
When thy fairy fingers dress
The paths where childhood loved to stray ;
When Joy with roses strew'd the way,
And Pleasure, nymph of heavenly birth,
Frolick'd blithe : with simple Glee,
Sport, and rose-lipp'd Gaiety,
The family of Mirth !
Where playful at the cottage door,
Or in light gambols on the floor,
Infant groups with daisies crown'd
Frisk'd in many an airy round ;
Or, with instinctive aim, began [man.
To mimic, midst their sports, the graver cares of

Scenes of enchantment ! ye are fled ;
Yet Fancy oft your flight pursues,
While evening shadows dim
O'er earth's pale surface swim, [hues.
And eyes your transient forms, and pranks in golden
But most when mortal eyelids close,
Lock'd in Sleep's profound repose,
The' enchantress wakes, and lo, anew
Youth's fairy prospects start to view,
The vernal landscape glows !
Hope relumes her sickly fires,
The bard's ecstatic breast inspires,
Expressing subjects high, and worthy of the Muse.
And oft has Friendship known
The kind relief that Sleep alone,

Soothest of heavenly powers! with opiate touch
Even Love, beneath thy placid reign, [bestows:
In sweet delirium sinks to rest,
Calms the wild tumult of his breast, [chain.
And in thy silken bonds foregoes his ruthless

Say, Sleep, whence o'er the mind
Dost thou such potency derive,
To bid the hosts of Thought,
That with the light of day
In chill oblivion died away,
Again on Memory's plain revive?
That with thy subtle magic fraught,
In many a glittering rank combined,
Reflect the splendours of the mental ray,
And agitate the soul, or tranquillize;
Now with sublimest objects fill,
With Pity touch, with Horror thrill,
And wake respondent sympathies.
Thy colourings, Sleep, deceive
Deliciously the throb of pain,
Bid us live o'er the day again;
With gildings soft the scene relieve,
And heighten into bliss Life's dull realities.

By necromantic groves that glance
Their umbrage dusk to the Phoebean beam,
Where, hung with many a dream,
The twinkling boughs to rosy zephyrs dance;
By darksome rocks that lour
O'er the wild brook that bubbles by,
O, often meet my ear
In echoes soft and clear,
Of fairy harps unseen and solemn minstrelsy:

And o'er my soul thy mystic visions pour,
Pure, intellectual; such as, fed
By happiest presage of better days,
Round modest Merit's drooping head
Beam the clear sunshine of ingenuous praise:
Such as the wounded bosom cheer,
Whene'er by cold Neglect depress'd,
Or held by Obloquy in thrall,
Or steep'd in Envy's venom'd gall:
Then, Sleep, thy healing influence bring,
Soft slumbers waft on downy wing,
And breathe the balm divine of visionary rest.

Thus, Sleep, oft let me lie
Beneath thy grateful shadowings: Call around
Every magic sight and sound;
Shifting swift from grave to gay,
Mingling shade or flashing day,
Glance with fairy footsteps by,
And lull each sense in ecstasy!
Oft let the friend of former days
Meet in sweet colloquial talk,
And midst thy moonlight scenes delighted walk,
While on each others face we gaze,
And with congenial warmth our bosoms burn
Of sacred amity; overjoy'd to live
The spring time of our youth again,
To taste the pleasure or the pain,
And with remembrance bland survive
The solitary urn!
Thus, Sleep, oft find me, at thy soft return,
While Philomela pours her minstrelsy;
And to my sight in colours faint
Those future scenes of Beauty paint

Which oft, with foretaste kind, await
On Virtue, in this transient state,
Exhibiting, in vision high,
A weak but rapturous glance of Immortality !

REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

MADNESS.

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires !
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring :
'Tis Madness' self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail !
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his venturous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee* ;
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark !—to the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Frenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition idly vain,
Revenge and Malice swell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection cross'd—
Hope in disappointment lost—
And injured Merit with a downcast eye
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
 Various voices, various cries,
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 Bursts of laughter—heartfelt groans—
 All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave that roars
 On Thule's desert shores,
 Wild raving to the' unfeeling air,
 The fetter'd Maniac foams along
 (Rage the burden of his jarring song), [hair.
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight;
 Connubial love—parental joy—
 No sympathies like these his soul employ,—
 But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the lovelorn Maid,
 By too much tenderness betray'd;
 Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same :
 Streaming eyes,
 Incessant sighs,
 Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to Pity's tears the poor distracted fair.
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things :
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequester'd steps intrude !—

'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket-robed, and antic-crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint and unsuspected
wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmost soul!
'Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
To finish miseries equal to your own.'—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child:
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair Religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise:

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father of us all!

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious
Till Superstition, fiend of woe, [scene,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and Heaven
bêween.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands
(His beams of mercy thrown aside),
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide:

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,
And, dash'd on Terror's rocks, Fate's best depen-
dence lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they
Objects of pity and affright!— [throng,
Spare farther the descriptive song—

Nature shudders at the sight:—

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group, low drop Compassion's
veil. PENROSE.

HYMN TO HOPE.

1761.

Μενη δ' αὐτοθι ἙΛΠΙΣ ἐν ἀρρηκτοῖσι δομοῖσιν
Ἐνδον ἔμμενε— Hes.

SUN of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

O, come with such an eye and mien
As when by amorous shepherd seen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repose, Belief, and Fancy vain,
That, towering on her wing sublime,
Outstrips the lazy flight of Time,

Riots on distant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.

O, come! and to my pensive eye
Thy far foreseeing tube apply,
Whose kind deception steals us o'er
The gloomy waste that lies before ;
Still opening to the distant sight
The sunshine of the mountain's height ;
Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
Elysian groves and azure skies.

Nor, gentle Hope, forget to bring
The family of Youth and Spring ;
The hours that glide in sprightly round,
The mountain nymphs with wild thyme crown'd ;
Delight that dwells with raptured eye
On stream or flower or field or sky :
And foremost in thy train advance
The Loves and Joys in jovial dance ;
Nor last be Expectation seen,
That wears a wreath of evergreen.

Attended thus by Belau's streams,
Oft hast thou soothed my waking dreams,
When, prone beneath an osier shade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid ;
To thee and Fancy all resign'd,
What visions wander'd o'er my mind !
Illusions dear, adieu ! no more
Shall I your fairy haunts explore ;
For Hope withholds her golden ray,
And Fancy's colours faint away.
To Eden's shores, to Enon's groves,
Resounding once with Delia's loves,
Adieu ! that name shall sound no more
O'er Enon's groves or Eden's shore :

For Hope withholds her golden ray,
 And Fancy's colours faint away.
 Life's ocean slept,—the liquid gale
 Gently moved the waving sail.
 Fallacious Hope! with flattering eye
 You smiled to see the streamers fly.
 The thunder bursts, the mad wind raves :
 From slumber wake the frightened waves :
 You saw me, fled me thus distress'd,
 And tore your anchor from my breast.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again !
 I love thee still, though false and vain :
 Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
 Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.—
 To soothe Ambition's wild desires ;
 To feed the lover's eager fires ;
 To swell the miser's mouldy store ;
 To gild the dreaming chemist's ore ;
 Are these thy cares ? or, more humane,
 To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
 And bring before his languid sight
 The charms of liberty and light :
 The tears of drooping Grief to dry ;
 And hold thy glass to Sorrow's eye ?

Or dost thou more delight to dwell
 With Silence in the hermit's cell ?
 To teach Devotion's flame to rise,
 And wing her vespers to the skies ;
 To urge, with still returning care,
 The holy violence of prayer ;
 To rapturous visions to display
 The realms of everlasting day,
 And snatch from Time the golden key,
 That opens all eternity ?

Perchance, on some unpeopled strand
Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by Famine, Pain, and Death.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to stray :
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
O'er the blue bosom of the main;
And meet, where distant surges rave,
A white sail in each foaming wave.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connexion of the heart,
You the poor exile's steps attend,
The only undeserting friend :
You wing the slow declining year ;
You dry the solitary tear ;
And oft, with pious guile, restore
Those scenes he must behold no more.

O most adored of earth or skies !
To thee ten thousand temples rise ;
By age retain'd, by youth caress'd,
The same dear idol of the breast :
Deprived of thee, the wretch were poor
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore ;
With thee the simple hind is gay,
Whose toil supports the passing day.

The rose-lipp'd Loves that, round their queen,
Dance o'er Cythera's smiling green
Thy aid implore, thy power display
In many a sweetly warbled lay.
For ever in thy sacred shrine
Their unextinguish'd torches shine ;

Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
Ah! still propitious, mayst thou deign
To soothe an anxious lover's pain!
By thee deserted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And stop the frequent-falling tear.

For me, fair Hope, if once again,
Perchance, to smile on me you deign,
Be such your sweetly rural air,
And such a graceful visage wear,
As when, with Truth and young Desire,
You waked the lord of Hagley's lyre;
And painted to her Poet's mind
The charms of Lucy fair and kind.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,
Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah! no;—that thought distracts my heart:
Indulge me, Hope, we must not part.
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me present ease.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet Hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps a while,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

LANGHORNE.

TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!

Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth [shade],
(Crown'd with fresh blooms, and ever springing
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favour'd youth
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds which through the whisper-
ing boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: The red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For O, not all that Autumn's lap contains
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring, whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new born hope
With softest influence breathes.

MRS. BARBAULD.

TO SPRING.

HENCE, Winter, gloomy power!
Beneath thine iron rod we groan too long;
Nor vernal sight nor song
Hath yet awoke to soothe the lagging hour.

Go, with thy loathed band,
Where hills of ice and snowy mountains rise,
Whose strength the sun defies :
There, amid dismal caves and icy thrones,
Dispense thine horrid frowns; [land.
While storms and hail and wind for ever fill the
But come, soft Spring! no more delay
To bless us with thy genial sway!
Thy beams have yet but faintly shone,
By storms and darkness soon o'erblown;
No fostering warmth they yet have shed
To wake the verdure of the mead;
To ope the primrose' wild perfume,
Or rear to life the violet's bloom.
Then come, sweet nymph, with fixed pace!
The tyrant shall with fearful face
Behold far off thy steady beams,
And haste away his ragged teams.
O, come, thou queen of gay delights,
Though late, to bless our longing sights!
Flowers shall spring up beneath thy way,
And earth and air and seas be gay.
Adown the mountain's woody side
The tumbling torrent shall subside;
And the whistling wind no more
Through the castle's turrets roar;
But rills shall lulling music keep,
And spires and battlements shall peep
With glittering hue amid the shade;
While shepherds' pipes shall from the glade
Echo sweet; and virgins gay,
With fresh-bloom'd cheeks, to hear them play,
Shall issue from the castle's bounds,
And dance to thee their merry rounds.

On shadowy greens to thee the Fays
Shall there a moonlight altar raise;
And there, by Cynthia's paly ray,
Will I to thee my orgies pay!—
Meads shall smile; the frisking flock
Shall bleat from valley and from rock;
And oft at fold their tinkling bell
Shall wake the poet's pensive shell;
To thee by twilight he shall sing,
Soothed by the air soft-murmuring.
At morn, from furrow'd lands afar,
Ploughmen's songs shall tend thy car;
And the woodman's echoing stroke,
That too often hath awoke
The genius of the deepen'd wood
From the still shades of his abode.
But, within the fertile vale,
Dasied pastures shall not fail,
With flowerets wild of every hue,
To ope their blossoms to thy view;
While the steeple-bells shall ring,
And down the wave their echoes fling,
Which, soften'd by the warbling wind,
With ecstasies shall fill the mind.
In yonder pansied meadow's bound,
With hill and wood enclosed around,
My love and I will wildly stray,
To pick each flower that drinks thy ray.
May her enchanting form no fate,
Like that unhappy maid's, await,
Whom gloomy Dis by force convey'd
To his low region's dismal shade!
For she, sad nymph, had only stray'd
To bask *amid thy fragrant blooms,*
And fill her lap with thy perfumes,

When he, black God! with grim delight,
Bore the wild maid to endless night.
Ah, no! I never will profane
With gloomy fears thy joyous reign;
But, while this youthful blood shall sport
Within my veins, I thee will court;
The pleasures of thy train will join,
And hail thy blooming nymphs divine;
To them my tales of love repeat,
And mark how thy prolific heat
On their soft cheeks bids blushes rise,
And sheds sweet languor o'er their eyes.

If hoary locks my temples shade,
Ere in the peaceful grave I'm laid,
Then may I haunt the rural hall,
Round which the rooks, with clamorous call,
To thee their early rites begin,
Far from the peopled city's din;
And waked by them, at dawning day,
Watch how the buds their leaves display;
And soothed by them, when eve shall come,
Mark their thick flocks returning home!
Awhile contentious strife and noise
And loud complaint their rest destroys;
But by degrees the tumults close,
The murmurs sink to calm repose.
While thus I watch them to their nest,
Soothed by soft sympathy to rest,
Sweet slumbers o'er mine eyes will creep,
And in mild dreams my fancy steep.

Thus, Spring, with thee I'll pass my day,
Thus soothe my evening hours away;
Thus, as I totter on life's brink,
To my last slumbers softly sink.

SIR E. BRYDGES.

TO FANCY.

FANCY, whose delusions vain
Sport themselves with human brain;
Rival thou of Nature's power,
Canst, from thy exhaustless store,
Bid a tide of sorrow flow,
And whelm the soul in deepest woe:
Or, in the twinkling of an eye,
Raise it to mirth and jollity;
Dreams and shadows round thee stand,
Taught to run at thy command,
And along the wanton air
Flit like empty gossamer.
Black Melancholy thee of yore
To the swift wing'd Hermes bore:
From the mixture of thy line
Different natures in thee join,
Which thou choosest to express
By the variance of thy dress.
Now like thy sire thou lovest to seem
Light and gay with pinions trim,
Dipp'd in all the dyes that glow
In the bend of Iris' bow:
Now, like thy mother drear and sad
(All in mournful vestments clad,
Cypress weeds and sable stole),
Thou rushest on the' affrighted soul.
Oft I feel thee coming on,
When the Night has reach'd her noon,
And Darkness, partner of her reign,
Round the world hath bound her chain;

Then, with measured step and slow,
In the churchyard path I go,
And while my outward senses sleep,
Lost in contemplation deep,
Sudden I stop, and turn my ear,
And listening hear, or think I hear.
First a dead and sullen sound
Walks along the holy ground;
Then through the gloom alternate break
Groans and the shrill screechowl's shriek.
Lo! the moon hath hid her head,
And the graves give up their dead:
By me pass the ghastly crowds,
Wrapp'd in visionary shrouds;
Maids, who died with love forlorn,
Youths, who fell by maidens' scorn,
Helpless sires and matrons old
Slain for sordid thirst of gold,
And babes who owe their shortened date
To cruel stepdame's ruthless hate;
Each their several errands go,
To haunt the wretch that wrought their woe;
From their sight the caitiff flies,
And his heart within him dies;
While a horror damp and chill
Through his frozen blood doth thrill,
And his hair for very dread
Bears itself upon his head.

When the early breath of day
Hath made the shadows flee away,
Still possess'd by thee I rove
Besom'd in the sheltering grove;
There, with heart and lyre new strung,
Meditate the lofty song.

And if thou my voice inspire,
And with wonted frenzy fire,
Aided by thee, I build the rhyme,
Such as nor the flight of time
Nor wasting flame nor eating shower
Nor lightning's blast can e'er devour.

Or if chance some moral page
My attentive thoughts engage,
On I walk, with silent tread,
Under the thick-woven shade,
While the thrush, unheeded by,
Tunes her artless minstrelsy.
Listening to their sacred lore,
I think on ages long pass'd o'er,
When Truth and Virtue, hand in hand,
Walk'd upon the smiling land,
Thence my eyes on Britain glance,
And, awaken'd from my trance,
While my busy thoughts I rear,
Oft I wipe the falling tear.
When the night again descends
And her shadowy cone extends,
O'er the fields I walk alone,
By the silence of the moon.
Hark! upon my left I hear
Wild music wandering in the air;
Led by the sound I onward creep,
And through the neighbouring hedge I peep;
There I spy the fairy band
Dancing on the level land,
Now with step alternate bound,
Join'd in one continuéd round,
Now their plighted hands unbind,
And such tangled mazes wind

As the quick eye can scarce pursue,
And would have puzzled that famed clue
Which led the' Athenian's unskill'd feet
Through the labyrinth of Crete.
At the near approach of day,
Sudden the music dies away,
Wasting in the sea of air,
And the phantoms disappear,
All (as the glowworm waxes dim)
Vanish like a morning dream,
And of their revels leave no trace,
Save the ring upon the grass.

When the elfin show is fled
Home I haste me to my bed;
There, if thou with magic wand
On my temples take thy stand,
I see in mix'd disorder rise
All that struck my waking eyes:
So when I stand, and round me gaze,
Where the famed Lodona strays,
On the woods and thickets brown,
That its sedgy margins crown,
And watch the vagrant clouds that fly
Through the vast desert of the sky,
When adown I cast my look
On the smooth unruffled brook
(While its current clear doth run,
And holds its mirror to the sun),
There I see the' inverted scene
Fall and meet the eye again.

MERRICK.



TO HEALTH.

RETURN, fair Health! the Muse again,
A sweet associate of thy train,
To sketch the landscapes as they lie
Brightening beneath thy beamy eye,
Shall follow where thy footsteps lead
Along the morn-empurpled mead,
That, slanting down old Askew's side,
Obtrudes on Trent's diminish'd tide.

Touch'd by thy spirit, genial power!
And crown'd by thee, life's varied hour
A gay unclouded aspect wears,
High o'er the groveling mist of cares.

While Hope in every changeful scene
Exults beneath thy radiant mien,
O, most indulge my favoured breast
When Friendship greets the heart-loved guest;
Nor let my hand, with languor faint,
Cast o'er his welcome cold restraint.
O, ever round my chearful board
Be all thy social pleasures pour'd,
While, sparkling from the liberal mind,
The gladden'd thought starts, unconfined
By slow Reserve or downcast Awe,
Whose words in faltering haste withdraw;
Or Inattention's torpid ear,
Who, gazing, only seems to hear;
Or dark Distrust, in silence bound,
With jealous eye that peers around.
Thy influence wakes a fairer birth,
Light Ease, and Play, and vacant Mirth;

The dancing Hopes, the glittering vein
That runs through Fancy's boundless reign;
With all the vivid grace of thought,
In Wit's energetic quickness wrought;
And Humour, at whose festal sounds
Fantastic-footed Laughter bounds.

With thee even Solitude is seen
Clear from the withering hue of spleen;
Her solemn air, her musing pace,
Each deep, composed, majestic grace,
Flush'd heavenly by thy vital bloom
A freer fairer look assume;
Her listless thought, her languid tone
No more oppressive sadness own;
But, nerved by thee, such transport take
That all her silent fancies wake.

Thou, in Retirement's hermit hour,
A fairy saint to bless her bower,
Shalt chase, with holy spell, away
The fiends that vex her private day;
Self-tired and sullen Discontent;
Hatred, his brows in anger bent;
And Superstition's gorgon head
That rends the midnight dream with dread;
And Melancholy's moping train,
Grief, and the sickly dregs of Pain;
And stern Disgust of Life, that bears
With murmur'd woe his weight of cares,
Or, as his desperate sorrows rave,
Visits in gore his timeless grave.

When evening shadows haunt the vale,
And dewy sweets enrich the gale,
And musing through her motley groves
With Inspiration Autumn roves;

When Hope, upon her morning's wing,
Enchanting sheds the bloom of spring ;
When Summer's sultry noon persuades
Where Coolness wreathes her bowery shades,
And Beauty courts, with loosen'd vest,
The struggling Zephyrs to her breast ;
When shuddering crones, in wintry nights,
Recount long tales of ghostly sights,
And, hovering o'er the embers' gleam,
At every casual sparkle scream ;
O genius of the chosen hour !
When most I court thy glowing power,
From irksome labours ever free,
If Heaven such bliss reserve for me,
From social mirth retired awhile,
Full on my soul delighted smile !

Though Grandeur stoop not to my shed ;
Though Pride avert his lifted head ;
Though tasteless Folly fluttering by
Leer on my lot with Mockery's eye ;
Yet here while Health consents to stay,
The charmer of my secret day ;
While Love, with youthful Hope allied,
Beneath my cottage roof abide ;
While myrtle-handed Leisure throws
O'er soften'd life her sweet repose ;
And Fancy to her favourite lute
Some high ambitious rhyme shall suit ;
My heart, with these sublimely bless'd,
Bids Pride and Folly share the rest.

Yet if my fate my wish deny ;
If leisure, love, and fancy fly,
While, dim and weary, life remains,
And heaves the slow blood through my veins ;

Order and Peace, a tranquil mind,
Though ever pensive, yet resign'd,
Shall worship on the banks of Trent
The household deity, Content.

REV. W. B. STEVENS.

M A R C H.

Now the doubling vapours fill
The vale, and hover o'er the hill;
The heath, that right against the view
Lifts its slope side, is clad in blue;
O'er the far extended wood
Deep and still the gray mists brood;
While by the hedge and on the grass
We brush the vapours as we pass.
Still is the air; the leaves and herbs
Not a single breath disturbs,
Save that, by fits, the breeze's sighs
In murmurs through the boughs arise.
Through the dead calm that reigns around,
Is heard distinctly every sound:
The rooks, that still from earliest dawn
With caw incessant pass the lawn,
Then quick repass, with burden fill'd,
Their annual serie to rebuild;
The plough, that sometimes screams;—anon
The swain's loud laugh, that guides it on;
The clapping gate, at which we see,
Slowly returning from the lea,
The sower with his empty sack;
The woodman, laden at his back

With roots and broken sticks and boughs,
That custom for his toil allows ;
Or red-cloak'd housewife of the cot,
Who from the vill her stores has got
To cheer her household, when they leave
The barn or wood or field at eve ;
Or truant boys, whose cheerful voice
Down in the vale we hear rejoice ;
The horses' steps along the lane,
Or the loud ring of loaded wain ;
Or from the public road afar
The rattle of the fleeter car
(While at each pause from yonder vale
We hear the cuckoo tell her tale,
Or gentle stockdove pour her moan
In deep and melancholy tone) ;
The babbling hounds, whose distant cries
Waked by the horn's loud melodies,
Or shrill-voiced huntsman's echoing cheer
Die into music in the air ;
The bleating flock from yonder steep,
The dog that bays the straying sheep,
And shepherd's hallo from the hill,
At which the' obedient dog is still ;
The village artist's hasty stroke ;
The slower flail ; the falling oak
That echoes from the quaking dell ;
The rapid whirl from cottage well ;
The cattle, lowing from the farm ;
And thousand sounds beside, that charm,
Now the wings of silence bear
Distinct along the listening air.

Thus as the airy harp reclined
Moves to the whispers of the wind,

And, in return, from all its strings
With more melodious music rings ;
The curious ear, in ecstasies,
Vibrates to Nature's harmonies,
And strives the rapture to repay
By mimic echoes of her lay.

SIR E. BRYDG

SONG TO THE BIRDS.

SWEET birds, whose songs and woodnotes wil
Cheer my walk at morning mild,
While I trace the hayfield round,
The margin of this grassy mound ;
Full pleasant are your lays to me,
Gentle warblers, fond and free ;
More welcome far than vernal showers ;
Chanted from your happy bowers,
Built on Cherwell's alder'd edge,
Mid the hawthorn-blooming hedge ;
Sweet birds, those bowers no more shall be
To you retreat, or joy to me :
As late near yon unsullied stream
I framed my fond poetic theme,
Near my path, upon the ground,
Recent from the cruel wound,
Fallen from his native spray,
A bleeding linnet panting lay.
Fly, fly, sweet birds, these limits fly,
For see, your barbarous foe is nigh,
And aims at your devoted breath
His iron weapon charged with death !

Wretch of rude and rugged soul,
Stranger to pity's soft control,
Who violates the rural glee
Of Nature's sweetest minstrelsy,
Who banishes the race of love,
The tuneful tenants of the grove,
Unpeoples all the vocal ground,
And desolates the hills around !
Ye throstles blithe, whose matin strains
Melodise the lonely plains ;
Ye nightingales, the woods among,
Where warbles wild your midnight song,
If e'er my fond enamour'd ear
Hath loved your siren plaints to hear,
If e'er my steps have loved to tread
The dewy vale and moonlight mead,
Where the lone mate in craggy dell
Bemoans her absent Philomel,
Or to the trees in piteous strains
Still of her plunder'd nest complains ;
And all ye various-plumed train,
Who haunt the stream or wing the plain ;
Hence, gentle birds, spontaneous flee
With peace, with safety, and with me,
And seek with me the distant vales
That smooth the rugged brow of Wales,
Where of hills a mighty mound
Rears its magic circle round :
There in some villa's calm recess
Health my careless days shall bless.
There lead me forth at break of morn,
Ere sounds the hunter's buglehorn,
There oft shall win my willing ear
Your unbought harmony to hear ;

Yet my grateful hands shall pay
With due reward your carols gay ;
And to your bills the crumbs afford
That fall from my unpamper'd board,
And build for you the winter shed,
The wicker'd roof and mossy bed.
To your arbour's private home,
Hither, gentle wanderers, come ;
Through the copse and by the streams
Tune your nature-prompted themes ;
And to the charmed ear of Spring
Such enchanting descants sing
As may beguile Affliction's tear,
Such as innocence may hear ;
Soft as the gales young Zephyr brings,
Or the plumage of your wings ;
Far sweeter than the feeble note
Warbled from a eunuch's throat,
Far sweeter than the lisping lays
Which the siren Flattery pays,
At her late and early hour,
On the golden shrine of Power.

When the shades of evening come,
Here the busy bees shall hum,
Here shall range the thymy beds
When her dews young morning sheds,
And love my limits lone and still
More than Hybla's honey'd hill.
These hives, the green parterres among,
Be your cells, industrious throng ;
Nor from your nectar-streaming hoard
Refuse, to grace my simple board,
A portion due, content that here
No drone invades your dulcet cheer,

No creeping flames your hives annoy,
Nor music lures you to destroy.

You too, ye feather'd tribes of air,
The same security shall share ;
Here shall dread no secret net
Mid the thorny thicket set ;
Nor kites nor hawks, a bloody throng,
Nor griping vulture's talon strong,
Who, taught by man, with rage refined,
Devour their own devoted kind.
Say, silvan quire, what dire offence
Hath stain'd your native innocence,
That danger thus, with ceaseless course,
Pursues your flight, your haunts explores ?
Oft have I seen your callow care
Hard-struggling in the birdlime snare :
So the rash youth, in grief I said,
If once the path of vice he tread,
Caught in the toils of treachery,
In vain long labours to be free :
But ne'er hath pride your minds possess'd,
Harmless offspring of the nest,
Nor folly e'er your hearts beguiled,
Nor guilt disgraced your manners mild,
Which still to active instinct true
Kind Nature's simple paths pursue.

Nor these the only ills you bear,
Winged inhabitants of air :
From danger and from death you fly,
Alas ! to loss of liberty ;
Condemn'd to leave your native groves,
Unfinish'd songs, and feather'd loves ;
Condemn'd to change your airy downs
For busy streets of peopled towns :

Long, long the drooping captive dwells
In cruel cages, grated cells;
Oft wishful views some distant tree,
And pants and flutters to be free;
With grief and rage would fain expire,
And leaves a plume on every wire.

REV. J. WALTERS.

TO THE SPIRIT OF FRESHNESS.

O THOU, the daughter of the Vernal Dew,
That, glistening to the morn with pearly light,
The gentle Aura woo'd
Beside a dripping cave;

There, midst the blush of roses, won the nymph
To dalliance, as in sighs she whisper'd love;
There saw thee born, as May
Unclosed her laughing eye;

Spirit of Freshness, hail! At this dim hour
While, streak'd with recent gray, the dawn ap-
Where sport thy humid steps, [pears,
Ambrosial essence, say?

Haply, thy slippers glance along my path
Where frosted lilies veil their silver bells
Beneath the lively green
Of their full-shading leaves.

Or dost thou wander in the hoary field
Where, overhead, I view the cautious hare
Nibbling, while stillness reigns,
The light-sprent barley blade?

Or dost thou hover o'er the hawthorn bloom,
Where, in his nest of clay, the blackbird opes
His golden lids, and tunes
A soft preluding strain;

Or art thou soaring mid the fleeced air
To meet the dayspring, where the plume-wet lark
Pours sudden his shrill note
Beneath a dusky cloud?

I see thee not—But lo! a vapoury shape
That oft belies thy form, emerging slow
From that deep central gloom,
Rests on the moon-tipp'd wood.

Now, by a halo circled, sails along,
As gleams with icicles his azure vest,
Now shivers on the trees,
And feebly sinks from sight.

'Tis cold! and lo! upon the whitening folds
Of the dank mist that fills the hollow dell,
Chill Damp with drizzly locks
Glides in his lurid car,

Where a lone fane o'er those broad rushes nods
In slumberous torpor; save when flitting bat
Stirs the rank ivy brown
That clasps its oozing walls!

Yet, yet, descending from yon eastern tent
Whose amber seems to kiss the wavy plain,
A form, half viewless, spreads
A flush purpureal round.

I know thee, Freshness! Lo! delicious green
Sprinkles thy path. The bursting buds above
With vivid moisture glow,
To mark thy gradual way.

The florets, opening, from their young cups dart
The carmine blush, the yellow lustre clear:
And now entranced I drink
Thy breath in living balms!

And not a ryegrass trembles, but it gives
A scent salubrious: not a flower exhales
Its odours, but it breathes
O'er all a cool repose.

Mild shadowy power! whilst now thy tresses,
bathed
In primrose tints, the snowdrop's coldness shed
On skyblue hyacinths,
Thy chaste and simple wreath;

While flows to Zephyr thy transparent robe,
Stealing the colours of the lunar bow,
How short thy vestal reign
Amid the rosy lawn!

Yes! if thou mix the saffron hues that stream
From the bright orient with the roscid rays
Of yonder orb that hangs
A silvery drop on high;

Or if thou love, along the lucent sod,
To catch the sparkles of thy modest star;
With all the mingled beams
Heightening some virgin's bloom;

Fleet as the shadow from the breded heaven
Brushing the gossamer, thy steps retire
Within the gelid gloom
Of thy green-vested oak.

And now, retreating to the breezy marge
Of the pure stream, thy ruby fingers rear
The new-blown flowers that wake
To tinge its crystal tide :

**While from the cave where first thine essence
sprung, [spars,
Where the chaste Naiads ranged their glittering
Rills, trickling through the moss,
Purl o'er the pebbled floor.**

And may no vapours from that osier'd bank
Annoy thee—thou, whose delicacy, dreads,
Though shrinking from the sun,
The sallow's stagnant shade.

There sleep till eve; unless the spring-loved
showers,
Pattering among the foliage, bid thee rise
To taste those transient blooms
That with the rainbow live.

There sleep till eve; when as thy parent Air
With feathery softness flutters o'er thine urn,
And midst the vermeil bower,
The dew thy feet impearls;

Joy'd shalt thou hail the watery-tinted cloud,
Whose radiant skirts half hide the westering orb,
Whilst a fine emerald hue
The whole horizon stains;

Till through the fragrance of his sweetbriar leaves
Thy glowworm flings a solitary ray,
As peace descends, to hush
The twilight-bosom'd scene!

POLWHELE.

VICISSITUDE.

—RAPT in thought that bids thee rise
In all thy forms before mine eyes,
I glow with joy to see thee come
In rosy health and youthful bloom:
And now cold horror trembles o'er my soul,
When thou, in blank uncertainty array'd,
With iron-hearted deaf control
Throw'st all around thy awful dubious shade.

Oh, give my song, mysterious power,
The joys and terrors of thy sway to tell,
Thy sway o'er universal nature spread,
The sweetest hope of man, and darkest dread!
Behold, where shivering in the rattling hail,
While drizzling black clouds o'er him lour,
Bent o'er his staff, with livid visage fell,

Dull Winter stays his creeping step to pause,
And wishful turns his icy eyes
On April's meads. Beckoning on flowery May,
With gentle shadowy hand thou movest away
The lingering churl. Swift o'er the primrose dale
The new-waked bee his humming labour plies;
And sudden from each budding grove
Incense to heaven, the songs of love,
Attest rejoicing Nature's glad applause.

Glistening with dew the green-hair'd Spring
Walks though the woods; and, smiling in her train,
Youth flutters gay on cherub wing;
And life exulting lifts the eye to heaven.
And crown'd with bearded grain,
And hay grass breathing odours bland,
Bold Summer comes in manhood's lusty prime.
Anon his place is given
To veteran Autumn: yellow glows
His waving robe: with conscious mien sublime
He proudly lifts his sun-brown'd brows
High o'er the loaded clime.
For him the full-orb'd moon with orange rays
Gilds mild the night; for him her course delays;
And jolly wealth lies wide beneath his hand.
But soon decrepit age he shows,
And all his golden honours past,
Naked before October's blast,
He flies the plunder'd land.

With hoary bearded cheek and front severe,
Of angry fretful scowl, from forest wild,
Now rheum-eyed Winter hastens to the plain;
The hollow blast low groaning in his ear,
Round his bald head the brown leaves drift amain;

And soon his snowy mantle wide he throws
O'er vale and hill, and icicles he weeps.
The sun withdraws his golden rays,
And short his cold diurnal visit pays
With faint and silvery beam,
As listless to disturb the deep repose,
While languid nature sleeps.
Anon to social mirth beguiled,
Safe from the tempest breme
That howls without, and beating rain,
The tyrant bids the friendly hearth to blaze;
And with the feats of former days,
Of battles dread; and heroes slain,
And valiant deeds of many a knight,
And loves of ladies passing bright,
The long-contented evening sweet he cheers;
While from his day-sport on the ice-bound stream,
Weary return'd, with wonder and delight,
Unrazor'd youth the various legend hears.

These are thy grateful changes, mighty power,
Vicissitude! But far more grateful still
When now from Nature's frozen sleep profound,
Invigor'd vegetation wakes,
And Spring, with primrose garland crown'd,
The seeds of plenty o'er the fuming ground
From her green mantle shakes.

MICKLE.

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good ;
But, from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapp'd in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky ;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain ;
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face ;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee),
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,

Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head;
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

THOMSON.

TO NIGHT.

SUNK is the sun, and on yon mountain head
Hangs the last gleam of the declining day;
Fades every landscape, deepens every shade;
The clouds, late golden, now are robed in gray.

And thine is now the rule, Imperial Night!
All mildly sitt'st thou on thy shadowy throne;
While Superstition, seized with self-affright,
Throws o'er thy brow a horror all her own.

Now to her monster-breeding brain appear
Visions of woe, and hideous forms of fear,

And signs and portents boding ill to come ;
And flame-eyed goblins gliding o'er the green,
And murder'd ghosts with bleeding wounds are
seen,

And screechowls heard, that tell her of the tomb.

But musing Wisdom seeks thy friendly shade,

To her more gentle than the glare of noon :
She loves thy sober solemn charms array'd

With the pale glories of the pensive moon.

Fatigued with pleasures, or with cares oppress'd,

Tired of the proud, the vicious, and the vain ;
How joys my soul, when wheel'd beneath the west
Sinks the gay sun, and hails thy gentler reign !

Impertinence's buzz and busy wings,

Envy's loud hiss, and sly Detraction's stings,

The taunts of Insolence, the wretch's woes,
The stir and strife of Fortune and her tools,
The roar of Riot, and the laugh of Fools

No longer interrupt her loved repose.

Then Wisdom clears her intellectual eyes,

And elevates her aim to things Divine,
Bids all the choir of Mental Graces rise,
Bids all the charms of Moral Beauty shine.

Silent are now the groves, no silvan throat

Tunes its wild descant ; but the hoot I hear.
Of the lone owl, though no melodious note,
Yet pleasing still to Contemplation's ear.

The stars bright-sparkling o'er the ethereal way,

The moon's mild gleams that ever quivering play

On the light rills, that warble, as the wind,
'Gales hollow-roaring, hoarse resounding woods,
Rude hanging rocks, dread shades, and dashing
floods,

Exalt, and soothe, and harmonize the mind.

Then every rude emotion sinks to rest,
In gentler flow the tides of passion roll,
A solemn calm steals o'er the soften'd breast,
And philosophic transports swell the soul.

O'er Nature's ample field her fancy strays,
Thence her rich store of form and colour brings,
With curious art combined a thousand ways,
And paints her beauteous images of things.

Now wantons wild in aromatic groves,
Now the lone heath and howling forest roves,
Pensive and listening to the sighs of woe;
Now sits sublime on Alpine heights enthroned,
Mid the red blaze of lightnings flashing round,
And hears redoubled thunders roll below.

Now Horror's shade she seeks, and central cave,
Her ghastly visaged ghosts and floods of fire;
Now joys in empyrean light to lave,
And catch new rapture from the Seraph's lyre.

Then welcome, Night! thou awful pleasing fair!
While the moon seems along the clouds to sail,
Which round her throne like fleecy flakes appear,
And now half hide her radiance, now reveal.

Pride wants the Sun her plumage to display;
A soul sublime from no material ray

Draws her rich splendours, or imbibes her joy;
Reason's clear beam and Virtue's flame divine
Shall with their own eternal glories shine,
When worlds and suns in endless darkness die.

And thou, Great Father! guard my sleeping hours,
Bid the wild war of striving passions cease,
Compose in pleasing harmony my powers,
And o'er my throbbing bosom breathe thy peace.

Thrice-happy souls who thy protection share!
Virtue in thy parental arms at rest
Securely lies, as stranger yet to fear
The suckling slumbers on its mother's breast.

Spirits, that hurl the thunders down the sky,
Or drive the chariot of the storms on high,
And shake o'er trembling Guilt the fiery rod,
Oft bid their vengeful rage the pious spare;
Even flames, amid the general wreck, revere
And pass untouch'd those temples of their God.

REV. H. MOORE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PELHAM.

LET others hail the rising sun,
I bow to that whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night;
Whose rays benignant bless'd this isle,
Made peaceful nature round us smile
With calm but cheerful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,
No future prospects prompt my lays,
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From real grief they flow ;
I catch the' alarm from Britain's fears,
My sorrows fall with Britain's tears,
And join a nation's woe.

See, as you pass the crowded street,
Despondence clouds each face you meet,
All their lost friend deplore :
You read in every pensive eye,
You hear in every broken sigh,
That Pelham is no more.

If thus each Briton is alarm'd
Whom but his distant influence warm'd,
What griefs their breasts must rend,
Who, in his private virtues bless'd,
By Nature's dearest ties possess'd
The husband, father, friend !

What! mute, ye bards?—no mournful verse,
No chaplets to adorn his hearse,
To crown the good and just?
Your flowers in warmer regions bloom,
You seek no pensions from the tomb,
No laurels from the dust.

When power departed with his breath,
The sons of Flattery fled from death :
Such insects swarm at noon.
Not for herself my Muse is grieved,
She never ask'd nor e'er received
One ministerial boon.

Hath some peculiar strange offence
Against us arm'd Omnipotence,

To check the nation's pride?
Behold the' appointed punishment!
At length the vengeful bolt is sent,
It fell—when Pelham died.

Uncheck'd by shame, unawed by dread,
When Vice triumphant rears her head,
Vengeance can sleep no more;
The evil angel stalks at large,
The good submits, resigns his charge,
And quits the' unhallow'd shore.

The same sad morn* to church and state
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was given;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north
St. John's fell genius issued forth,
And Pelham fled to heaven!

By angels watch'd in Eden's bowers,
Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours,
Nor guilt nor pain they knew;
But on the day which usher'd in
The hell-born train of mortal sin,
The heavenly guards withdrew.

Look down, much honour'd shade, below!
Still let thy pity aid our woe;
Stretch out thy healing hand;
Resume those feelings which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
And saved a sinking land.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,
The breasts of all thy friends: descry

* The 6th of March, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the works of the late lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

What there has got possession.
See if thy unsuspecting heart,
In some for truth mistook not art,
For principle profession.

From these, the pests of humankind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent king :
Unmask their treachery to his sight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And crush them ere they sting.

If such his trust and honours share,
Again exert thy guardian care,
Each venom'd heart disclose ;
(On Him, on Him our all depends,
(Oh, save him from his treacherous friends,
He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er shall at the helm preside,
Still let thy prudence be his guide.
To stem the troubled wave ;
But chiefly whisper in his ear.
'That George is open, just, sincere,
And dares to scorn a knave.'

No selfish views to oppress mankind,
No mad ambition fired thy mind.
To purchase fame with blood ;
Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat :
Remembered that to be truly great
Is only to be good.

To hear no lawless passion's call,
To save thy king yet feel for all,

Such was thy glorious plan !
 Wisdom with generous love took part,
 Together work thy head and heart,
 The minister and man.

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth ;
 Strangle bold faction in its birth ;
 Be Britain's weal your view !
 For this great end let all combine,
 Let virtue link each fair design,
 And Pelham live in you.

GARRICK.

ON

THE DEATH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD,

SON OF THE DUKE OF MECKLENBURGH SCHWERIN,
 WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE RIVER ODER, DURING
 THE INUNDATION IN 1785, IN ENDEAVOURING TO
 RESCUE A FAMILY OF CHILDREN, WHOSE MOTHER
 HAD INTREATED HIM TO GIVE ORDERS FOR THAT
 PURPOSE.

LET praise the victor's act record,
 And nations deify the sword
 With human sacrifice impure ;
 To such, when Fate has given the blow,
 The service of external woe
 Shall long-prescriptive right secure :
 But ah ! the tears, the sighs that part
 Spontaneous from the deep-charged heart
 The formal summons disobey ;
 This envied meed from distant lands
 The name of Leopold commands,
 And every friend of man shall pay.

Lamented youth! I never trod
The banks where rapid Oder flow'd,
Whose latest sons shall weep thy doo
Nor ever hail'd thy gracious form,
Whose promised worth the' unkindly at
Hath crush'd in manhood's opening bl

Yet, all confess'd to Fancy's eyes,
Thy gentle spirit seems to rise
With amaranthine splendour crown'd
And recent from their watery grave
The tender group thou died'st to save
On snowy pinions hover round.

Though now to better worlds resign'd,
Thy bright example left behind
Shall still to man extend thy care;
Disclose the surer paths of Fame,
And nobly point the social aim,
'To save, to pity, and to spare.'

WARW

ON SEEING A NEGRO FUNERAL

MAHALI dies! o'er yonder plain
His bier is borne: the sable train
By youthful virgins led:
Daughters of injured Afric, say
Why raise ye thus the heroic lay,
Why triumph o'er the dead?

No tear bedews their fixed eye:
'Tis now the hero lives, they cry—

Released from slavery's chain,
Beyond the billowy surge he flies,
And joyful views his native skies
And long-lost bowers again.

On Koromantyn's palmy soil,
Heroic deeds and martial toil
Shall fill each glorious day;
Love, fond and faithful, crown thy nights,
And bliss unbought, unmix'd delights,
Past cruel wrongs repay.

Nor lordly pride's stern avarice there
Alone shall Nature's bounties share;
To all her children free.—
For thee the dulcet reed shall spring,
His balmy bowl the cocoa bring,
The' anana bloom for thee.

The thunder, hark! 'Tis Afric's God;
He wakes, he lifts the' avenging rod,
And speeds the' impatient hours:
From Niger's golden stream he calls;
Fair Freedom comes—Oppression falls;
And vengeance yet is ours!

Now, Christian, now, in wild dismay,
Of Afric's proud revenge the prey,
Go roam the' affrighted wood;—
Transform'd to tigers, fierce and fell,
Thy race shall prowl with savage yell
And glut their rage for blood!

But soft,—beneath yon tamarind shade,
Now let the hero's limbs be laid;

Sweet slumbers like the grave:
There shall the dreams shut perfume,
Nor livid lightnings blast the bloom
That darks Mahab's grave.

HERMAN HOWLANDS.

TO HOPE.

They err who deem thee of celestial race,
Nymph of the ceaseless smile,
Thine is no angel face,
() treacherous Hope, who flatterest to beguile.
Thou wert, indeed, fair spirit, born in heaven;
But from the realm of bliss
Thy faithless form was driven
With those who plunged into the deep abyss.
No still thy dazzling lineaments display
The hue of heavenly birth;
And mortals own thy sway,
Deem'd the good angel of the sons of earth.
Thou, when the traveller of the moonless night
Gropes o'er the moor his way,
Showest the watery light
That tempts the wretched wanderer far astray.
The dear illusion makes his heart rejoice,
He hastens wildly on—
And now he lifts his voice—
And louder now—and now the light is gone.
Thou hearest him as to the water side
A wretched man he moves,
And when beneath the tide,
Groaning, he sinks, remembering all he loves.

And when the mountainous ocean swells and raves,
 When the ship sinks beneath,
 Thou makest on the waves
 The mariner endure protracted death.
 Long buoy'd by thee, with miserable eye
 He gazes round and round,
 And thinks he can descry
 The distant vessel o'er the billows bound.
 Oh, happy, if by no vain wish possess'd,
 When mid the waters cast,
 Despair had fill'd his breast,
 Soon had he perish'd, and the pang been past.
 Fool! he who trusts thee in the evil hour,
 Thou parasite of grief,
 Whose false and boasting power
 Can only promise, never bring relief.

ANONYMOUS.

TO THE RIVER TEIGN.

Oh Thou! the guardian of each floweret pale
 That decks thy lonely brim; whether thy car,
 Hoarse murmuring from afar,
 Foams down the dark and solitary vale;
 Or through yon meads thy peaceful current roves,
 Where, mid the pendent umbrage pleased to
 Thou shunn'st the noontide ray [stray,
 Which gilds the' encircling majesty of groves;
 Hail, holy sire! whilst keen remorse corrodes,
 Sicken'd with pleasure's pangs, this aching
 Thy freshening streams impart, [heart,
 And take, oh, take me to thy bless'd abodes!

But if, led on by Heaven's decree to' explore
The depths and shoals of fortune, once again
I trust the faithless main,
Torn from thy desert caves and solemn roar ;
Give me at length, from storms secure, and woes
Of latest age, to lose the silent hours,
And in thy awful bowers
Enshroud me far from men, in deep repose.

BAMPFYLDE.

TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year ;
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine !
I hail the goddess for her scarlet flower.
Thou brilliant weed
That dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow,
Heedless I pass'd thee in Life's morning hour
(Thou comforter of woe),
Till Sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful Love ;
The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smiled or Venus frown'd.
But Love and Joy and all their train are flown,
And I will sing of thee alone ;

Unless perchance the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou canst ease
The wretched victims of disease;
Canst close those weary eyes in gentle sleep
Which never open but to weep;
For, oh! thy potent charm
Can agonizing Pain disarm;
Expel imperious Memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.
Soul-soothing plant! that canst such blessings give,
By thee the mourner bears to live,

By thee the wretched die!
Oh! ever friendly to despair,
Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime, that remedy implore
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more!
No more I'd sue that thou shouldst spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart;
And by thy soft Lethean power
(Inestimable flower!)

Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions
try.

HON. MRS. O'NEIL.

TO THE WILLOW.

SEE Nature's fairest gift appear,
The promise of the blooming year,
The rose has burst her infant bands,
And gay in Summer's pride expands;

Queen of flowers, how bright her hue,
Spangled o'er with morning dew ;
From her breast what sweets exhale
At eve, when Zephyr's lingering gale,
Loath to quit the fond delight,

Flings her refreshing odours to the night!

Pleasure's joyous votaries, haste,
Not one precious moment waste,
Make those precious charms your own,
Seize them now they're fully blown ;
And, while they grace your flowing hair,
Give no thought to absent Care ;
Come, with frolic sport advance,
Lead the joy-inspiring dance,
Whilst Music's fascinating powers
Wake to mirth the laughing hours !

For me a wreath does Fate provide,
A chaplet meet to deck the bride
Who weds Despair—the pallid cypress here
Shall mix'd with dark funereal yew appear.
Ah! never should thy fragrant breath,
Sweet rose, be wasted in the cave of Death ;
There must the nuptial feast be shortly spread,
There the stern bridegroom waits—my bridal
guests the dead.

Then not for me, too lavish rose,
Spread thy robe of crimson hue ;
Far hence thy balmy sweets disclose,
Whilst I the weeping willow woo.

*When the wild winds impetuous blow,
And lay the trembling forest low,*

When the tall elm and stately oak
Fall beneath the furious stroke,
Amidst the ravage of the plains
The humble willow safe remains ;
She lowly bends, again to rise,
When the rude tempest's fury dies.

But not for yielding gentleness alone,
And patient meekness, is the willow known ;
'Tis her distinguish'd lot to prove
The last resource of suffering love ;
Her graceful foliage decks the maid
Who weeps too easy faith betray'd ;
Or crowns the drooping love-lorn swain,
Whose haughty fair one scorns his pain ;
Or marks the consecrated spot where sleep
Love's victims, who at length have ceased to weep.

Then, still to cureless grief a friend,
Thine aid to me, sweet willow, lend ;
Now Hope's delusive visions fade,
Receive within thy darksome shade
And hide a wretch, who shuns the day,
From hateful light's intrusive ray :
Wrapp'd in thy deep o'ershadowing gloom,
The darker shelter of the tomb
Alone can tempt me to resign
This lone sequester'd bower of thine :
For till that last asylum shall enclose
With its strong fence my then-forgotten woes,
What object so can charm mine eye
As in the stream, that murmurs by,
To see thy pendent branches o'er me wave,
That shortly shall adorn my peaceful grave.

MRS. LOVETT.

FOUND IN A BOWER FACING THE
SOUTH.

SOFT cherub of the southern breeze,
Oh! thou whose voice I love to hear,
When lingering through the rustling trees,
With lengthen'd sighs it soothes mine ear;
Oh! thou whose fond embrace to meet,
The young Spring all enamour'd flies,
And robs thee of thy kisses sweet,
And on thee pours her laughing eyes;
Thou at whose call the light fays start,
That silent in their hidden bower
Lie penciling with tenderest art
The blossom thin and infant flower;
Soft cherub of the southern breeze!
Oh! if aright I tune the reed
Which thus thine ear would hope to please
By simple lay and humble meed;
And if aright, with anxious zeal,
My willing hands this bower have made,
Still let this bower thine influence feel,
And be its gloom thy favourite shade!
For thee of all the cherub train
Alone my votive Muse would woo;
Of all that skim along the main,
Or walk at dawn yon mountains blue;
Of all that slumber in the grove,
Or playful urge the gossamer's flight,
Or down the vale or streamlet move,
With whisper soft and pinion light.

I court thee, through the glimmering air,
When morning springs from slumbers still,
And waving bright his golden hair,
Stands tiptoe on yon eastern hill.

I court thee, when at noon reclined,
I watch the murmuring insect throng
In many an airy spiral wind,
Or silent climb the leaf along.

I court thee, when the flowerets close,
And drink no more receding light,
And when calm eve to soft repose
Sinks on the bosom of the night.

And when, beneath the moon's pale beam,
Alone mid shadowy rocks I roam,
And waking visions round me gleam,
Of beings and of worlds to come.

Smooth glides with thee my pensive hour,
Thou warm'st to life my languid mind;
Thou cheer'st a frame with genial power,
That droops in every ruder wind.

Breathe, cherub! breathe! once soft and warm,
Like thine, the gale of Fortune blew,
How has the desolating storm
Swept all I gazed on from my view!

Unseen, unknown, I wait my doom,
The haunts of men indignant flee,
Hold to my heart a listless gloom,
And joy but in the Muse and thee.

SMYTHE.

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

SLAVE of the dark and dirty mine,
What vanity hath brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright whom I have bought so dear?
The tent rope's flapping lone I hear,
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear,
When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chericul's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams,
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled,
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, daydreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in aftertime.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in Ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer:

Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine;
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that loved me true!
 I cross'd the tedious ocean wave,
 To roam in lands unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart—the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view;
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun rays tipp'd with death has borne,
 From love, from friendship, country torn,
 To Memory's fond regrets the prey?—
 Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn;
 Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

LEYDEN.

ODE.

BEGONE, pursuits so vain and light;
 Knowledge, fruitless of delight;
 Lean Study, sire of sallow Doubt,
 I put thy musing taper out:
 Fantastic all, a long adieu;
 For what has love to do with you?
 For, lo, I go where Beauty fires,
 To satisfy my soul's desires;

For, lo, I seek the sacred walls
Where Love and gentle Beauty calls :
For me she has adorn'd the room,
For me has shed a rich perfume :
Has she not prepared the tea?
The kettle boils——she waits for me.

I come not single, but along
Youthful sports a jolly throng !
Thoughtless joke, and infant wiles ;
Harmless wit, and virgin smiles ;
Tender words, and kind intent ;
Languish fond, and blandishment ;
Yielding courtesy, whisper low ;
Silken blush, with cheeks that glow ;
Chaste desires and wishes meet ;
Thin-clad Hope, a footman fleet ;
Modesty, that turns aside,
And backward strives her form to hide ;
Healthful Mirth, still gay and young,
And Meekness with a maiden's tongue ;
Satire, by good humour dress'd
In a many-colour'd vest :
And enter leaning at the door,
Who send'st thy flaunting page before,
The roguish boy of kind delight,
Attendant on the lover's night ;
Fair his ivory shuttle flies
Through the bright threads of mingling dyes,
As swift his rosy fingers move
To knit the silken cords of love ;
And stop—who softly stealing goes ?
Occasion high on her tiptoes,
Whom Youth with watchful look espies,
To seize the forelock ere she flies,

Ere he her bald pate shall survey,
And well plied heels to run away.

But, anxious Care, be far from hence;
Vain Surmise, and alter'd sense;
Mishapen Doubts, the woes they bring;
And Jealousy, of fiercest sting;
Despair, that solitary stands,
And wrings a halter in his hands;
Flattery false and hollow found,
And Dread, with eye still looking round;
Avarice, bending under pelf:
Conceit, still gazing on herself:
O Love! exclude high-crested Pride,
Nymph of Amazonian stride:
Nor in these walls, like waiting maid,
Be Curiosity survey'd,
That to the keyhole lays her ear,
Listening at the door to hear;
Nor father Time, unless he's found
In triumph led by Beauty bound,
Forced to yield to Vigour's stroke,
His blunted scythe and hourglass broke.

But come, all ye who know to please;
Inviting glance, and downy ease;
The heart-born joy, the gentle care;
Soft-breathed wish, and power of prayer;
The simple vow, that means no ill;
Believing Quiet, submissive Will;
Constancy of meekest mind,
That suffers long, and still is kind;
All ye who put our woes to flight;
All ye who minister delight;
Nods, and wreaths, and becks, and tips;
Meaning winks, and roguish trips;

Fond deceits, and kind surprises ;
Sudden sinks, and sudden rises ;
Laughs, and toys, and gamesome fights ;
Jolly dance, and girds, and flights :
Then, to make me wholly bless'd,
Let me be there a welcome guest.

HAMILTON.

TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON.

O ROSY health, heart-easy maid,
In garments light thy limbs array'd,
In smiles thy jocund features dress'd,
Of Heaven's best blessings thou the best ;
Bright goddess, ever fair and young,
To thee my votive lays belong !
For thou hast fill'd each languid vein
With vigour, life, and strength again,
When pale, enervate, wan, and weak,
Despair and sickness seized my cheek.

O, could my voice such numbers raise,
Thee and thy healing founts to praise,
As might with themes so high agree,
Praise worthy them and worthy thee !
O nymph, admit me of thy train,
With thee to range the breezy plain ;
And fresh and strong my limbs to lave
Beneath thy nerve-restoring wave.
With thee to rouse the slumbering morn
With opening hound and cheering horn,
With shouts that shake each wood and hill,
While mocking Echo takes her fill.

O lover of the daisied lawn!
'Tis thine, at earliest peep of dawn,
The ranging forester to greet;
Or the blithe lass, whose tripping feet,
All as she sings beneath the pail,
Imprint long traces o'er the vale.
Nor seekest thou the proud resorts
Of cities and licentious courts,
Where Sloth and Gluttony abide,
With bloated Surfeit by their side;
But humbly scornest not to dwell
With Temperance in the rural cell;
To watch the sheepboy at his stand,
Or ploughman on the furrow'd land.
These climates cold, these barren plains,
Where rude uncultured Nature reigns,
Better thy hardy manners please
Than bowers of Luxury and Ease.
And oft you trip these hills among
With Exercise, a sportsman young,
Who, starting at the call of day,
Cuffs drowsy Indolence away,
And climbs with many a sturdy stride
The mossy mountain's quivering side;
Nor fleeting mist nor sullen storm
Nor blast nor whirlwind can deform
The careless scene when thou art there
With Cheerfulness, thy daughter fair.
From thee, bright Health, all blessings spring!
Hither thy blooming children bring,—
Light-hearted Mirth and Sport and Joy
And young-eyed Love, thy darling boy.
'Tis thou hast pour'd o'er Beauty's face
Its artless bloom, its native grace;

Thou on my Laura's cheek hast spread
The peach's blush, the rose's red ;
With quickening life thy touch supplies
The polish'd lustre of her eyes :
O, ever make thy dwelling there,
And guard from harm my favourite fair !
O, let no blighting grief come nigh ;
And chase away each hurtful sigh,
Disease, with sickly yellow spread,
And Pain that holds the drooping head !
There, as her beauties you defend,
Oft may her eye in kindness bend
(So doubly bounteous wilt thou prove)
On me who live but in her love.

MUNDAY.

ODE.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
That boasts to love as well as me ;
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve ;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears ;
To live upon a smile for years ;
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;
To kneel, to languish, and implore ;
And still, though she disdain, adore :
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise ;

Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Though but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, though hope were lost;
Though heaven and earth thy passion cross'd,
Though she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flocks upon the plain,
Yet if thou darrest not hope thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears;
To nurse strange doubts and causeless fears:
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,
Though she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh, never dream again that thou hast loved.

If, when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapp'd in a pleasing trance of tender woe,
And muse and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,

And prove whose patience longest can endure;
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most;
For if thou thus hast loved, oh, never hope a cure!
MRS. BARBAULD.

TO FANCY.

OH Thou! whose empire unconfined
Rules all the busy realms of Mind!
The slow-eyed Cares thy mild dominion
Confess; if thou thy rod extend,
No more the sharp-fang'd Sorrows rend,
But, hovering round on frolic pinion,
The laughing train of Joys descend.

To soothe the woes of absent love,
Come, Fancy! now, what time above
The full orb'd moon, that rose all glowing,
Begins her lifted lamp to pale;
What time to charm the listening vale,
In liquid warbles fondly flowing,
Laments the' enamour'd nightingale.

In softly pleasing light the queen
Of heaven arrays the blue serene,
Yet lovelier beams the gentle glory
In Anna's azure eyes display'd:
Sweet is the poet of the shade;
Yet sweeter than his warbled story
Each sound from Anna's lips convey'd.

Nor haply shall I ever find
That tongue to me alone unkind,

On every grief but mine so ready
To bid the balm of comfort flow;
Nor shall that eye, which every woe
But mine can melt, thus ever steady
To me alone no pity show.

Like mine her bosom now may feel
The tender melancholy steal,
Though maiden modesty dissemble;
And now while Memory brings again
The Muse which first reveal'd my pain,
The' involuntary tear may tremble,
And own the triumph of the strain:

So whispers Hope: by Fancy led
She comes; with rosy wreaths her head,
With rosy wreaths her sacred anchor
Love intertwines—in vain employ!
For lo! behind the' exulting boy,
With stifled smiles of patient rancour,
Creeps Mockery, watchful to destroy.

Ah! still, though whisper'd to deceive,
Let me thy flatteries, Hope, believe,
Content from grief one hour to borrow!
Ah, still, if o'er my distant way,
As through the path of life I stray,
Hang gathering clouds of future sorrow,
O Fancy! gild them with thy ray!

F. LAURENCE.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WHY thus decline my troubled eyes,
If hither their mild lustre bending
Those azure orbs to meet me rise?
Why thus, with thee conversing, dies
My voice, in broken murmurs ending?

Yet, dawning from my looks distress'd,
Yet wooing in the coy expression
Of faltering sounds, that half suppress'd
In sighs ill stifled breathe the rest,
Read—ah too dear! the fond confession.

In vain! what these soft tumults show,
From thee, yet new to love, is hidden;
Untaught thy wishes yet to know,
If sighs ascend, if blushes glow,
What means the sigh, the blush unbidden?

But hope not ever thus secure
To dart thy wildly wandering glances:
What others now for thee endure
Thou soon shalt feel in bloom mature;
On hasty wing thy youth advances.

O skill'd in every graceful art
That adds a polish'd charm to beauty;
Be mine those pleasing cares to' impart
Which best refine the gentle heart,
Be mine to teach the tender duty.

F. LAURENCE.

TO THE ZEPHYRS.

YE! before whose genial breath
Hovering Death,
Girt with troops of wan diseases,
Quits the' usurped domain of air ;
Where, oh ! where
Linger ye, propitious breezes ?

Hither, where my languid maid
Woos your aid,
Come with balmy spirit blowing ;
Gentle harbingers of Spring,
Hither bring
Health in rosy beauty glowing.

Bright-eyed Joy to Youth allied
At her side ;
While with giddy gesture after
Trip gay Sports of wilder glance,
Tiptoe Dance,
Dimpled Smiles, and sleek-brow'd Laughter.

Joy-born Mirth shall lead the train ;
Soon again
Her each sprightlier Love shall follow,
All who from the front defy,
All who lie
In the dimple's treacherous hollow.

So your praise my song shall tell ;
So my shell

Pour to you the liquid measures ;
Soft as when your downy wings
Fan the strings,
Murmuring sweetly pensive pleasures.

Ah! no such reward ye seek ;
O'er that cheek
Blushing if it meet my gazes,
O'er that bosom's living snow
Free to go,
Little you regard my praises.

Yet, if to my sober ear
Ever dear
Sound your voices sadly sighing,
Where from lonely shades my grief
Courts relief,
To your airy woe replying ;
Mindful now, in amorous play
Boldly gay
As around her charms ye hover,
Oh! in whisper'd sighs reveal
What I feel,
What to you alone discover.

F. LAURENCE.

ODE.

O WAVING woods! O hills!
O springs, and warbling rills!
O far spread wilds, and sun-excluding bowers!
Where, stung with anguish deep,
I wander'd oft to weep,
And waste unseen the slowly lapsing hours!

Once more from cities proud,
Tired of their moiling crowd,
Soon shall I come my former paths to tread ;
But not, as erst, shall I
Amid your beauties sigh,
To all but pain and hopeless sorrow dead.

Fair to my gladden'd eyes
Will every object rise,
As through your well known haunts I rove along ;
For I shall not deplore,
Nor teach your echoes more
Of fruitless love the melancholy song.

Sad were indeed those days
When, flying man's rude gaze,
A host of woes my sicken'd soul alarm'd ;
Then nor the woodland strains
Nor verdure-vested plains
Nor gales odorous nor bright landscapes charm'd.

Then, misery's chosen child,
I sought your loneliest wild,
Where stole the brook, scarce heard its murmurs
And, stretch'd on dewy earth, [faint ;
I cursed my hour of birth,
And pour'd to winds my unavailing plaint.

Sad were those days indeed !
But soon my pastoral reed,
To songs of joy awaked, ye glad shall hear :
For now the clouds are pass'd
That long my life o'ercast ;
The forms are fled of anguish and of fear.

Yes, here your gloomy reign
Ends, O long-cherish'd train
Of moody thoughts and soul-depressing cares;
For me Ianthe wreaths
A myrtle crown, and breathes [prayers.
Soft rapturous sighs, fond vows, and tenderest

She, she, divinest maid,
Blooms, in such charms array'd
As opening roses on their sunny beds!
Her accents might beguile
Despair; her look, her smile
On all around delicious influence sheds.

But not her smiles alone,
Her voice of melting tone,
Nor bloom, nor grace my willing heart control;
For in her form enshrined
Resides the radiant mind
That crowns, illumines, and animates the whole.

By her beloved, new born
Am I to bliss; the morn
More sweet appears, more blue the' expanse above;
More mild the passing gale,
More verdant seems the vale,
And all is gladness, harmony, and love.

Now, to my unfilm'd sight,
O sun! thy golden light,
From which I wont disgusted to retire,
Once more I feel is dear,
Once more my breast can cheer,
And ardent hopes and thoughts sublime inspire.

Dian, more fair meseems
Thou art than when thy beams
Saw me retreat in solitude to pine ;
And ye, aye burning stars,
That guide your emerald cars
Mid boundless space, with nobler lustre shine,

Now, joyous as I rove,
Each cool and whispering grove,
Not less to bliss than to 'pale passion' dear,
Shall bid its feather'd throng
Awake a sprightlier song,
And pour delight upon my tranced ear.

Nor thou, my lyre, that oft,
In numbers sweetly soft,
Hast plain'd the story of thy master's woes,
Now, while his heart beats high
With ecstasy, shalt lie
Unstrung, and sunk in indolent repose.

Now, from thy vocal wires,
While love, while beauty fires,
And rosy-pinion'd pleasure hovers round,
No strains of mournful fall
My rapid hand shall call,
But bid thy boldest harmonies resound.

Yes, glowing be the song !
Such raptures well belong
To him who sings the bless'd Ianthe's praise :
And lo ! more mildly bright
Than Hesper's beamy light
She comes, the queen, the glory of my lays.

She comes ! ye zephyrs bland,
Your purple plumes expand ;
Ye blooming flowers, your balmy breath diffuse ;
Ye birds, with warbled air,
Salute the peerless fair,
Sacred to love, to beauty, and the muse.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

TO SLEEP.

THOUGH oft in hours of grief and pain,
Thy gentle slumbers, strength-restoring,
Have I, alas ! invoked in vain ;
Yet, once again thy aid imploring,
I pour to thee, O Sleep, the strain.

Think not I ask thee to befriend
Awhile this breast in anguish sighing :
To me no succour thou canst lend ;
My woes, such feeble force defying,
A mightier power than thine must end.

But fly to Lesbia's couch, and there
Thy downy pinions lightly spreading,
Let no rude sound disturb the fair,
But, all thy balmy influence shedding,
Drive far away each anxious care.

And O thy visions, heavenly bright !
The soul from earthly thoughts relieving,
Around her spread, propitious sprite !
Sweetly her charmed sense deceiving,
Till rosy Morn command thy flight.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ODE.

Let the sons of Lucre pine
 For glittering heaps of golden ore,
 To swell the' accumulated store,
 Contemn the terrors of the mine;
 Explore the caverns dark and drear,
 Mantled around with deadly dew;
 Where congregated vapours blue,
 Fired by the taper glimmering near,
 Bid dire explosion the deep realms invade,
 And earth-born lightnings gleam athwart the' infernal shade.

Pride, on thy vesture's purple fold,
 Let the sky-tintured sapphire blaze,
 The emerald shed its milder rays,
 And rubies blush in circling gold:
 Low at thy nod let suppliants bow,
 And crested chiefs precedence yield;
 Thy hand the rod of empire wield,
 And wreaths of triumph grace thy brow.
 A nobler aim let my ambition own,
 Be Love my empire, Lesbia's heart my throne!

Where into rage the wintry blast
 Awakes old Ocean's slumbering wave,
 Let Commerce urge her busy slave,
 And elevate his trembling mast
 Above the billowy precipice,
 To meet the forked lightning's flash;
 Then down the' adventurous vessel dash,
 Foundering within the black abyss:
 Or let his freight secure the surges sweep,
 And of their prey defraud the monsters of the deep:

My bark the tide of young desire,
O Venus, to thy happy realm
Shall waft, fair Hope direct the helm,
Love's sighs the swelling sails inspire;
To thee, bright offspring of the wave,
I'll many an amorous vow prefer:
From storms of hate thy mariner
And blast of chill indifference save!
So to thy power I'll frame the votive lay,
And, moor'd in Lesbia's arms, confess thy sove-
reign sway.

Amid ensanguined fields of war,
Valour, be thy votary found;
Where crimson banners wave around,
The martial clarion, echoing far;
In vain gigantic Terror calls
His spectre shapes, a ghastly band:
Nor Discord, hurling high his brand,
Nor Danger's horrid front appeals;
Nor Death his fierce unconquer'd soul can tame,
Or from his grasp withhold the glorious meed of
Fame.

But let me wander far away
From the loud drum and neighing steed,
Through many a pansie-painted mead,
Where Isis' bright-hair'd Naiads stray;
High o'er my head a pendent bower
Let the broad elm and branching pine
With intermingling umbrage twine;
There Love's impassion'd song I'll pour,
And summon every wave that dances near,
Bridling his wanton speed my Lesbia's praise to
hear.

Where the pale lamp's waning eye
At eve, from out the cloister'd nook,
Casts o'er the gloom a lingering look,
There let the sage his labours ply ;
And many a feat of champion bold,
And many a legendary rhyme
Snatch from the sepulchre of Time,
And frequent, as the night grows old,
At fear-engender'd forms recoil aghast,
And hear unhallow'd ghosts wail in each hollow
blast.

But o'er my haunts with influence bland
Let evening fling her welcome shade :
Then mid the dance, O beauteous maid!
Let me thine unreluctant hand
Enraptured seize : or let the lyre,
Obedient to thy soft control,
Bind in harmonious chains my soul,
And ecstasy and bliss inspire ;
While to the charmed ear in heavenly strains,
Enamour'd of thy touch, each trembling chord
complains.

Then, fairest, let my bosom feel
Thy smile's exhilarating power,
Grateful as, mid noon's sultry hour,
The grot where trickling dews congeal :
And, in the rich grape's purple tide
When Joy and genial Pleasure swim,
Do thou but kiss its crystal brim,
And to the bard the goblet guide ;
So shall my song exalt thy praise above
Hebe, who bids o'erflow the nectar'd cup of Jove.

REV. G. HUDDISFORD.

AMATORY ODE.

Now hath the Sun his evanescent fires
Quench'd in the billows of the western main;
Cease their soft carols all the feather'd choirs,
And gloomy solitude usurps the plain.

Rise, ye deep shades, ye waves in darkness roll,
Ye feather'd choirs, to silence yield the grove,
For Lesbia sleeps: nor cheers my pensive soul
The glance of rapture nor the voice of love.

Ye winds, whose havoc-spreading pinions ply
Their furious speed, and with dire yell invade
This nether world, whose wasteful tyranny
Pale Dryads mourn in many a rain'd shade;

Wake not my love:—Let not your thundering cry
With dread alarm the haunt of peace infest;
Here breathe in soft Æolian melody
Each cadence sweet that charms the soul to rest.

Ye spectres (whom belated pilgrims fear,
Issuing in throngs from charnel, vault, or tomb,
What time deep shadowing clouds thy radiant
sphere,
Cynthia, involve in night's meridian gloom),
Hence to deserted fane or mouldering hall,
Or the gaunt felon's ruthless course control;
With monitory shriek the wretch appal,
And to compunction wake his torpid soul.

But walk not near the couch were Lesbia lies
Like some rich pearl in its enamel'd shell,
Or sainted relic, from profaner eyes
Secluded in the dim shrine's silver cell.

Wanton, ye fairies, round her tranquil bower,
With blissful elves fantastic measures tread ;
O'er her soft eyelids dew's of opiate pour,
Cull'd from choice blooms, in showers of fragrance shed :

Let your bright tapers' visionary ray
The raven-tinctured robe of Night illumine ;
And, streaming o'er your spangled crests, display
The wave-enamour'd halcyon's emerald plume.

And bide your minstrel say, a shadowy choir,
That charm the planets from their spheres sublime,

Celestial songs, that love and joy inspire,
Chant to their golden harps' harmonious chime.

And when morn's purple streaks the horizon stain,
And fairies fly the peal of Chanticleer,
Let Fancy still your glittering hues retain,
Still let your wild notes tremble on her ear.

Then, Lesbia, wake thy beauties, fresher far
Than Galatea boasted when she laved
In the smooth deep her coral-axled car,
And the stern heart of Neptune's son enslaved.

Wake at his call, to soothe whose soul in vain
Morn sheds her radiant beam, her odorous airs,
Save when, attentive to his artless strain,
That radiant beam, those odours Lesbia shares.

He asks no laureate wreath to deck his brows,
No golden meed his bounded wishes claim,
Bless'd if the object of his tenderest vows
Smile on his lay—for Lesbia's smile is fame.

REV. G. HUDDISFORD.

TO

THE NAIAD OF GLYMPTON BROOK.

NAIAD, unseen of mortal eyes,
Whose light steps haunt this current lone,
Where gentle Zephyr's balmy sighs,
With thy wild wave in unison,
Blend their aerial melodies;

Let me to thy deserted shades
Reveal the never dying flame
That all my pensive soul pervades,
And teach thine echoes Lesbia's name
Ere the soft light of evening fades !

Unheard, unnoticed, let me rove
Thy trembling osier wreaths among,
And woo the Muse where none reprove
Affection's unambitious song,
Nor chide the plaint of hopeless love.

There, when the Day's dim eyelids close,
Hide me within some shadowy cave ;
And, ministering to calm repose,
Oh, softly bid thy babbling wave
Kiss the dank sedge that round it grows !

No angler's cruel arts are mine,
Ye timid tenants of the brook !
Wrought by my hand no viewless line,
Disguised by me no treacherous hook
Bids you your little lives resign.

Nor this pellucid rill refrain
To sip, ye minstrels of the air !
Your downy plumage to distain
With blood, no fatal tube I bear,
Nor pay with death your artless strain.

That breast no savage sports can share
Where glow Affection's generous fires ;
Soft Pity finds her mansion there,
All whom the breath of life inspires
By her own sorrow taught to spare.

Mine, gentle Naiad, be the dell
Whose clear stream laves thy crystal grot ;
Near its green margin let me dwell,
By all but one dear maid forgot,
And bid a world of cares farewell.

Oft let me view thy trembling tide,
Checquer'd with Cynthia's silver light ;
What time, in Fancy's train descried,
Before my fascinated sight,
Past Joy's illusive phantoms glide.

Hopeless of happier hours to come,
No more array'd in flattering hues,
For me the buds of Pleasure bloom :
Yet deigns, at Fancy's call, the Muse
To gild Affliction's deepening gloom.

With Lesbia's praise the strain shall glow ;
Oh, may she taste each bliss supreme
That Hope can paint or Love bestow ;
And calm as Glym's sequester'd stream
May her life's gentle current flow !

Wind, lovely brook, thy murmuring way,
Still with my sorrows sympathize :
So may thy banks fresh flowers inlay,
Thy waves in rich redundancy rise,
Mild zephyrs on thy bosom play !

If zephyr should his breath deny,
My sighs shall fan thy flowery beds ;
If parching rays thy channel dry,
The tears desponding Passion sheds
Shall its exhausted stream supply.

REV. G. HUDDISFORD.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT,

WRITTEN IN A ROMANTIC VALLEY NEAR ITS SOURCE.

DERWENT, what scenes thy wandering waves be-
hold, [stray,
As bursting from thine hundred springs they
And down these vales, in sounding torrents roll'd,
Seek to the shining east their mazy way !

Here dusky alders, leaning from the cliff,
Dip their long arms and wave their branches
wide ;
There, as the loose rocks thwart my bounding skiff,
White moonbeams tremble on the foaming tide.

Pass on, ye waves, where, dress'd in lavish pride,
Mid roseate bowers, the gorgeous Chatsworth
beams,
Spreads her smooth lawns along your willowy side,
And eyes her gilded turrets in your streams.

Pass on, ye waves, where Nature's rudest child,
Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd floods,
Rock rear'd on rock, mountain on mountain piled,
Old Matlock sits and shakes his crest of woods.

But when fair Derby's stately towers you view,
When his bright meads your sparkling currents
drink,

O! should Eliza press the morning dew,
And bend her graceful footsteps to your brink,

Uncurl your eddies, all your gales confine,
And, as your scaly nations gaze around,
Bid your gay nymphs portray, with pencil fine,
Her radiant form upon your silver ground.

With playful malice from her kindling cheek
Steal the warm blush, and tinge your passing
stream;

Mock the sweet transient dimples as she speaks,
And as she turns her eye reflect the beam!

And tell her, Derwent, as you murmur by,
How in these wilds with hopeless love I burn,
Teach your lone vales and echoing caves to sigh,
And mix my briny sorrows with your urn.

DARWIN.

TO THE VENUS URANIA.

To heights where Fancy ne'er aspired,
In what blest region of the sky,
Eludes the Queen of Love, retired,
The sophist's art, the poet's eye?

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Not she for whom Cythera's bowers,
Or Apach's violated steep,
Or proud Assyria's guilty towers
Licentious revels wont to keep.

Thee rather, modest nymph! I greet,
The sage Athenian's chaster theme,
While echoed to his accents sweet
The olived roofs of Academe.

Still, goddess, thy permitted view
Charms more than mortal can reveal,
Instruct each sense to nature true,
The eye to judge, the heart to feel.

Within us dwell those forms divine
Which thy sole image can impart;
We rear to thee no marble shrine
Whose living temple is—the heart!

REV. T. PERCY.

LOVE AND AGE.

THE night was dark; the wind blew cold;
Anacreon, grown morose and old,
Sat by his fire, and fed the cheerful flame:
Sudden the cottage door expands,
And, lo! before him Cupid stands, [his name.
Casts round a friendly glance, and greets him by

‘What! is it thou?’ the startled sire
In sullen tone exclaimed, while ire
With crimson flush’d his pale and wrinkled cheek:
‘Wouldst thou again with amorous rage
Inflame my bosom? Steeled by age, [too weak.
Vain boy, to pierce my breast thine arrows are

‘ What seek you in this desert drear?
No smiles or sports inhabit here;
Ne’er did these valleys witness dalliance sweet:
Eternal winter binds the plains;
Age in my house despotic reigns; [heat.
My garden boasts no flower, my bosom boasts no

‘ Begone, and seek the blooming bower,
Where some ripe virgin courts thy power,
Or bid provoking dreams flit round her bed;
On Damon’s amorous breast repose,
Wanton on Chloe’s lip of rose,
Or make her blushing cheek a pillow for thy head.

‘ Be such thy haunts! These regions cold
Avoid! Nor think, grown wise and old,
This hoary head again thy yoke shall bear:
Remembering that my fairest years
By thee were mark’d with sighs and tears,
I think thy friendship false, and shun the guile-
ful snare.

‘ I have not yet forgot the pains
I felt, while bound in Julia’s chains:
The ardent flames with which my bosom burn’d;
The nights I passed deprived of rest;
The jealous pangs which rack’d my breast;
My disappointed hopes and passion unreturn’d.

‘ Then fly, and curse mine eyes no more!
Fly from my peaceful cottage door!
No day, no hour, no moment shalt thou stay.
I know thy falsehood, scorn thy arts,
Distrust thy smiles, and fear thy darts:
Traitor, begone, and seek some other to betray!’

‘ Does age, old man, your wits confound?
Replied the offended god, and frowned ;
(His frown was sweet as is the virgin’s smile!)
‘ Do you to me these words address?
To me, who do not love you less,
Though you my friendship scorn, and pleasures
past revile!

‘ If one proud fair you chanced to find,
A hundred other nymphs were kind,
Whose smiles might well for Julia’s frowns atone:
But such is man! his partial hand
Unnumber’d favours writes on sand,
But stamps one little fault on solid lasting stone.

‘ Ingrate! Who led you to the wave,
At noon where Lesbia loved to lave?
Who named the bower alone where Daphne lay?
And who, when Celia shriek’d for aid,
Bade you with kisses hush the maid? [say!
What other was’t than Love, oh! false Anacreon,

‘ Then you could call me—“ Gentle boy!
My only bliss! my source of joy!”
Then you could prize me dearer than your soul!
Could kiss, and dance me on your knees;
And swear, not wine itself would please,
Had not the lip of Love first touch’d the flowing
bowl!

‘ Must those sweet days return no more?
Must I for aye your loss deplore,
Banish’d your heart, and from your favour driven
Ah! no; my fears that smile denies;
That heaving breast, those sparkling eyes
Declare me ever dear, and all my faults forgive!

‘ Again beloved, esteemed, caress’d,
Cupid shall in thine arms be press’d,
Sport on thy knees, or on thy bosom sleep :
My torch thine age-struck heart shall warm ;
My hand pale winter’s rage disarm,
And Youth and Spring shall here once more their
revels keep.’—

A feather now of golden hue
He smiling from his pinion drew :
This to the poet’s hand the boy commits ;
And straight before Anacreon’s eyes
The fairest dreams of fancy rise,
And round his favour’d head wild inspiration flits.

His bosom glows with amorous fire ;
Eager he grasps the magic lyre ;
Swift o’er the tuneful chords his fingers move :
The feather pluck’d from Cupid’s wing
Sweeps the too long neglected string, [Love.
While soft Anacreon sings the power and praise of

Soon as that name was heard, the woods
Shook off their snows ; the melting floods
Broke their cold chains, and winter fled away.
Once more the earth was deck’d with flowers ;
Mild zephyrs breathed through blooming bowers ;
High tower’d the glorious sun, and poured the
blaze of day.

Attracted by the’ harmonious sound,
Sylvans and fauns the cot surround,
And curious crowd the minstrel to behold :
The woodnymphs haste the spell to prove ;
Eager they run ; they list, they love, [is old.
And, while they hear the strain, forget the man

Cupid, to nothing constant long,
Perch'd on the harp attends the song,
Or stifles with a kiss the dulcet notes :
Now on the poet's breast reposes,
Now twines his hoary locks with roses,
Or borne on wings of gold in wanton circle floats.

Then thus Anacreon—' I no more
At other shrines my vows will pour,
Since Cupid deigns my numbers to inspire :
From Phoebus or the blue-eyed maid
Now shall my verse request no aid,
For Love alone shall be the patron of my lyre.

' In lofty strain, of earlier days,
I spread the king's or hero's praise,
And struck the martial chords with epic fire :
But farewell, hero! farewell, king!
Your deeds my lips no more shall sing,
For Love alone shall be the subject of my lyre.'

M. G. LEWIS.

LOVE AT SALE.

COME buy my ware! come buy! come buy!
Fond youths and curious maids, draw nigh;
I have this lovely wicked boy to sell.
Go not, fair girls, his cage too near!
Though mild his looks, his arrows fear;
Be still, the urchin's faults and merits while I tell.

He in this little form unites
The pangs of hell and heaven's delights;

He reigns the lord of every mortal heart :
He wounds the peasant, wounds the king,
And is the fairest, falsest thing
That e'er excited joy, or bade a bosom smart.


Light as the wind, wild as the wave,
He's both a tyrant and a slave ;
A fire that freezes and a frost that's hot ;
A bitter sweet, and luscious sour !—
Wretched is he who knows his power,
Yet far more wretched still is he who knows it not.

His tongue is with persuasion tipp'd ;
His darts, in poison'd honey dipp'd,
Speed to the bosom their unerring flight ;
His lips are rich in flattering lies,
And oft a fillet o'er his eyes [sight.
He binds, and so conceals his faults from his own

He has two cheeks of blushing red ;
He has two wings which still are spread,
When most his stay is wish'd, most swift to fly :
He joys in wanton tricks and wiles,
And mark ! that when he sweetest smiles,
Then is the rogue most sure those tricks and wiles
to try.

For well, alas ! too well I know,
He is the source of every woe,
To faith a stranger, 'gainst contrition steel'd ;
But yet when first the false one came,
And kindled in my heart a flame,
Who had believed deceit in such a form conceal'd !

He begged so gently on my breast
Awhile his little head to rest !



He seem'd so good, so grateful, and so meek!
He said, ' he long had sought around
A resting place—but none had found!'—
And then I saw a tear pearl down his rosy cheek.

Who could, unmoved, his accents hear?
Who had not wiped away that tear?
His tale of guile my ready ear believed;
He look'd so sweet, he spoke so fair,
With ease the traitor gain'd his prayer,
And in my heart of hearts with transport was
received.

But since I find his friends most true
Have reason most his spite to rue,
I'll take dear-bought Conviction's sage advice,
And drive him from my breast away:
He shall no more my trust betray,
But be the slave of him who bids the highest price.

Observe, whoe'er shall buy this boy,
This offspring of Despair and Joy,
May have besides (I've use for them no more)
A lot of jealous doubts and fears,
Of fainting Virtue's last pure tears,
Of treacherous smiles, and oaths which perjured
lovers swore:

Of torches, their unsteady fires
Kindled by sweet fifteen's desires;
Of hopes created by a guileful sigh;
Of worn out wings; of broken darts,
Whose points still rankle in the hearts
Of fond forsaken maids!—Come buy! come buy!
come buy!

But see him now for pardon sue!
See, how his eye of glossy blue
With mingled hope and grief he lifts to me.
Ah! lovely boy, thy fears dismiss,
Convinced by that forgiving kiss,
That I can never part from Julia and from thee.

M. G. LEWIS.

TO MISS SARAH FOWLER.

WHEN first Aurora's gorgeous car
Springs from night's dreary vault released,
And beauty's consecrated star
Retires behind the blushing east,
Can Titan's orient beams dispense
A more propitious influence
To animate the' exulting earth
Than sheds bright Fancy o'er the mind,
When, from Care's grosser dregs refined,
It gives the fruits of genius birth.
Not in the solitary gloom,
By the dim taper's sickly ray,
Sunk in the rust of Greece and Rome
Does Genius point the doubtful way,
While in abstracted thought the sage
Revolves the stern Socratic page;
Or by the tedious rules of art
In melancholy search pursues,
Yet finds the gay the bashful Muse
Unseen and unattain'd depart.
Where Poesy erects her seat,
The myrtle's fragrant branches twine.
Beneath the Pleasures' nimble feet
Upstarts the new born columbine.

Methinks I see the jocund band
Of Loves and Graces hand in hand
 Their artless symphony inspire ;
The Muses catch the dulcet sound,-
They waft the sportive echoes round,
 And wake the sympathetic lyre.

The rose's aromatic bloom
 Adorns their wild fantastic grove,
And o'er the violet's perfume
 Angelic forms delighted rove ;
Fair Sappho in Elysian bowers
Beguiles the gently stealing hours,
 And soothes entranced Despair to rest ;
Her strains so feelingly express
The force of elegant distress,
 Implanted in a female breast.

Careless tripping o'er the green
 The sprightly Deshoulieres appears
With winning air and brow serene,
 Unclouded by the frown of years ;
Around the Nymph in graceful state
A thousand smiling Cupids wait,
 And each performs his destined part ;
Some give the cheeks a livelier glow,
Some tune the lyre, some twang the bow,
 To pierce the most obdurate heart.

The plaintive Rowe, whose warbling breath
 Dispersed the melancholy gloom
Which at her dear Alexis' death
 O'erhung the sickening vales of Frome,
 To the soft Cyprian lute recites
The fears, the hopes, the fond delights,

The tender blandishments of love,
Their mutual happiness completing,
Where Innocence and Pleasure meeting
Have fix'd them in the realms above.

Beside them Cytherea stands
In Virtue's snowy garb array'd,
And reunites their social hands
Severed by Death's remorseless blade :
The Loves with elegiac verse
Meanwhile adorn the sable hearse
In which their mortal ashes lie,
And in due chaplet Phoebus weaves
The laurel's never fading leaves,
The pledge of immortality.

Yet not from these romantic shades,
Whene'er I wake the Teian string,
Will I invoke the' harmonious Maids
To' unlock Castalia's vaunted spring :
The palms of Genius thinly spread
Where cypress glooms o'erarch the dead
Let others glean :—My raptured ear
Has caught the soul-enchancing strains
That on Salopia's happy plains
The bright Sabrina joys to hear :

She, blameless Nymph, whose piteous doom
Poetic annalists relate,
Immersed in Severn's watery tomb
By Guendoline's remorseless hate,
O'er the smooth current still presides,
And bids the spring flowers on its sides
Diversify the broider'd green,
Where to the spheres' aerial sound
The light Fays trip their antic round,
By meditating shepherds seen.

If worn Tradition's specious tales,
In Fiction's gaudy mantle dress'd,
Were wont to celebrate her vales
With Nature's bounteous treasures bless'd;
Fame hiding more than half her blaze
Reserved to crown these later days

Her greatest her most envied pride,
That while her banks *thy* numbers grace,
The Goddess sees *thy* fairer face
Reflected in her glassy tide.

Ask we on what terrestrial plain
The Graces condescend to dwell,
When thou, the loveliest of their train,
So aptly strikest the chorded shell?
Whether from Bacchus' mighty race,
Or the dread Thunderer's stolen embrace,
Euphrosyne derived her birth,
Regards not us:—Our dazzled sight,
Struck with ineffable delight,
Has found her parallel on earth.

WODHULL.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

1747.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal Glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways,
No such law to me was given ;
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me ;
Nor a holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.
AKENSIDE.

THE MAN OF TASTE.

HENCE! phantom! weak and vain,
Fashion! of Indolence and Folly born!
Nursed by Conceit and Scorn!
And cradled in the wild distemper'd brain!
Go! Hoyden, as thou art
A full grown baby! skittish! prone to range!
Changed, evermore to change!
Find out some high tower's pinnacle! and watch
The shifting vane to catch,
That veers with every blast to every part!
But come! thou sober Influence,
Whom Genius bore of old to Sense!
Taste, thy name!—Beneath a shade,
By arched oaks embowering made,
Sense his stand, deep musing, took ;
With fixed foot, and steadfast look,
Nature's handiwork surveying ;—
Where fruit and flower the meads arraying,
Lavish of hues that might outvie
The many-tinged rainbow's dye,

Show'd heavenly pencilling! What time
Genius, the wood nymph, in her prime
Of bloom and spirit, pass'd along;
Light of heart and frank of song;
Vagrant, on a sweet zephyr's wing,
Plundering the magazines of spring;
Vermil tints and perfumed air
Gathering here and scattering there!

Her the thought-wrapt being spied
Glancing comely by his side;
And, with sudden passion fired,
Follow'd still as she retired :
Soon won with ardent vows her mind,
And in meet espousal join'd,
In happiest hour the bride embraced!—
Hence the' auspicious birth of Taste!

Come! decent nymph! in ample vest
Of seemly suited colours dress'd!—
Come thou, Taste! and bring with thee
The maiden, meek Simplicity!—
Come! and give mine eye to stray,
Where thou deignest to display
Thy dædal power, such grace to teach,
As Nature loves, but cannot reach!

Let us oft our visit pay
(In the pure matin prime of day,
Ere the high sun hath drunk the dews)
To where the poet courts the Muse!
Him, I mean, who bows the knee,
In homage still submits to thee!
Whom thy steady rule hath taught
To form the plan and point the thought;
To passion all its voice to give,
And bid the warm description live!

Him who ne'er in evil hour,
Mistaking strong desire for power,
Couples ideas vague and rude,
Match'd without similitude!
Where, wedged in heterogeneous rank,
Tall metaphors each other flank;
And seem in such confusion set
As if they wonder'd how they met:
Or under a huge pile of phrase,
Which idly grouped figures raise
With blank and alien epithets,
The dull drudge, Affectation, sweats!

Nor let my foot the spot forbear,
Where Judgment takes the critic chair;
Commanding at her side to stand,
Candour and Spirit, hand in hand;
Bidding mine eye some canvass trace,
Where the bold outline's soften'd grace,
Expression rich, and chaste design
With delicate neglect combine;
Till rapt attention, fairly caught,
Fill me with all the painter's thought!

Haply, some rising dome shall claim
My glad observance; where the dame
Propriety, throughout presiding,
Plan, measure, execution guiding,
Blends neat convenience with expense,
Proportion with magnificence:
While Attic elegance and ease
Help Roman grandeur more to please;
And Roman grandeur doth advance
The Attic ease and elegance!
My soul, meanwhile, with rapture ranging
O'er parts in aptest order changing,

Sees every art of every coast
Become my country's gradual boast.

Or if domestic objects wake
Mine inclination, let me take
Beside the family hearth my stand,
Where Goodnature, blithe and bland,
Calls, with more than magic force,
Every Grace and Joy of course ;
Speeding the buxom hours along
With converse sweet, free jest, prompt song ;
Teaching each excellence to find
The inmost bosom, where inshrined
Sits chaste Decorum, holding still
In bands of silk the truant will ;
While Mirth and Virtue walk at ease,
Prone to be pleased, and glad to please.

Sometimes wandering, let me meet,
Seldom found, the blissful seat,
Where Discretion, mildly sage,
Watches o'er the rising age ;
Warning still the parent's care
To snatch from Folly's gripe his heir ;
Lessoning the virgin ears of youth
In that most glorious science—Truth—
Truth of thought,—due praise to give !
Truth of heart,—to act and live !
Or training for the public scene
The social consciousness serene ;
Which founds (unduped by popular names)
On general duties private claims,
And general claims, where'er they rise,
By private duty's standard tries ;
Convinced that, in dominion's scale
Whatever civil plans prevail,

The Almighty word, which form'd this ball,
Made man for man, and all for all.

Taste!—if with me thou deign to dwell,
Let signs like these thy influence tell;
Mode, whim, expense, and awkward pain
Usurp thy semblance all in vain;
Invention with proportion join'd,
Ardour corrected, strength refined
Announce (in spite of proud pretence)
The child of Genius and of Sense!

BISHOP.

TO STUPIDITY.

O THOU! to whom these lines belong,
Inspirer of the languid song,
In apathy my senses steep,
Or lull them in the arms of sleep;
Deaden each active power of soul;
Reflection's deep felt pangs control;
Quench Fancy's beam—Enough to know
Our present state, or joy or woe.
For ills to come as yet are not;
Those past are nothing if forgot.
This state, by Dulness realized,
Is to be envied, not despised.

If ills the thinking mind annoy,
Stupidity is surely joy.
Of calm Indifference possess'd,
And by unfeeling Folly bless'd,
Her son, unmoved, with tearless eye,
Beholds a friend or mistress die:
Unmoved by the wild shrieks of pain;
Unmoved by want's imploring train;

Unmoved he views the widow's tears;
Unmoved the orphan's cry he hears.
On evils past, or those to come,
Disease, or Death's impending doom,
The dull ne'er muse, but wear away
In thoughtless ease life's transient day.
Should o'er their head Affliction lour,
And all its stores of sorrow pour,
Insensible they still remain—
Kind Dulness blunts the shafts of pain:
And gross Stupidity supplies
Those aids Philosophy denies.

But men who of their reason boast,
In idle speculation lost,
Who vainly plume themselves as wise,
With others' evils sympathize.
Their own misfortunes rend their heart
With keenest pangs and torturing smart.
They shudder at ideal ills;
And causeless care their bosom fills.
Does Mirth, at some auspicious hour,
O'er their sad breasts exert its power,
Reflection soon their joy controls,
And Melancholy sways their souls.
For Pleasures, when we analyze
And hold them forth to Reason's eyes,
A test so strong they cannot bear,
But melt like vapours into air.
Thus tricks display'd by juggler's sleight
No longer than they cheat delight.

O Queen of those who never think,
With poppies pluck'd from Lethe's brink
Be thy votary's temples crown'd,
While sombrous vapours float around!

No more perplex'd with worldly cares,
Heedless of life's surrounding snares ;
With soul that never quits its home,
But takes things easy as they come,
Be Dulness with Contentment mine!—
Let others reason and repine.

HOLE.

TO FOLLY.

HAIL, Goddess of the vacant eye!
To whom my earliest vows were paid ;
Whose prattle hush'd my infant cry,
As on thy lap supinely laid
I saw thee shake, in sportive mood,
Thy tinkling bells and antic hood.
Source of the sweets that never cloy,
Folly, indulgent parent, hail !
Thine are the charming draughts of joy
That childhood's ruby lips regale :
Thy hands with flowers the goblet crown,
And pour the' ingredients all thy own.
No fiery spirits enter there
To rouse the tingling nerves to pain,
Thy balmy cups, unbought with care,
Swim lightly o'er the tender brain ;
Bland as the milky streams they flow,
Nor leave the pungent dregs of woe.
Gay partner of the schoolboy band,
Who charm'd the starting tear away ;
What though beneath the pedant's hand
My *flaxen* head devoted lay,

Oft were my truant footsteps seen
In thy brisk gambols on the green.

Too soon those moments danced away ;
My years to manhood onward drew,
And as my heart began to play,
My listless limbs more languid grew :
For now a thorn disturb'd my rest,
The wish of something unpossess'd.

At length with wonted pastimes tired,
Aside the boyish gawds I threw ;
But when with expectation fired
I to the world's wide circle flew,
I look'd around with simple stare,
And found thee in broad features there.

There saw thee high in regal state,
Thy crowded clamorous orgies hold,
With bounding hands thy cymbals beat,
And wide thy tawdry flag unfold ;
Whilst thy gay motley liveries shone
On myriads that begirt thy throne.

Thy devious path, sweet Power, I join'd :
Through fancied fields of bliss we stray'd,
A thousand wonders we design'd,
A thousand idle pranks we play'd ;
Now grasp'd at glory's quivering ray,
And now in Chloe's chains we lay.

But, Folly, why prolong my verse
To sing the laughter-loving age ?
Or what avails it to rehearse

Thy triumphs on the youthful stage
Where Wisdom, if she claims a place,
Sits ever with an awkward grace ?

For now, even now in riper years,
Smit with thy many-colour'd vest,
Oft I renounce my cautious fears,
And clasp thee to my thoughtless breast;
Enough that in Presumption's mien
Beneath my roof thou ne'er art seen :

That, as my harmless course I run,
The world through candid lights I view,
And still with generous pity shun
The moody, moping, serious crew ;
Since what they fondly vainly prize,
Is ever, ever to be wise.

MERCER.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

SEQUESTER'D fountain! ever pure,
Whose placid streamlet flows,
In silent lapse, through glens obscure,
Where timid flocks repose :
Tired and disabled in the race,
I quit Ambition's fruitless chase,
To shape my course by thine ;
And, pleased, from serious trifles turn,
As thus around thy little urn
A votive wreath I twine.

Fair fountain! on thy margin green
May tufted trees arise,
And spreading boughs thy bosom screen
From summer's fervent skies ;—
Here may the Spring her flowerets strew,
And *Morning* shed her pearly dew,

There if a doxy or a wife
Receive the wretch escaped from strife;
If there his tatter'd brood around him cling—
His features catch a brightening smile,
He rests him from his sordid toil,
And in his narrow confines reigns a king.

While thus the poor and wretched find
The' asylum for a wounded mind,—
Distemper'd men there are, estranged from home,
Cold to an angel's kind embrace,
Cheerless amid a blooming race,
And dead to comforts in a princely dome:

Men in the lap of Fortune nursed,
With all her froward humours curs'd,
And teased by wishes ever on the wing;
Who, wandering still through Folly's maze,
In search of bliss consume their days,
Nor taste her genuine draught at Nature's spring.

Yet such the men who lead the gay,
The pride and patterns of the day,
Whose high priz'd friendship fools and strangers
boast;

Blush, thou! to court their barren fame;
Let Home, sweet Home, thy presence claim,
And those enjoy thy smiles who love thee most!

MERCER.

TO TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
Than all the family of Fame!
Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
To low intrigue or factious rage:
For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
To thee I gave my early youth,
And left the bark, and bless'd the steadfast shore,
Ere yet the tempest rose, and scared me with its
 roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
On him but seldom, power divine,
Thy spirit rests, Satiety
And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope
And dire Remembrance interlope
To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
At morning through the' accustom'd mead;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat!
And when the gust of Autumn crowds
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart
 attune, [moon.
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding
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The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole!
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!

COLERIDGE.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

FAINT gleams the evening radiance through the
sky,

The sober twilight dimly darkens round;
In short quick circles the shrill bat flits by,
And the slow vapour curls along the ground.

Now the pleased eye from yon lone cottage sees
On the green mead the smoke long-shadowing
The redbreast on the blossom'd spray [play;
Warbles wild her latest lay,
And sleeps along the dale the silent breeze.
Calm Contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour!
Come, fill my bosom, tranquillizing power!

Meek Power! I view thee on the calmy shore
When Ocean stills his waves to rest;
Or when, slow moving on, the surges hoar
Meet with deep hollow roar,
And whiten o'er his breast;
For lo! the moon with softer radiance gleams,
And lovelier heave the billows in her beams.

When the low gales of evening moan along,
I love with thee to feel the calm cool breeze,
And roam the pathless forest wilds among,
Listening the mellow murmur of the trees
Full foliated, as they lift their arms on high,
And wave their shadowy heads in wildest melody.

Or lead me where, amid the tranquil vale,
The broken stream flows on in silver light,
And I will linger where the gale
O'er the bank of violets sighs,
Listening to hear its soften'd sounds arise;
And hearken the dull beetle's drowsy flight:
And watch the horn-eyed snail
Creep o'er his long moon-glittering trail,
And mark where, radiant through the night,
Moves in the grass-green hedge the glowworm's
living light.

Thee, meekest Power! I love to meet,
As oft with ever solitary pace
The scatter'd Abbey's hallow'd rounds I trace,
And listen to the echoings of my feet.
Or on the half demolish'd tomb,
Whose warning texts anticipate my doom,
Mark the clear orb of night
Cast through the storying glass a faintly varied
light.

Nor will I not in some more gloomy hour
Invoke with fearless awe thine holier power,
Wandering beneath the sainted pile
When the blast moans along the darksome aisle,
And clattering patters all around
The midnight shower with dreary sound.

But sweeter 'tis to wander wild
By melancholy's dream beguiled,
While the summer moon's pale ray
Faintly guides me on my way
To the lone romantic glen
Far from all the haunts of men,
Where no noise of uproar rude
Breaks the calm of solitude,
But soothing Silence sleeps in all,
Save the neighbouring waterfall,
Whose hoarse waters falling near
Load with hollow sounds the ear,
And with down-dash'd torrent white
Gleam hoary through the shades of night.
Thus wandering silent on and slow
I'll nurse Reflection's sacred woe,
And muse upon the perish'd day
When Hope would weave her visions gay,
Ere Fancy chill'd by adverse fate
Left sad Reality my mate.

O Contemplation! when to Memory's eyes
The visions of the long past days arise,
Thy holy power imparts the best relief,
And the calm'd spirit loves the joy of grief.

SOUTHEY.

TO
THE REV. JOHN IRELAND.

IMITATION OF HORACE, LIB. III. ODE XVI.

WHEN howling winds and louring skies
The light untimber'd bark surprise
Near Orkney's boisterous seas,
The trembling crew forget to swear,
And bend the knees, unused to prayer,
To ask a little ease.

For ease the Turk ferocious, prays,
For ease the barbarous Russ, for ease
Which Palk could ne'er obtain;
Which Bedford lack'd amidst his store,
And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
Oft bade for—but in vain.

For not the liveried troop that wait
Around the mansions of the great
Can keep, my friend, aloof
Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
And Care, that like a raven flits
Around the lordly roof.

'O, well is he' to whom kind Heaven
A decent competence has given!
Rich in the blessing sent,
He grasps not anxiously at more,
Dreads not to use his little store,
And fattens on content.

' O, well is he !' for life is lost,
Amidst a whirl of passions toss'd ;
Then why, dear Jack, should man,
Magnanimous ephemera ! stretch
His views beyond the narrow reach
Of his contracted span !

Why should he from his country run,
In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,
Serener hours to find ?
Was never man in this wild chase
Who changed his nature with his place,
And left himself behind.

For, wing'd with all the lightning's speed,
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
An inmate of the breast :
Nor Barca's heat nor Zembla's cold
Can drive from that pernicious hold
The too tenacious guest.

They whom no anxious thoughts annoy,
Grateful, the present hours enjoy,
Nor seek the next to know ;
To lighten every ill they strive,
Nor, ere misfortune's hand arrive,
Anticipate the blow.

Something must ever be amiss—
Man has his joys ; but perfect bliss
Lives only in the brain :
We cannot all have what we want ;
And Chance, unask'd, to *this* may grant
What *that* has begg'd in vain.

Wolfe rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,
Paulet crept slowly to the tomb ;

Here breath, *there* fame was given :
And that wise Power who weighs our lives
By contras and by pros contrives
To keep the balance even.

To thee she gave two piercing eyes,
A body—just of Tydeus' size ;
A judgment sound and clear ;
A mind with various science fraught,
A liberal soul, a threadbare coat,
And forty pounds a year.

To me one eye not over good,
Two sides that, to their cost, have stood
A ten years' hectic cough ;
Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills
That swell the devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off :

A coat more bare than thine ; a soul
That spurns the crowd's malign control ;
A fix'd contempt of wrong ;
Spirits above affliction's power ;
And skill to charm the lonely hour
With no inglorious song.

W. GIFFORD.

ON
THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER,
The Anniversary of the Revolution, 1688.

IN IMITATION OF *ALCÆUS*.

WHAT constitutes the Bard?
Not silver sounds nor numbers that compel
Proud Tyranny's regard;
Not the sweet witchery of Fancy's spell,
That can at will entrance
The captive sense, and bid the charmed soul
To faery measures dance:
No—but an energy that spurns control,
An intellectual fire
That, fann'd by Freedom, to sublimest heights
Impels us to aspire,
And from base earth the spirit disunites:
This constitutes the Bard.
Then in the shouts that 'ring from side to side'
Loud o'er the rest be heard
The Muse's hail! which at this season wide
May pour the patriot rage:
She, Freedom's best ally, whose voice alone,
Through every clime and age
Prevailing, mocks the thunders of the throne!

DR. T. PERCY.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT
BRITISH POETS.

PART VI.

Ballads, Songs, and Sonnets.



The Knight took up the emerald cup, &c. p. 230.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART VI.

Ballads, Songs, and Sonnets.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

A Ballad.

ALLUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF HER WHEN
SHE WAS PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

WILL you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway?

While the nymphs and swains, delighted,
Tripp'd around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cried :

' Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of Malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

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C C

‘ Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear ;
Love is all the shepherd’s pleasure ;
Love is all the damsel’s care.

‘ How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above ?
Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love ?

‘ Love, like air, is widely given ;
Power nor Chance can these restrain ;
Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven !
Only purest on the plain !

‘ Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters dress’d,
As on Sundays does the lover,
With his nose gay on his breast.

‘ Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe’s near ;
Fops may use the same allusion,
But the shepherd is sincere.

‘ Hark to yonder milkmaid singing
Cheerly o’er the brimming pail ;
Cowslips, all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

‘ Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so spritely, look so fair ;
Never breast, with jewels laden,
Pour a song so void of care.

‘ Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel’s part !
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd’s heart.

‘ Then with him o’er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters, might I rove ;
Fearless taste the crystal fountains,
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

‘ Rustics had been more forgiving,
Partial to my virgin bloom ;
None had envied me when living,
None had triumph’d o’er my tomb.’

SHENSTONE.

JEMMY DAWSON.**A Ballad.**

WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS EXECUTION,
IN THE YEAR 1745.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear !
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid !
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear ;
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd;
O, had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she, weeping, said—
'O Dawson! monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

'Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George! without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

'The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

'But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.'

O! then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly loved so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly closed,
And mangled was that beauteous breast
On which her lovesick head reposed :

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see,
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
' Yet, yet (she cried) I follow thee !

' My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore :
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'

The dismal scene was o'er and pass'd,
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

THE SORCERESS;

OR,

WOLFSTOOL AND ULLA.

Prisca fides. Virg.

‘ Oh, low he lies ; his cold pale cheek
Lies lifeless on the clay ;
Yet struggling hope—O dayspring, break,
And lead me on my way.

‘ On Denmark’s cruel bands, O Heaven !
Thy red-wing’d vengeance pour ;
Before my Wolfwold’s spear be driven—
O rise, bright morning hour !’

Thus Ulla wail’d, the fairest maid
Of all the Saxon race ;
Thus Ulla wail’d, in nightly shade,
While tears bedew’d her face.

When sudden, o’er the fir-crown’d hill,
The full orb’d moon arose ;
And o’er the winding dale so still
Her silver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla’s fearful breast
Her anxious care delay ;
But, deep with hope and fear impress’d,
She holds the moonshine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
She traced the dale so still ;
And sought the cave with rue o’ergrown,
Beneath the fir-crown’d hill.

Black knares of blasted oak, embound
With hemlock, fenced the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground,
Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den she spied,
Cold horror shook her knee;
'And hear, O prophetess!' she cried,
'A princess sue to thee.'

Aghast she stood! athwart the air
The dismal screechowl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
Asunder burst in two.

Her robe of softest yellow glow'd
Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground, with yew boughs strew'd,
Effused a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorceress spied,
As in her deepest cell,
At midnight's magic hour, she tried
A tomb-o'erpowering spell.

When, from the cavern's dreary womb,
Her groaning voice arose,
'O; come, my daughter, fearless come,
And fearless tell thy woes.'

As shakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds sudden rise;
As stands aghast the warrior chief,
When his base army flies;

So shook, so stood the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den
A wrinkled hag came forth array'd
In matted rags obscene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Loose hung her ash-gray hair ;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue-flamed eyeballs glare.

Her skin, of earthy red, appear'd,
Clung round her shoulder bones,
Like wither'd bark, by lightning sear'd,
When loud the tempest groans.

A robe of squalid green and blue
Her ghostly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view,
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

' And tell, my daughter, fearless tell
What sorrow brought thee here !
So may my power thy cares expel,
And give thee sweetest cheer.'

' O mistress of the powerful spell,
King Edric's daughter see,
Northumbria to my father fell,
But sorrow fell to me.

' My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won ;
My father on him smiled :
Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne,
His pride the youth exiled.

' Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread,
And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas
Their dreadful squadrons sped.

' Return, brave Wolfwold,' Edric cried,
' O generous warrior, hear ;
My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
Awaits thy conquering spear.

' The banish'd youth in Scotland's court
 Had pass'd the weary year :
 And soon he heard the glad report,
 And soon he grasp'd his spear.

' He left the Scottish dames to weep ;
 And, wing'd with true love speed,
 Nor day nor night he stopp'd to sleep,
 And soon he cross'd the Tweed.

' With joyful voice and raptured eyes,
 He press'd my willing hand ;
 " I go, my fair, my love," he cries,
 To guard thy father's land.

" By Edon's shore, in deathful fray,
 The daring foe we meet,
 Ere three short days I trust to lay
 My trophies at thy feet."

' Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
 And three long days beside,
 Yet not a word from Edon's shore
 Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

' O mistress of the powerful spell,
 His doubtful fate decide ;—
 ' And cease, my child, for all is well,'
 The grisly witch replied.

' Approach my cave, and where I place
 The magic circle, stand ;
 And fear not aught of ghastly face
 That glides beneath my wand.'

The grisly witch's powerful charms
 Then reach'd the labouring moon,
 And, cloudless at the dire alarms,
She shed her brightest noon.

The pale beam struggled through the shade,
That black'd the cavern's womb,
And in the deepest nook betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb, in mystic lore,
Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul-wing'd serpents, bore
The altar's base obscene.

Eyeless a huge and starved toad sat
In corner murk aloof,
And many a snake and famish'd bat
Clung to the creviced roof.

A fox and vulture's skeletons
A yawning rift betray'd ;
And grappling still each others bones,
The strife of death display'd.

' And now, my child (the Sorceress said),
Lord Wolfwold's father's grave
To me shall render up the dead,
And send him to my cave.

' His skeleton shall hear my spell,
And to the figured walls
His hand of bone shall point and tell
What fate his son befalls.'

O cold, down Ulla's snowlike face,
The trembling sweatdrops fell,
And, borne by sprites of gliding pace,
The corpse approach'd the cell.

And thrice the witch her magic wand
Waved o'er the skeleton ;
And slowly, at the dread command,
Up rose the arm of bone.

A cloven shield, and broken spear,
The finger wander'd o'er,
Then rested on a sable bier,
Distain'd with drops of gore.

In ghastly writhes her mouth so wide
And black the Sorceress throws,
' And be those signs, my child (she cried),
Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes.

' A happier spell I now shall try ;
Attend, my child, attend,
And mark what flames from altar high,
And lowly floor ascend.

' If of the rose's softest red
The blaze shines forth to view,
Then Wolfwold lives—but hell forbid
The glimmering flame of blue !'

The witch then raised her haggard arm,
And waved her wand on high ;
And, while she spoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee swift smote the ground ;
Her hands aloft were spread,
And every joint, as marble bound,
Felt horror's darkest dread.

Her lips, erewhile so like the rose,
Were now as violet pale,
And, trembling in convulsive throes,
Express'd o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, erewhile so starry bright,
Where living lustre shone,
Were now transform'd to sightless white,
Like eyes of lifeless stone.

And soon the dreadful spell was o'er,
And, glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame rose through the floor,
A flame of ghastly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmost cave,
Young Wolfwold rose in pale attire,
The vestments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut through his hand appear'd
That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla saw the woful shade;
Her heart struck at her side,
And burst—low bow'd her listless head,
And down she sunk, and died.


MICKLE.

CUMNOR HALL.

THE dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

'Leicester (she cried), is this thy love,
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privy?

- ' No more thou comest with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see ;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear (stern earl) 's the same to thee.
- ' Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall ;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.
- ' I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay ;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the livelong day.
- ' If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized ?
- ' And when you to me first made suit,
How fair I was you oft would say !
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit ;
Then left the blossom to decay.
- ' Yes, now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so prized
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.
- ' For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay—
What floweret can endure the storm ?
- ' At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare ;
That eastern flowers that shame the sun
Are not so glowing, not so fair.
- 

' Then, earl, why didst thou leave the bed
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gaudes are by?

' 'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

' But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

' Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

' Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

' The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

' The simple nymphs, they little know
How far more happy's their estate—
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.

' How far less bless'd am I than them!
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

‘ Nor, cruel earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

‘ Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink’d aside, and seem’d to say,
Countess, prepare—thy end is near.

‘ And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn:
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

‘ My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a boding seems to say,
Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear’d,
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp’d its wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl’d at village door,
The oaks were shatter’d on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless countess e’er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.
The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.
Full many a traveller oft bath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall!

MECKLE.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat:
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard:
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for windingsheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave: .
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail—

' Heed, O heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injured ghost,
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

' See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

' I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain;

‘ For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

‘ Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn’d for disobeying,
I had met a traitor’s doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
He has play’d an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

‘ Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier’s wrongs prevail:
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

‘ Hence with all my train attending,
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe;
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

‘ O’er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam deprived of rest,
If to Britain’s shores returning
You neglect my just request ;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me.’

GLOVER.

LENORA*.

At break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled sore :
My William, art thou slaine, say’d she,
Or dost thou love no more ?
He went abroad with Richard’s host,
The Paynim foes to quell ;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.
With sowne of trump and beat of drum,
His fellow soldyers come ;
Their helmes bedeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long’d-for home.
And every roade and every lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsome tounge.
‘ Thank God !’ their wives and children saide,
‘ Welcome !’ the brides did saye :
But greete or kiss Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

* From Barger.

She askte of all the passing traine
For him she wisht to see:
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And cast herself upon the growne
In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arme,
'My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!'

'O mother, mother! William's gone!
What's all besyde to me?

There is no mercye, sure, above!
All, all were spared but hee!'

'Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,
'Twill calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good;
What hee hath done is right.'

'O mother, mother! say not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte awayl'd?
'Tis now, alas! too late.'

'Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suffering childe:
Go take the holy sacrament;
So shall thy grief grow milde.'

'O, mother, what I feel within
No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teache the dead
To bear the sight of daye.

- ‘ May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.
- ‘ Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain :
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him paine.’
- ‘ O mother, mother! gone is gone;
My hope is all forlorne ;
The grave mie onely safeguard is—
O, had I ne’er been born!
- ‘ Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
In grislie darkness die:
There is no mercye, sure, above !
For ever let me lie.’
- ‘ Almighty God ! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.
- ‘ My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly bridegroom miss.’
- ‘ O mother, mother! what is blisse,
And what the fiendis’ celle?
With him, ’tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle.
- ‘ Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In endless darkness die:
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skye.

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins,
Against the Providence of God
She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
And rolde her tearlesse eye,
From rise of morne till the pale stars
Again did freeke the skye.

When harken! abroad she hearde the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She hearde a knichte with clanke alighte,
And climb the staire in speede.

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And through her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in.

'What ho! what ho! thy dore undoe;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember mee,
And dost thou laugh or weep?'

'Ah! William here so late at night!
Oh! I have watchte and waked:
Whence dost thou come? For thy return
My herte has sorely aked.'

'At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and sea:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with me.'

'O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss;
Awayte a little space.'

- ‘ Though blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss,
I may not harbour here ;
My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
My houre of flighte is nere.
- ‘ All as thou lyeest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde ;
To-night we’le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde.’
- ‘ How, ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemocke ;
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke.’
- ‘ Looke up ; the moone is bright, and we
Outstride the earthlie men :
I’ll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then.’
- ‘ And where is, then, thy house and home ;
And where thy bridal bed?’
- ‘ ’Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark ;
Far hence I rest my head.’
- ‘ And is there any room for mee, .
Wherein that I may creepe ?’
There’s room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that we may sleepe.
- ‘ All as thou ly’st upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop ;
The wedding guests thy coming waite,
The chamber dore is ope.’
- All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung ;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye:
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.
How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthlie sowne is none.
Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed;
Splash, splash, across the see:
' Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?
' The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
Dost quake the blaste to stem?
Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead?
' No, no, but what of them?
' How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song!
Night ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth slowlie toll ding dong?
The psalmes of death who sing?
' It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
The corse is onn the beere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chaunt doth meet the eere.'
' Go, bear her corse when midnight's past,
With song and tear and wayle;
I've gott my wife, I take her home,
My howre of wedlocke hayl.
' Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
To swell our nuptial song:
Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone;
For bed, for bed we long.'

They heede his calle, and husht the sowne;
The biere was seene no more;
And followde him ore feeld and flood
Yet faster than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snorte and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, acrossse the see:
'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?

'Look up, look up, an airy crewe
In roundel daunces reele:
The moon is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
Mayst dimlie see them wheele.

'Come to, come to, ye gostlie crew,
Come to, and follow mee,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shall be.'

And brush, brush, brush, the gostlie crew
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar;
And backward scudded overhead
The skye and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?

'I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The sand will soon be runne:
I snuff the earlye morning aire;
Downe, downe! our work is done.

'The dead, the dead can ryde apace;
Oure wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is ridde, oure journey ore,
Our endless union knit.'

And lo! an yren-grated gate
Soon biggens to their viewe:
He crackte his whyppe; the clanginge boltes,
The doores asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode;
'Tis hither we are bounde:
And many a tombstone gostlie white
Lay inn the moonshyne round.

And when hee from his steede alytte,
His armour black as cinder
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked skull;
Nor hair nor eyne had hee;
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blythe of blee.

And att his dry and boney heele
No spur was left to be;
And inn his witherde hand you might
The scythe and hour glasse see.
And lo! his steede did thin to smoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And paled, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite
The mayde from underneathe.
And hollow howlings hung in aire,
And shrekes from vaults arose,
Then knew the mayde she mighte no more
Her living eyes uncloze.
But onwarde to the judgment seat,
Through myste and moonlight drearé,
The gostlie crewe their flyghte persewe,
And hollowe inn her eare:—
' Be patient, though thyne herte should breke,
Arrayne not Heven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,
Thie soule forgiven bee!'

TAYLOR.

BETH GELERT*;

OR,

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.

* The story of this ballad is traditionary in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewelyn the Great had a house.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
'Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last,
Llewelyn's horn to hear,

'Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!'

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied:
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

*The greyhound, named Gêlert, was given to him by his father
in law, King John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day
is called Beth Gêlert, or the Grave of Gêlert.*

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood :
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore ;
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise :
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gélert too,
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied ;
He search'd with terror wild ;
Blood, blood he found on every side ;
But no where found his child.

' Hell hound ! my child by thee's devour'd !'
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gélert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gélert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gélert's dying yell
Some slumberer waken'd nigh :
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had miss'd:
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.
Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn, all dead,
Tremendous still in death.
Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.
Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's wee:
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow, which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.'
And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.
There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.
And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.
And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of 'Gêlert's Grave.'

SPENCER.

ALWYN AND RENA.

Ask you, why round yon hallow'd grave
The myrtle and the laurel bloom?
There sleep the lovely and the brave,
O, drop a tear upon their tomb!

' Ah! cease, my love, these fond alarms!
For war prepared, young Alwyn said,
' For I must quit my Rena's charms,
My bleeding country asks my aid.'

' Yes, I will hush this struggling sigh,
Yes, I will check these flowing tears,
A smile shall brighten in my eye,
My bosom shall dispel its fears.'

' You try indeed to force a smile,
Yet sorrow's drops bedew your cheek;
You speak of peace, yet, ah! the while
Your tears will scarcely let you speak.'

' Go, Alwyn, Rena bids you go,
She bids you go to fields of death;
Go, Alwyn, rush amidst the foe,
Go, and return with Victory's wreath.'

A thrilling blast the trumpet blew,
The milk white courser paw'd the ground;
A mix'd delight young Alwyn knew,
But Rena shudder'd at the sound:

Yet strove to hide the rising fears
Which now in quicker throbbings swell,
And faintly smiling through her tears
She falter'd out a long farewell!

Three tedious moons with cheerless ray
Had vainly gilt the face of night,
Nor yet the hero took his way,
To bless his drooping Rena's sight.

At length through Rena's favourite grove,
When now the fourth her radiance shed,
He came, and Victory's wreath was wove,
But, ah! around a lifeless head.

Distracted at the blasting sight,
To yon tall cliff's o'erarching brow
With heaving breast she urged her flight,
And would have sought the waves below.

But while with frantic gaze she view'd .
The foaming billows, void of fear,
Faith strung each nerve, by grief subdued,
And whisper'd to her soul—forbear!

And now, though Passion's storm was o'er,
Yet Melancholy's weeping eye
Distill'd the slow and silent shower,
Till all the springs of life were dry.

For this, around yon hallow'd grave
The myrtle and the laurel bloom;
There sleep the lovely and the brave,
O, drop a tear upon their tomb!

HON. CHARLES F.

THE ELFIN KING.

—' O SWIFT, and swifter far he speeds
Than earthly steed can run;
But I hear not the feet of his courser fleet,
As he glides o'er the moorland dun.'—

Lone was the strath where he cross'd their path,
And wide did the heath extend,
The Knight in Green on that moor is seen
At every seven year's end.

And swift is the speed of his coal-black steed
As the leaf before the gale,
But never yet have that courser's feet
Been heard on hill or dale.

But woe to the wight who meets the Green Knight,
Except on his falchion arm
Spell-proof he bear, like the brave St. Clair,
The holy Trefoil's charm;

For then shall fly his gifted eye
Delusions false and dim;
And each unblest'd shade shall stand portray'd
In ghostly form and limb.

O, swift and swifter far he speeds
Than earthly steed can run—
'He skims the blue air,' said the brave St. Clair,
'Instead of the heath so dun.

'His locks are bright as the streamer's light,
His cheeks like the rose's hue;
The Elfin King, like the merlin's wing
Are his pinions of glossy blue.'

'No Elfin King, with azure wing,
On the dark brown moor I see;
But a courser keen, and a Knight in Green,
And full fair I ween is he.

'Nor Elfin King nor azure wing
Nor ringlets sparkling bright;'
Sir Geoffry cried, and forward hied
To join the stranger Knight.

He knew not the path of the lonely strath
Where the Elfin King went his round ;
Or he never had gone with the Green Knight on,
Nor trod the charmed ground.

How swift they flew ! no eye could view
Their track on heath or hill,
Yet swift across both moor and moss
St. Clair did follow still.

And soon was seen a circle green,
Where a shadowy wassail crew,
Amid the ring did dance and sing,
In weeds of watchet blue.

And the windlestrae *, so limber and gray,
Did shiver beneath the tread
Of the coursers' feet as they rush'd to meet
The morrice of the dead.

— ' Come here, come here, with thy green feere,
Before the bread be stale ;
To roundel dance with speed advance,
And taste our wassail ale.'

Then up to the Knight came a grizzly wight,
And sounded in his ear :
' Sir Knight, eschew this goblin crew,
Nor taste their ghostly cheer.' —

The tabors rung, the lilts were sung,
And the Knight the dance did lead ;
But the maidens fair seem'd round him to stare
With eyes like the glassy bead.

* Rye-grass.

The glance of their eye, so cold and so dry,
Did almost his heart appal;
Their motion is swift, but their limbs they lift
Like stony statues all.

Again to the Knight came the grizzly wight,
When the roundel dance was o'er;
'Sir Knight, eschew this goblin crew,
Or rue for evermore.'—

But forward press'd the dauntless guest
To the tables of ezlar red,
And there was seen the Knight in Green,
To grace the fair board head.

And before that Knight was a goblet bright,
Of emerald smooth and green,
The fretted brim was studded full trim
With mountain rubies sheen.

Sir Geoffry the Bold of the cup laid hold,
With heath-ale mantling o'er;
And he saw as he drank that the ale never shrank,
But mantled as before.

Then Sir Geoffry grew pale as he quaffed the ale,
And cold as the corpse of clay;
And with horny beak the ravens did shriek,
And flutter'd o'er their prey.

But soon throughout the revel rout
A strange commotion ran,
For beyond the round they heard the sound
Of the steps of an uncharm'd man.

And soon to St. Clair the grim wight did repair
From the midst of the wassail crew;—
'Sir Knight, beware of the revellers there,
Nor do as they bid thee do.'—

‘ What woful wight art thou,’ said the Knight,
‘ To haunt this wassail fray?’—

‘ I was once,’ quoth he, ‘ a mortal like thee,
Though now I’m an Elfin gray.

‘ And the knight so bold as the corpse lies cold,
Who trod the greensward ring ;
He must wander along with that restless throng,
For aye, with the Elfin King.

‘ With the restless crew, in weeds so blue,
The hapless Knight must wend ;
Nor ever be seen on haunted green
Till the weary seven years’ end.

‘ Fair is the mien of the Knight in Green,
And bright his sparkling hair ;
’Tis hard to believe how malice can live
In the breast of aught so fair.

‘ And light and fair are the fields of air,
Where he wanders to and fro ;
Still doom’d to fleet from the regions of heat
To the realms of endless snow,

‘ When high over head fall the streamers * red,
He views the blessed afar ;
And in stern despair darts through the air
To earth like a falling star.

‘ With his shadowy crew, in weeds so blue,
That Knight for aye must run,
Except thou succeed in a perilous deed,
Unseen by the holy sun.

* Northern lights.

- ‘ Who ventures the deed, and fails to succeed,
Perforce must join the crew.’—
- ‘ Then brief declare,’ said the brave St. Clair,
‘ A deed that a Knight may do.’
- ‘ Mid the sleet and the rain thou must here remain
By the haunted greensward ring,
Till the dance wax slow, and the song faint and low,
Which the crew unearthly sing.
- ‘ Then right at the time of the matin chime,
Thou must tread the’ unhallow’d ground,
And with mystic pace the circles trace
That enclose it nine times round.
- ‘ And next must thou pass the rank green grass
To the tables of ezlar red;
And the goblet clear away must thou bear,
Nor behind thee turn thy head.
- ‘ And ever anon as thou tread’st upon
The sword of the green charm’d ring,
Be no word express’d in that space unblest’d
That ’longeth of holy thing.
- ‘ For the charmed ground is all unsound,
And the lake spreads wide below,
And the water fiend, there, with the fiend of air,
Is leagued for mortals’ woe.’—
- Mid the sleet and the rain did St. Clair remain
Till the evening star did rise;
And the rout so gay did dwindle away
To the elritch dwarfy size.
- When the moon beams pale fell through the white
With a wan and a watery ray, [hail
Sad notes of woe seem’d round him to grow,
The dirge of the Elfin gray.

And right at the time of the matin chime
His mystic pace began,
And murmurs deep around him did creep,
Like the moans of a murder'd man.

The matin bell was tolling farewell—
When he reach'd the central ring,
And there he beheld, to ice congealed,
That crew with the Elfin King.

For aye, at the knell of the matin bell,
When the black monks wend to pray,
The spirits unblest'd have a glimpse of rest
Before the dawn of day.

The sigh of the trees and the rush of the breeze
Then pause on the lonely hill;
And the frost of the dead clings round their head,
And they slumber cold and still.

The Knight took up the emerald cup,
And the ravens hoarse did scream,
And the shuddering Elfin half rose up,
And murmur'd in their dream:

They inwardly mourn'd, and the thin blood return'd
To every icy limb;
And each frozen eye, so cold and so dry,
'Gan roll with lustre dim.

Then brave St. Clair did turn him there,
To retrace the mystic track,
He heard the sigh of his lady fair,
Who sobbed behind his back.

He started quick and his heart beat thick,
And he listen'd in wild amaze;
But the parting bell on his ear it fell,
And he did not turn to gaze.

With panting breast, as he forward press'd,
He strode on a mangled head;
And the scull did scream, and the voice did seem
The voice of his mother dead.

He shuddering trod:—On the great name of God
He thought—but he nought did say;
And the greensward did shrink, as about to sink,
And loud laugh'd the Elfin's gray.

And loud did resound, o'er the unblest'd ground,
The wings of the blue Elf-King;
And the ghostly crew to reach him flew,
But he crossed the charmed ring.

The morning was gray, and dying away
Was the sound of the matin bell;
And far to the west the fays that ne'er rest
Fled where the moonbeams fell.

And Sir Geoffry the Bold, on the unhallow'd mould,
Arose from the green witch-grass;
And he felt his limbs, like a dead man's, cold,
And he wist not where he was.

And that cup so rare, which the brave St. Clair
Did bear from the ghostly crew,
Was suddenly changed, from the emerald fair,
To the ragged whinstone blue;
And instead of the ale that mantled there
Was the murky midnight dew.

LEYDEN.

SIR RALPH THE ROVER.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she might be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion—
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign, or sound of their shock,
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The abbot of Aberbrothok
Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder it warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And bless'd the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay—
All things were joyful on that day :
The seabirds scream'd as they sported round,
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck, on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing :
His heart was mirthful to excess—
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float—
Quoth he, my men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok.

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, the next who comes to the Rock
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok.

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They could not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land;
Quoth Sir Ralph, it will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.

Canst hear, said one, the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He cursed himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound he seem'd to hear;
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
 The devil below was ringing his knell.

SOUTHEY.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

FAIR Lady Ann sat in her bower,
 Adown by the green wode syde;
 And the flowres did spring, and the byrdes did sing,
 'Twas the merry Mayday tyde.

But fair Lady Ann on Sir William call'd,
 Wi the tear so big in her ee*,
 O, though thou be fause, may Heaven thee guard
 In the wars ayond the sea!

Out of the wood cam three bonny boys
 A' nakit as they were borne;
 And they did sing and play at the ba'†
 Upo the simmer's morn.

O, sevin lang zear wad I sit here
 Among the frost and the sna,
 A ‡ to ha but ane of thae § bonny boys
 A-playing at the ba'.

Then up and spak the eldest boy,
 Now listen, thou faire ladie,
 And ponder well the read || that I tell,
 Then make you a choice of the three.

* Eye. † Ball. ‡ All to have. § These.
 || Lesson, instruction.

'Tis I am Peter, and this is Paul,
 And that ane sae fair to see
 But a twelmonth sin * syne to Paradise came,
 To join with our companie.

O, I will hae the sna white boy,
 The bonniest o' the three.

' And gin I were there and in thy propine †,
 O, what wad ze do wi me?'

'Tis I wad cleed thee in silk and gowd ‡,
 And nourice thee on my knee!

' O mither, mither, when I was thine,
 Sic § kindness I could nae see.

' Beneath the sod where now I stand,
 The fause nurse buried me,
 And thy cruel penknife is still in my heart,
 And I come not back to thee.'

ANONYMOUS.

BALLAD.

' SEE, Warder, yonder banner wave
 Along the frosty air;

'Tis the white cross of Edric brave,
 Heaven grants him to my prayer!

' Down with the bridge!'—To meet her knight
 She flew in joyous mood;
 Nor mark'd the child, who follow'd light,
 And linger'd in the wood.

' My Adela! three tedious years
 I've sigh'd for this bless'd hour!
 Still blooms our boy?'—'Like rain my tears
 Have nursed that lovely flower.'

* Ago. † Gift or management. ‡ Gold. § Each.

' Bar well the gate, for foes are nigh :—
And bring my child.'—' 'Tis late,
And waken'd now he'd sob and cry ;
Till morn, dear Edric, wait.'

The livelong night the Warder thought
He heard an infant's wail ;
The livelong day the mother sought
Her boy o'er hill and dale.

At length she found him by the wall,
Tears frozen on his face ;—
She found him—and she shared his pall—
His dirge—his resting place.

MISS MITFORD.

THE OTAHEITAN MOURNER.

[Peggy Stewart was the daughter of an Otaheitan chief, and married to one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. On Stewart's being seized and carried away in the *Pandora* Frigate, Peggy fell into a rapid decay, and in two months died of a broken heart, leaving an infant daughter, who is still living.]

FROM the isle of the distant ocean
My white love came to me ;
I led the weary stranger
Beneath the spreading tree.
With white and yellow blossoms
I strew'd his pillow there,
And watch'd his bosom's heaving,
So gentle and so fair.
Before I knew his language,
Or he could talk in mine,
We vow'd to love each other,
And never to resign.

O, then 'twas lovely watching
The sparkling of his eyes,
And learn the white man's greeting,
And answer all his sighs.

I taught my constant white love
To play upon the wave,
To turn the storm to pleasure,
And the curling surge to brave.
How pleasant was our sporting,
Like dolphins on the tide;
To dive beneath the billow,
Or the rolling surf to ride.

To summer groves I led him,
Where fruit hangs in the sun;
We linger'd by the fountains
That murmur as they run.
By the verdant islands sailing,
Where the crested seabirds go,
We heard the dash of the distant spray,
And saw through the deeps the sunbeams play,
In the coral bowers below.

And when my lover, weary,
To our woodland couch would creep,
I sang the song that pleased him,
And crown'd his lids with sleep.
My kindred much would wonder,
The white man's love to see;
And Otaheitan maidens
Would often envy me.

Yet when my white love's forehead
Would sadden with despair,
I knew not why the cold drops
Should start and quiver there.

I knew not why in slumber
His heart should tremble so ;
Or lock'd in love's embraces,
How doubt and fear could grow.

Till o'er the bounding billow
The angry chieftains came ;
They seized my wretched lover,
They mock'd my anguish'd claim ;
In iron bands then bound him,
I flew his fate to share ;
They tore him from my clasping,
And threw me to despair.

Are white men unrelenting,
So far to cross the sea ;
Their chieftain's wrongs revenging,
To tear my love from me ?
Are Otaheitan bosoms
No refuge for the brave ;
Can exile nor repentance
A wretched lover save ?

No more the Heiva's dancing
My mournful steps will suit ;
As when to the torchlight glancing,
And beating to the flute.
No more my braided tresses
With smiling flowers shall bloom ;
Nor blossom rich in beauty
Shall lend its sweet perfume.

All by the sounding ocean
I sit me down and mourn,
In hopes his chiefs may pardon him,
And speed my love's return.

Can he forget his Peggy,
That soothed his cares to rest?
Can he forget the baby
That smiles upon her breast?
I wish the fearful warning
Would bind my woes in sleep!
And I were a little bird to chase
My lover o'er the deep!
Or if my wounded spirit
In the death canoe would rove,
I'd bribe the wind and pitying wave
To speed me to my love!


P. M. JAMES.

WALCHEREN EXPEDITION;

OR,

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF HIS
COUNTRYMEN.

YE brave enduring Englishmen,
Who dash through fire and flood,
And spend with equal thoughtlessness
Your money and your blood,
I sing of that black season
Which all true hearts deplore,
When ye lay,
Night and day,
Upon Walcheren's swampy shore.
'Twas in the summer's sunshine
Your gallant host set sail
With valour in each longing heart,
And vigour in the gale:



The Frenchman dropp'd his laughter,
The Fleming's thoughts grew sore,
As ye came
In your fame
To the dark and swampy shore.

But foul delays encompass'd ye,
More dangerous than the foe,
As Antwerp's town and its guarded fleet
Too well for Britons know ;
One spot alone ye conquer'd,
With hosts unknown of yore,
And your might,
Day and night,
Lay still on the swampy shore.

In vain your dauntless mariners
Mourn'd every moment lost,
In vain your soldiers threw their eyes
In flame to the hostile coast ;
The fire of gallant aspects
Was doom'd to be no more,
And your fame
Sunk with shame
On the dark and swampy shore.

Ye died not in the triumphing
Of the battle-shaken flood,
Ye died not on the charging field
In the mingle of brave blood ;
But 'twas in wasting fevers,
For full three months and more,
Britons born,
Pierced with scorn,
Lay at rot on the swampy shore.

No ship came o'er to bring relief,
No orders came to save;
But Death stood there and never stirr'd,
Still counting for the grave.
They lay down, and they linger'd,
And died with feelings sore,
And the waves
Pierced their graves
Through the dark and swampy shore.

Oh England! Oh my countrymen!
Ye ne'er shall thrive again
Till freed from councils obstinate
Of mercenary men:
So toll for the six thousand
Whose miseries are o'er,
Where the deep,
To their sleep,
Bemoans on the swampy shore.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE OLDE AND NEW BARONNE*.

A BROTHER bard, I trow, who has mickle witte
in his pate, [waste were great;
Has sung of a worshipful squire, whose means and
He lived in golden daies when Elizabeth ruled
the state,
And kept a noble house at the olde bountiful rate.
Like an olde courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

* See the Olde and Young Courtier.—Reliques Anc. Poet.
Vol. ii.

But, lest our sonnes should say ‘past times were
better than these,’ [reader please,
We’ll look still further backe, if the courteous
A hundred years or twain after William crossed
the seas, [and little ease.
When our fathers lived, I guesse, in great fear
Like olde villaines of their lorde,
And their lorde’s old villaines.

The baronne, proud and fierce, then kept his castle
wa’, [see nothing at a’
From whence, though high and steep, ye could
But a danke and dismalle moore, and a wide
bridge made to draw [faugh!
Over a moate so green, and so stinking, ye cried—
Like an old baronne of the lande,
And the lande’s old baronne.

His chambers large and dimme, with gaudy paint-
ing dight,
But like no earthly thing e’er seen of mortal wight,
With chimnies black with smoke, and windows of
greate height,
That let in store of winde, but marvellous little light.
Like an old baronne of the lande,
And the lande’s old baronne.

There in a hall so wide, and colde as any stone,
He fed, in freezing state, idle fellows a hundred
and one, [armour on,
With black and bushy beards and bloode red
Who, when he gives the worde, to rapine and
slaughter are gone.
Like an olde baronne of the lande,
And the lande’s olde baronne.

**Beneath his flintie tower a noisome dungeon lies,
Where many wretches pine unseen of mortal eyes,
They waste the night and day in sobs and doleful
cries, [skies.
Ah! never mo, poor souls! ye'll ken the cheerful
Like an olde baronne of the lande,
And the lande's olde baronne.**

His ladie was indeed a faire and comely flower,
But she was nothing more than first slave in her
bower, [stowre,
She little converse had with her lord so stiff and
For women he mote deem but toyes for idle hour.
Like an olde baronne of the lande,
And the lande's olde baronne.

No studie the baronne had, for bookes he could
na reede,
Ne yet for learned men did hee e'er trouble his heade,
A burley priest he payd to sing masse for his
father deid,
And shrive the living lorde—perdie there was
marvellous neede.
Like an olde baronne of the lande,
And the lande's olde baronne.

If any chiefs less strong provoked his savage ire,
Their tenants' fields and woods he wastes with
sword and fire, [pyre
Their castels a' are brent, and midst the smoking
Their poor defenceless wives, their prettie babes
expire.
Like an olde baronne of the lande,
And the lande's olde baronne.

Ah! dismal daies were these of outrage and of woe!
Such daies as I foresee our sonnes shall never know,
For a race of nobles new prophetick Muses show,
Who, though some simple be, are better than the
olde, I trow.

Like a new baronne of the king's,
And the king's new baronne.

Instead of rocky tower, all wrapt in sullen gloome,
Rise structures faire and graunde as those of an-
cient Rome, - [luxuriant bloome,
With sloping lawns where flowers and shrubs
And streames that smiling flow in bankes that
breathe perfume.

Like a new castle of the londe,
And the londe's new castle.

In seats like these, I wis, a far superior kinde,
The faire, the learn'd, the gay shall cast their
cares behinde,
And, when the feast is done, a nobler joy shall finde
In wise and sweet discourse, the banquette of the
minde.

Like a new guest of the baronne,
And the baronne's new guest.

4
The artes of civil life shall then be duly taught,
And dear domestick peace the first of blessings
thought; [sought
The women, slaves no more, by men shall aye be
As guides, companions, friends,—for so, in sooth,
they ought.

Like polish'd damselles of the courte,
And the courte's polish'd damselles.

The lorde shall still receive his rents for house
and lande, [bande;
But not to feede and swill a wilde tumultuous
Defended by the lawes, the weak secure shall
stande,
And every poore man eate the labour of his hand.
Like a free subject of the king's,
And the king's free subject.

In senates grave and sage, the peere, a patriot
growne, [owne,
Shall watch the publick good as dearly as his
Our glory strive to spread, where'er the sunne
has shone, [throne.
And raise his loyal arme to guard, not shake, the
Like a true noble of the king's,
And the king's true noble.

Yet such as these, in troth, ye mun expect but few,
Some new baronnes shall be ne wise, ne just, ne
true, [harm can do :
But so close shall their power be pared they little
Then happy daies are these, reserved, my sonnes,
for you !

Like free-born men of old Englonde,
And old Englonde's free born men.

REV. S. HOOLE.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A furious high churchman I was,
And so I gain'd preferment ;

Unto my flock I daily preach'd,
Kings were by God appointed ;
And damn'd all those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

CHORUS.

And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That, whatsoever king shall reign,
I will be Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration ;
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William, our deliverer, came
To heal the nation's grievance,
Another face of things was seen—
I swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience is a joke,
A jest is nonresistance.
And this is law, &c.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen—
And I became a Tory.

Occasional conformists base
I damn'd, and moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir.
And thus preferment I procured
From our Faith's great Defender ;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

The' illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant Succession,
To them I lustily will swear—
While they can keep possession.
For, in my faith and loyalty
I never once will falter ;
But George my lawful king shall be—
Unless the times should alter.
And this is law, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

S P R I N G.

. A Song.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he—
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

SHAKSPEARE.

W I N T E R.

A Song.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

SONG.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into hey nonny, nonny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

SHAKESPEARE.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKESPEARE.

SONG.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain !
Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears ;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears :
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee !

SHAKESPEARE.

SONG. TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

BEN JONSON.

SONG.

STILL to be neat, still to be dress'd
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

SONG.

WHENCE comes my love?—Oh, heart, disclose!
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe, as freely own;—
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind;
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire:
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,

Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again.
Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like thy own.

HARRINGTON.

SONG.

LOVE like a beggar came to me,
With hose and doublet torn,
His shirt bedangling from his knee,
With hat and shoes outworn.
He ask'd an alms; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need;
Of which when he had fully fed,
He wish'd me all good speed.
Away he went; but, as he turn'd,
In faith I know not how!
He touch'd me so as that I burn'd,
And am tormented now.
Love's silent flames and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart;
And, though I saw no bow, I'm sure
His finger was the dart.

HERRICK.

TO ANTHEA.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee:

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see ;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree ;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me ;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

HERRICK.

SONG TO THE VIRGINS.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying ;
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse; and worst:
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And, while ye may, go marry:
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

HERRICK.

SONG.

WHEN Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gazed,
Admiring every part,
And every feature praised,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming cheeks are dyed
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love;

What flames my nerves invade
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be press'd !

Venus round Fanny's waist
Has her own Cestus bound,
With guardian Cupids graced,
Who dance the circle round.
How happy must he be
Who shall her zone unloose !
That bliss to all but me
May heaven and she refuse.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

TO DELIA.

DRIED be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Not Season's day nor Fate shall prove
More fix'd, more true than I !
Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear.

Dost ask how long my vows shall stay
When all that's new is pass'd ?
How long, my Delia ? can I say
How long my life will last ?
Dried be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he who only breathes for you
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here.

SHERIDAN.

SONG.

IN 'THE STRANGER.'

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart!

This cherish'd woe, this loved despair,
My lot for ever be;
So, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
When my poor wasted, trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak—

I will not raise my eyes to Heaven,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

SHERIDAN.

IN PITY, FOND BOSOM, LIE STILL.

YES, now I shall think of that heart-broken maid
 Whom in days of my childhood I knew ;
 All night she would weep in the cold willow shade,
 And her tears mingle warm with the dew !
 I have heard her exclaim, as she sadly reclined
 'Mid the willows all dripping and chill,
 I have heard her exclaim while she shrunk in
 ' In pity, fond bosom, lie still !' [the wind,
 The youth whom she loved had been torn from
 By a fate too severely unkind, [her arms
 Thus wither'd, alas ! was the rose of her charms,
 And clouded the beams of her mind !
 Sweet mourner ! thy fortunes may haply be mine,
 And I feel in my heart that they will ;
 Then sad shall I sing, with a sorrow like ~~thine~~,
 ' In pity, fond bosom, lie still !'

T. MOORE.

TO HENRY.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose
 you, [flow,
 High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears
 Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
 Did I ever upbraid you ? Oh ! no, my love, no !
 I own it would please me, at home would you
 Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go ; [tarry,
 But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
 Shall I blame your departure ? Oh ! no, my
 love, no !

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L L

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are
straying,

That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betray-
ing, [no!

Do you think I suspect you? Oh! no, my love,
I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you such woe;
Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive
me, [love, no!

Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh! no, my
M. G. LEWIS.

SONG.

I DANCED with Harriet at the fair,
And praised her for her jetty hair,
Which, like the tendrils of a vine,
About her brow in wanton twine

Luxuriantly ran;
But why I praised her, sweet one, know,
Because I recollected, so
The tresses negligently flow
About the cheeks of Anne.

One evening in the passion week,
When Lucy play'd at hide and seek,
Her black eyes shone like glowworms bright,
And led me by their sparkling light

To find out where she ran;
But if I praised them, sweet one, know,
I recollected, even so
The black eyes sparkle, burn, and glow
Of gentle mistress Anne.

Louisa's lips in kisses meet,
Like a twin cherry ripe and sweet;
In Catherine's breath rich perfume dwells;
But ah! how Julia's bosom swells,
 To charm the gaze of man!
Yet if I praise them, sweet one, know;
They singly but remind me, so
Lips, breath, and bosom I can show
 All blent in mistress Anne.

LEFTLY.

SONG.

SWEET is the balmy evening hour,
 And mild the glowworm's light,
And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower
 With pearly dew-drops bright.
I love to loiter on the hill,
 And catch each trembling ray;—
Fair as they are, they mind me still
 Of fairer things than they.

What is the breath of closing flowers
 But Feeling's gentlest sigh?
What are the dew-drops' crystal showers
 But tears from Pity's eye?
What are the glowworms by the rill
 But Fancy's flashes gay?
I love them, for they mind me still
 Of one more dear than they.

MISS MITFORD.

SONG.

I LIKE not beauty's roseate brightness ;
I like not beauty's sparkling eye :
Give me the cheek whose marble whiteness
Feeling's faint blush alone can dye ;
Give me the pure and tranquil glance
Where no vain triumphs proudly dance,
Serene and blue as heaven's expanse ;—
Thy cheeks, thine eyes, my Mary !

I like not lips for ever smiling ;
I like not speech for ever gay :
Give me the softness more beguiling
Which gently veils wit's brilliant ray ;
Give me the mellow voice that tells
What sweetness in the bosom dwells ;
The sigh that oft that bosom swells ;—
Thy voice, thy sigh, my Mary !

MISS MITTFORD.

SONG.

No—not the eye of tender blue,
Though, Mary, 'twere the tint of thine,
Or breathing lip, of glowing hue,
Might bid the opening rose repine,
Had long enthrall'd my mind ;
Nor tint with tint, alternate aiding,
That o'er the dimpled tablet flow,
The vermil to the lily fading,—
Nor ringlet bright with orient glow,
In many a tendril twined.

The breathing tint, the beamy ray,
The linear harmony divine
That o'er the form of beauty play,
Might warm a colder heart than mine,
But not for ever bind.
But when to radiant form and feature
Internal worth and feeling join,
With temper mild and gay good nature,—
Around the willing heart they twine
The empire of the mind.

THELWALL.

SONG.

OH, frown not on my daring vows,
Thou high-born maid of Inistore !
Well mayst thou claim a nobler spouse,
But, Mary, will he love thee more ?

When Winter's howling storms arise,
More fondly will he clasp thee round ?
Gaze with more rapture in those eyes,
Or wake the song's diviner sound ?

Tell thee—' if proud, exalted power
Had placed him on a royal throne,
In favouring fortune's brightest hour
He'd prize her smiles for thee alone !'

Tell thee—' if some lone turf were given
A pillow for his weary head,
That desert spot to him were heaven,
If Mary shared his humble bed !'

Oh, frown not on my daring vows
Thou high-born maid of Inistore !
Well mayst thou claim a nobler spouse,
But, Mary, will he love thee more?

HODGSON.

SONG.

HERE's the vow she falsely swore,
Here's the heart she's broken—
Here's the lock she gave before,
Ah! who could doubt the token?
Her vow recorded still remains,
But where's the lip that swore it?
Her ringlet still my neck enchains,
But where's the brow that wore it?
Swiftly flew my hours away
When faithful Beauty prized me;
Slow has dragged the heavy day
Since faithless Love despised me.
Yet, perchance, in lonely thought
Mary's breast may languish;
' Seek the solitude I've sought,'
And share my tender anguish.
If that thought should e'er arise,
Oh! let it not distress her—
For though her injured lover dies,
His dying breath shall bless her.
Here's the vow she falsely swore,
Here's the heart she's broken—
Here's the lock she gave before,
Ah! who could doubt the token?

HODGSON.

TO ———.

'Twas not the quick and dazzling glance
That fires and overpowers the soul,
And wraps it in delirious trance,
That bow'd me to thy sweet control:

No! 'twas from eyes of heavenly blue,
A languid, tender, timid ray,
Stealing through lids of darkest hue,
That won me from myself away.

'Twas not the firm commanding voice,
Whose rapid eloquence o'erflows,
And seems at homage to rejoice,
That roused my breast from dull repose:

No! 'twas the soft and melting tones,
Like nectar dropping from thy tongue,
By which my heart thy empire owns;
Its every chord to passion strung.

And while that winning voice I hear,
And while those beaming eyes I see,
Than light or life to me more dear,
My bosom's sovereign thou must be!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONG.

WHEN far beneath the western wave the orb of
day's descended, [mantle spreads,
And Twilight o'er the tired earth her dewy
And all the birds, save Philomel, their warbled
strains have ended, [their leafy beds;
And, lull'd by whispering zephyr, sleep within

I fly the sound of human voice, the sight of human dwelling,
[along,

A melancholy wanderer, to rove the woods
And there, while tears my eyes o'erflow, while
grief my heart is swelling,

I break the silence of the night by many a
mournful song!

O! ask you why alone I rove, why ceaselessly I
languish? [bids me wander so:

'Tis Love that saddens all my thoughts, that
But who the maid, whose magic power has fill'd
my soul with anguish, [must know.

No mortal ear has ever heard, no mortal ear

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SERENADE.

THE gale breathes soft, the moon's pale beam
Light trembles on the murmuring stream;
And while her vigils Silence keeps,
From sorrow free, tired Labour sleeps;
Even the poor vagrant finds repose,
Nor thinks till morning-dawn of woes;
But I, alas! the sad night long
Awake the lute and plaintive song.

No more I strive by hardy deed
To win immortal Glory's meed—
While others snatch the palm of praise
I waste in grief the lingering days;
With pallid cheek, and sunken eye,
From all that once was lovely fly;
Tell my deep anguish to the air,
And cherish in my breast despair.

But thou, for whom in life's fair bloom
I sink untimely to the tomb,
Thou sleep'st, my love, still be thy breast
With soft and balmy slumbers bless'd.
Sleep on, my Clara! I must feel
Awhile those pains no art can heal;
But near their end in death I see,
Nor murmur, since I die for thee!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

A MORNING SALUTATION.

THOU rose of my love! from thy slumber arise!
The dawn from the orient empurples the skies;
The lark the blue regions of ether explores,
And exultingly trills his wild notes as he soars;
Now they sink in soft murmurs, now rapid and clear
All their melodies pour on the wondering ear.
The drops of the dew, liquid gems of the morn,
Dart their tremulous rays from the white blossom'd thorn,

And opening its leaves to the breath of the gales,
Each bloom and each floret its fragrance exhales.
But nor odours nor songs nor bright hues can impart

A pleasure to gladden thy lover's fond heart;
When absent from thee he still thinks on thy charms,

And sighs to be folded once more in thy arms.
Then, rose of my love! in thy beauty appear,
And the songs and the odours again will be dear;
The beams of the dawn with fresh glory be crown'd,
And the soul of delight breathe enchantment
around.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONG.

AIR—Jess Macpharlane.

WHY ceaseless do I sigh?
What mean my broken slumbers?
From busy crowds why fly?
And breathe but mournful numbers?
O, 'tis love, 'tis love!
O my heart, why beating
Dost thou ask to die,
That wish each hour repeating?
O, 'tis love, 'tis love!
Alas! to soothe my pain,
No hope my soul can borrow:
Still must I love in vain;
Still nourish silent sorrow;
O my love, my love!
O my love! though sighing,
I will not complain,
But bless thee even in dying:
O my love, my love!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONG.

DEAREST mother, sure I find
Charms in Damon's every feature;
And Damon, innocent and kind,
Would surely harm no living creature;
Yet, when I hear but Damon's name,
My cheeks are crimson'd o'er with blushes,
And through all my languid frame
A strange and sudden tremor rushes;

And sighs my throbbing bosom swell,
But not the sighs of pain resemble.
Tell me, dearest mother, tell
Why thus I blush, and sigh, and tremble?

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONG.

NOT ruby clear nor damask rose
With half so warm a crimson glows
As that sweet lip that, fraught with bliss,
Might tempt the frozen hermit's kiss!
Yet, though I deem it heaven to sip
The dewy balm of such a lip,
And though thou bidst that lip be mine,
Its honied treasures I resign.

Fair, smooth, and round, thy heaving breast
Seems form'd for Pleasure's downy nest!
There might the doting lover lie
In all the trance of ecstasy.
Yet, though so smooth, so round, so white
It swells, a couch of wild delight,
And though thou bidst me there recline,
The proffer'd blessing I resign.

Bright are those eyes; who dares to gaze
Shall feel the magic of their rays,
Shall find, too late, his freedom lost,
And all his soul in passion toss'd!
Yet, though their radiance dazzling falls,
So charms, so tempts, and so enthralls,
And though with smiles on me they shine,
Their smiling radiance I resign.

What prompts me, then, averse to fly
The luring lip and breast and eye?
Know that my proud, imperious heart
Of aught it loves can yield no part:
Where'er it reigns, it reigns alone,
And spurns a rival from its throne*.
Then, since far other thoughts are thine,
Thy witching beauties I resign.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONG.

I AM wearing away like the snow in the sun,
I am wearing away from the pain in my heart;
But ne'er shall he know, who my peace has undone,
How bitter, how lasting, how deep is my smart.

I know he would pity—so kind is his soul,
To him my affliction would agony be;
But never, while I can my feelings control,
The youth whom I love shall know sorrow
through me.

Though longing to weep, in his presence I'll smile,
Call the flush on my cheek the pure crimson of
health;

His fears for my peace by my song I'll beguile,
Nor venture to gaze on his eyes but by stealth.

For conscious I am, by my glance is express'd
The passion that faithful as hopeless will be,
And he, whom, alas! I can ne'er render bless'd,
Shall never, no never, know sorrow through me.

MRS. OPIE.

* Bears, like the Turk, no rival near his throne. Pope.

SONG.

To thy cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu!
And adieu to the roar of thy seas!
And adieu to the girl whose insensible heart
Is as hard and as sullen as these!
Forget the fond echoes you heard!
Forget my fond hope and my strain!
My strain is neglected, and dead is my hope :—
But you never shall hear me complain—
To your cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu!

REV. W. CROWE.

SONG.

IN THE STYLE OF MR. CROWE'S SONG, 'SEATON
CLIFFS.'

FROM thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,
From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide;
From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride! [they,
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale;—
But away thou fond dream of my heart!
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Now the blasts of the Winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise;
But 'tis well!—they resemble the sullen disdain
That has lour'd in those insolent eyes.
Sincere were the sighs it repress'd,

But they rose in the days that are flown!—
Oh nymph! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thy own.

To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Lo! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread,
To escape the rough storm by their flight!
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night!
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire;
Receive me, and shield my vex'd spirit, ye groves,
From the storms of insulted desire!

From thy waves, rocky Lannow, I fly!

MISS SEWARD.

BALLAD.

HAST thou escaped the cannon's ire
Loud thundering o'er the troubled main?
Hast thou escaped the fever's fire
That burns so fierce on India's plain?
Then, William, then I can resign,
With scarce one sigh, the blooming grace
Which in thy form was wont to shine,
Which made so bright thy youthful face.
That face grows wan by sultry clime,
By watching dim those radiant eyes;
But Love disdains the rage of Time,
Though youth decays, though beauty flies:
An honest heart is all to me,
Nor soil nor time makes *that* look old,
And dearer shall the jewel be
Than youth or beauty, fame or gold.

MISS SEWARD.

SONG.

Now Spring wakes the Maymorn, the sweetest of
hours [flowers;
Calls the lark to the sunbeam, the bee to the
Calls youth, love, and beauty to hail the new day,
And twine all their garlands in honour of May;
But think not, amid the gay pleasure they bring,
That moments so jocund will pause on their wing!

Obey, my fair Laura, the summons that breathes
In the scent of the flowers, in the hue of the leaves;
In the hymn of the woodlands, for love is the lay,
And fragrance and lustre are types of his sway;
More sweet are his accents, more rosy his spring,
And O! not less rapid the flight of his wing!

MISS SEWARD.

SONG.

TELL me, what can mean this riot
In my pulse when Damon's nigh;
That my breast is never quiet,
Ever heaving with a sigh?
If such tokens don't discover
What it is to be a lover,
Then, O tell me, what am I?
But, alas! poor thoughtless creature!
By each pulse betray'd, and sigh,
There's a tongue in every feature,
And a thousand in the eye,
Which to Damon will discover
What it is to be a lover,
And to tell him, what am I.

R. FENTON

SONG.

THOUGH in the festive circle gay,
You see me move in frolic measure,
Mark on my cheek, in purple play,
The bloom of youth and smile of pleasure;
Ah! think not I am free from care!
But think how hard it is to cover
With smiles the anguish of despair,
And pity an unhappy lover.

D. CAREY.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

WITH lovely pearl the western sky
Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly
So slowly side by side;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
E'en I with rapture see;
And sigh, and bless the charming sight
That lures my love from me.
O hill! that shadest the valley here,
Thou bear'st on thy green brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
Full in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form; he looks to me
A statue in the skies.
Descend, my love, the hour is come;
Why linger on the hill?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still;

Yet, why a lonely wanderer stray?

Alone the joy pursue?

The glories of the closing day

Can charm thy Mary too.

O Edward, when we stroll'd along

Beneath the waving corn,

And both confess'd the power of song,

And bless'd the dewy morn;

To thy fond words my heart replied

(My presence then could move),

'How sweet with Mary by my side,

To gaze and talk of love.'

Thou art not false;—that cannot be!

Yet I my rivals deem

Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,

The silence, and the stream.

If these, my love, detain thee now,

I'll yet forgive thy stay;

But with to-morrow's dawn come thou—

We'll brush the dews away.

BLOOMFIELD.

SONG, ON A KISS.

HUMID seal of soft affections!

Tenderest pledge of future bliss!

Dearest tie of young connexions!

Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence! dumb confession!

Passion's birth and infant play!

Dovelike fondness, chaste concession,

Glowing dawn of brighter day!

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Sorrowing joy! adieu's last action,
When lingering lips no more must join!
What words can ever speak affection
So thrilling, so sincere as thine?

Thee the fond youth, untaught and simple,
Nor on the naked breast can find,
Nor yet within the cheek's small dimple!
Sole offspring thou of lips conjoin'd!

Then haste thee to thy dewy mansion;
With Hebe spend the laughing day!
Dwell in her rubied lips' expansion!
Bask in her eyes propitious ray!

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

LET the lovesick boy, who dies
If anger beam from Cloe's eyes,
Bow before the iron rod
Of the tyrant archer god;
Who feeds with dreams of poison'd bowls
The gloomy, dull, distemper'd souls
Of wretched lovers, who despair,
Because a peevish woman's fair!

Be mine the little rosy boy
Whose only chains are chains of joy;
Who dances on to Lydian measures,
Surrounded by a troop of pleasures;
Mutual wishes, soft desires,
Such as merry May inspires,
When in the Twins the sun is glowing,
And a fragrant zephyr blowing;
And sometimes round his temples twine
A fillet steeped in mighty wine:

But ever let the snow-wing'd dove
Of sacred faith around him move;
Let honour be his constant friend,
And secrecy his steps attend.

ANONYMOUS.

A RONDEAU.

LET prudence point her thorny way,
Let knaves invent and fools obey,
Let cowards bow to reason's shrine;
I'll be mad with love and wine.

Let the pedant proud disdain
Wit and humour's sparkling vein,
His sluggish feeling never caught
By one eccentric glowing thought;
Be the wreath of fancy mine,
I'll be mad with love and wine.

Let the envious hypocrite
False and musty saws indite;
Let the idle moralist
Mirth's entrancing sway resist;
Be the course of pleasure mine,
I'll be mad with love and wine.

Love to peace Ambition charms,
Wine the care-chill'd bosom warms;
And when its powers no more inspire
Vivid wit's responsive fire;
When the jovial hours are run,
And the laugh of spirit done;
And silence with his blinking eye
Mocks the parted revelry;
Her witching dreams delight shall shed,
And yielding beauty crown my bed.

ANONYMOUS

PLEASURE AND DESIRE.

Is yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blossoming maid!
He will not wake, and she sits weeping;
When lo! a stranger proffers aid:
His hurried step, his glance of fire,
The god of wishes wild declare!
'Fond Pleasure, wake!' exclaims Desire,
And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

But soon the nymph, in evil hour,
Desire asleep is doom'd to view;
'Try, Pleasure, try,' she cries, 'your power,
And wake Desire, as he wake you.'
Fond girl, thy prayer exceeds all measure,
Distinct must each his province keep:
Desire must still awaken Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

M. G. LEWIS.

SONG.

I've roam'd through many a weary round,
I've wander'd east and west;
Pleasure in every clime I found,
But sought in vain for rest. •

While Glory sighs for other spheres,
I feel that one's too wide,
And think the home which love endears
Worth all the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely moved,
Wanders unconscious where,
Till having found the place it loved,
It trembling settles there.

T. MOORE.

SONG. THE MAID OF CATMOSE.

DID you see my fair one ever
In her vernal morn of love?
She was sweet as blooming heather,
Soft as turtle of the grove.

Oh! when first my eyes beheld her,
Blushing in her early teens!
Rose nor lily e'er excell'd her,
Though the garden's rival queens.

Budding like the Paphian myrtle,
Softly swell'd her virgin breast:
There beneath the modest kirtle
Love yet slumber'd in his nest.

Mild her eyebeam, sweetly playing,
Like the morning's tender light;
Through the silken lashes straying,
Shafts resistless wing'd their flight.

One sly corner, all so bright in,
Lo! a bevel'd vein appear.
Love had stolen his grandsire's lightning,
And conceal'd the plunder here.

Such my fair one, brightly glowing,
Blossom'd in her vernal hour.
Time, each mental charm bestowing,
Give the fruit, but spare the flower.

TIMELWALL.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

WHEN Friendship, Love, and Truth abound
Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round—

Each shares the bliss of others :
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow :
How grand in age, how fair in youth
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old Time lays down his sithe and glass,
In gay good humour smiling :
With ermine beard and forelock gray
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning !
How grand in age, how fair in youth
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

From those delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
Can man desire, can heaven bestow
A more resplendent treasure ?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a constellation,
Where every star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth !

MONTGOMERY.

THE SOLDIER.

WHAT dreaming drone was ever bless'd

By thinking of the morrow?

To-day be mine, I leave the rest

To all the fools of sorrow:

Give me the mind that mocks at care;

The heart, its own defender;

The spirits that are light as air,

And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe,—to arms—to arms,—

We meet,—'tis death or glory:

'Tis victory in all her charms,

Or fame in Britain's story.

Dear native land! thy fortunes frown,

And ruffians would enslave thee;

Thou land of honour and renown,

Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you, 'tis I that meet the ball;

And me it better pleases

In battle with the brave to fall

Than die of cold diseases;

Than drivel on in elbow chair,

With saws and tales unheeded,

A tottering thing of ache and care,

Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou, dark is thy flowing hair,

Thine eye with fire is streaming;

And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,

Health sits in triumph beaming.

Then, brother soldier, fill the wine,

Fill high the wine to beauty;

Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,

Thy country and thy duty.

W. SMYTH.

SONG.

WHEN the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented

(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings, wife, children,
and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
[and friends.
For earth becomes heaven with wife, children,

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and
friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning
embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How bless'd was his home with wife, children,
and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with wife, children, and
friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan
 hover, [ascends,
 Though round him Arabia's whole fragrance
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that
 cover [and friends.
 The bower where he sat with wife, children,
The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow
 No warmth from the smiles of wife, children,
 and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
 The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;
O'er me wave the willow! and long may it flou-
 rish, [friends.

 Bedew'd with the tears of wife, children, and
Let us drink—for my song, growing graver and
 graver,
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink—pledge me high—Love and Virtue
 shall flavour [friends.
 The glass which I fill to wife, children, and
HON. W. R. SPENCER.

THE MELANCHOLY MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG *.

HUSH, my baby! hush to rest!
 Slumber bless thy pillow:
Sleep no more shall calm this breast,
 Toss'd like ocean's billow.

* Written for an air composed by my friend, S. C. Brown, Esq.
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Hush, my babe! may Peace still spread
O'er thy couch her pinion;
Though thy hapless mother's head
Bends to woe's dominion.

Since, despising love and truth,
Stern thy father parted,
Bow'd to earth, in early youth
I perish broken hearted.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

THE PRAISES OF WINE.

OH moment most bless'd in the short life of man!
Brightest spot of enjoyment in time's gloomy span!
When, just languid enough for delight, we recline
By the fire's cheerful blaze o'er the fast flowing
wine,

With sensations too soothing for words to express,
Alive to all joy, dead to every distress.
Then, then gushing forth from the rapturous soul,
Good humour and genius unitedly roll; [Youth,
Laughing Friendship recounts all the pastimes of
And at least we display that one excellence—truth.
Cold prudence is banished, hypocrisy dies,
And the warm honest spirit looks out at the eyes.

With sarcastic reflections let Rasselas paint
The sinner convivial, a hermit the saint:
But, annals of convents! full well can ye show
That stagnation engenders corruption below;
And though heavenly retirement may purify man,
Monastic retirement on earth never can.
Nay, vain is the censure that aims at the mind,
And describes the good fellow to dulness confined,

Calls his mirth void of fancy, his joy insincere—
Who can recognise Oldham and Rochester here?
Or, to leave those choice wits and choice fellows
of yore,

Who will own this the picture of Morris and Moore?

Wine mitigates sorrow, wine stimulates joy!
Its virtues ne'er fail, its delights never cloy—
It gives strength to the weak, gentle thoughts to
the strong,

Renovation to hope, inspiration to song :
Age gathers fresh verdure from wonderful wine,
And the best bloom of youth, radiant liquor, is
thine !

Thou easest the captive, thou lull'st to repose
The sad eye that too long has forgotten to close ;
All, all canst thou conquer—ah! wouldst thou
but prove

Victorious for me over absence and love.

HODGSON.

DRINKING SONG.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, ' Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to ;
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

STILL.

ANACREONTIC.

**FREELY IMITATED FROM THE LATIN OF WALTER
DE MAPES.**

**I'LL in a tavern end my days mid boon companions
merry, [sherry,
Place at my lips a lusty flask replete with sparkling
That angels hovering round may cry, when I lie
dead as door nail,
' Rise, genial deacon, rise and drink of the well
of Life Eternal.'**

**Tis wine the fading lamp of life renews with fire
 celestial, [terrestrial ;
And elevates the raptur'd sense above this globe
Be mine the grape's pure juice unmix'd with any
 base ingredient, [no need on't.
Water to heretics I leave, sound churchmen have**

Various implements belong to every occupation;
Give me a haunch of venison—and a fig for in-
spiration! [indite 'em,
Verses and odes without good cheer I never could
Sure he who meager days devised is d—d ad in-
finitum!

When I exhaust the bowl profound and generous
 liquor swallow, [bers follow ;
 Bright as the beverage I imbibe the generous num-
 Your sneaking water drinkers all, I utterly con-
 demn 'em ; [Agamemnon.
 He that would write like Homer must drink like

Mysteries and prophetic truths, I never could unfold 'em [ham;
Without a flagon of good wine and a slice of cold
But when I've drain'd my liquor out, and eat
what's in the dish up,
Though I am but an archdeacon, I can preach like
an archbishop. HUDDISFORD.

ANACREONTIC.

If when the sparkling goblet flows,
I braid my temples with the rose,
And while, reflected o'er the brim,
I see the deepening blushes swim,
With wilder ecstasies of soul
I bid the tide of Bacchus roll—
'Tis that the blush that paints the rose,
A type of thee, my fair, bestows;
And bathed within the cup I'd be
That glows with love, and glows of thee.

If, when retiring to repose,
Still in my chamber bloom the rose,
And, twined in many a wreathy string,
O'er all my couch a fragrance fling,
Which, scattering on my fervid breast,
Soothes me with opiate charm to rest—
'Tis that the fragrance of the rose
The breathing of thy lip bestows;
And dreams of bliss it wafts to me,
That breathe of love, and breathe of thee.

Then come, Næra, sweeter rose!
For whom my restless fancy glows;

Come, whelm in dearer joys the soul
Than ever bathed in flowing bowl;
Come, and in waking kisses deal
Such rapture as my dreams reveal;
And while with mingling soul I sip
The balmy fragrance of thy lip,
More, more than vision'd bliss 'twill be—
To wake for love, and wake for thee.

THELWALL.

A BALLAD OF SIMILES.

If life, like a bubble, evaporates fast,
You must take off your wine if you wish it to last;
For a bubble may soon be destroy'd with a puff,
If it is not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life's like a flower, as grave moralists say,
'Tis a very good thing, understood the right way;
For, if life is a flower, every blockhead can tell,
If you'd have it look fresh, you must water it well:

That life is a journey no mortal disputes, [boots;
Then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead of our
And each toper shall own, on life's road as he reels,
That a spur in the head is worth two on the heels.

If life's like a lamp, then, to make it shine brighter,
We'll assign to Madeira the post of lamplighter,
We'll cherish the flame with Oporto so stout,
And drink brandy-punch till we're fairly burn'd
out.

The world to a theatre liken'd has been,
Where each one around bears his part in the scene;
If 'tis ours to be tipsy, 'tis matter of fact [act.
That the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll

Life fleets like a dream, like a vision appears,
Some laugh in their slumbers, and others shed
tears ; [be said,
But of us, when we wake from our dream, 'twill
That the tears of the tankard were all that we
shed.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

*— dum certa, angusta, puella
Pocimus, obrepat non intellecta Senectus. Juv.*

SHORT is the breath of life, and short
The fleeting joys that life can give ;
Those fleeting joys let wisdom court
While feeling yet and passion live.
Soon freezing age, with sick distaste,
The grave of bliss, the nurse of woe,
Shall steal the wreath which Nature placed
On joyous youth's exulting brow.
While yet the swelling goblet flows,
And sorrow yields to revel's power,
While blossoms yet the breathing rose,
And laughter speeds the jovial hour ;
While yet in ardent youth we fly,
Pregnant of life and hope, to sip
Nectareous dew, entrancing joy !
From blushing Beauty's rosy lip ;
Their sudden shafts the fates dispense,
And wither all the beauteous dream,
Or tasteless age steeps every sense
In apathy's oblivious stream.

Then still while love and young desire
Play through the veins and warm the soul,
Burn, burn with love's exalting fire,
And drink to beauty's health the bowl.

L. T.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

COME, thou soul-reviving cup,
And try thy healing art;
Light the Fancy's visions up,
And warm my wasted heart!
Touch with glowing tints of bliss
Memory's fading dream;
Give me, while thy lip I kiss,
The heaven that's in thy stream.

In thy fount the Lyric Muse
Ever dipped her wing,
Anacreon fed upon thy dews,
And Horace drain'd thy spring!
I too, humblest of the train,
There my spirit find,
Freshen there my languid brain,—
And store my vacant mind!

When, bless'd cup, thy fires divine
Pierce through Time's dark reign,
All the joys that once were mine
I snatch from Death again;
And, though oft fond anguish rise
O'er my melting mind,
Hope still starts to Sorrow's eyes—
And drinks the tear behind!

Ne'er, sweet cup, was votary bless'd
More through life than me;
And that life, with grateful breast,
Thou seest I give to thee!
'Midst thy rose-wreath'd nymphs I pass
Mirth's sweet hours away;
Pleased while Time runs through the glass
To Fancy's brighter day!

Then, magic cup, again for me
Thy power creative try;
Again let hope-fed Fancy see
A heaven in Beauty's eye!
O, lift my lighten'd heart away
On Pleasure's downy wing,
And let me taste that bliss to-day
To-morrow may not bring!

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

SONG.

FILL the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to
its core; [varied round
Let us drink! who would not? since through life's
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling eye;
I have loved! who has not? but what heart can
declare
That pleasure existed while passion was there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's in its
spring,

And dreams that affection can never take wing,
I had friends! who has not? but what tongue will
avow

That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as thou?

The breast of a mistress some boy may estrange,
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou never
canst change; [what appears

Thou grow'st old, who does not? but on earth
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase with its
years?

Yet if bless'd to the utmost that love can bestow,
Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
We are jealous! who's not?—thou hast no such
alloy,

For the more that enjoy thee, the more we enjoy.

Then the season of youth and its vanities pass'd,
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;
There we find, do we not? in the flow of the soul,
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl!

When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
And Misery's triumph commenced over Mirth;
Hope was left, was she not? but the goblet we kiss,
And care not for Hope, who are certain of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer is flown
The age of our nectar shall gladden our own;
We must die, who shall not? may our sins be for-
given,

And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

LORD BYRON.

ANACREONTIC*.

HEED no more the coming morrow,
Laugh at future care,
Snatch the present hour from sorrow,
Revel light as air!
Shed around a shower of roses,
Call on Music's powers:
We, while Dulness safe reposes,
Live the passing hours.
Fly, ye moody sons of Sadness,
Fly to deserts drear!
Here each bosom swells with gladness,
Mirth is master here.
Life to us its sweets discloses,
Strews our path with flowers;
We, while Dulness safe reposes,
Live the passing hours!

R. A. DAVENPORT:

SONG,

WRITTEN IN 1788.

O'ER the vine-cover'd hills and fair valleys of
See the daystar of Liberty rise, [France
Through clouds of detraction unwearied advance,
And hold its new course in the skies.
An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
All Europe with wonder surveys,
And from deserts of darkness and dungeons of
Contentends for a share in the blaze. [night

* This song was written for a German Air, the words of which begin with ' Bin ein brauner Schneider Mädchen.' &c.

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,
A splendour too strong for his eyes;
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
Entrapp'd in his cobwebs like flies.
Shall frenzy and sophistry hope to prevail
When reason opposes her weight,
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
And the balance yet trembles with fate?

Ah! who mid the darkness of night would abide
That can taste the sweet breezes of morn?
And who that has drunk of the crystalline tide
To the feculent flood would return?
When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart
Ah! who would the transport decline? [meets,
And who that has tasted of Liberty's sweets
The prize—but with life—would resign?

But 'tis over, high Heaven the decision approves,
Oppression has struggled in vain;
To the hell she had form'd Superstition removes,
And Tyranny gnaws her own chain.
In the records of Time a new era unfolds,
All nature exults in the birth,
His creation benign the Creator beholds,
And gives a new charter to earth.

O, catch its high import, ye winds, as ye blow!
O, bear it, ye waves, as ye roll!
From the nations that feel the sun's vertical glow
To the farthest extremes of the Pole.
Equal rights, equal laws to the nations around,
Peace and friendship its precepts impart;
And wherever the footsteps of man can be found,
May he bind the decree on his heart.

THE HELOT'S SONG.

GOD of Armies, break my chain ;
Lead me to the' embattled plain,
Where thy daring sons advance,
Bend the bow, and wield the lance ;—
Shafts are whizzing on the string !
Hark ! the shouts of combat ring !
Nerve the limbs, the bosom steel ;
Men their wounds no longer feel.

God of Armies, hear !

Long these eyes have pour'd a flood ;
Others now shall weep in blood :
Now the fierce insulting foe
Shall partake the Helot's woe ;
Gasping on the well fought field,
Tyranny her scourge shall yield.
Couch the javelin—urge the steed—
Try how gallant men can bleed.

God of Armies, hear !

Hear the proud exulting cry,
When the noble spirits fly,
Soaring from the mortal cage,
Only subject of your rage,
Baffled tyrants ! ' weep forlorn,
Break the scourge, your rage we scorn,—
Mars, receive our votive breath,—
Give us freedom, give us death !'

God of Armies, hear !

When the bones on earth shall lie,
Weltering to the summer's sky,
Though no sepulture they find,
Though they whiten to the wind,

Yet exult not, haughty foe,
Deem them not a sight of woe :
On the field they shall remain,
Trophies of the glorious slain !
God of Armies, hear !

Strains of war let clarions sing,
Let the shouts of battle ring,
Let the volley'd weapons fly,
Dust of combat dim the sky !
In the dread conflicting hour,
Freedom, let me own thy power ;
Freedom, take my parting breath,
Godlike trance, ennobled death !—
God of Armies, hear !

Freedom now revives, though late ;
Maid divine, to wed with Fate ;
For the nuptial pomp, around
Banners wave, and trumpets sound,
Veins of men libations pour,
Sacred to the genial hour :
Be their offspring death or life,
Lead me to the generous strife.
God of Armies, hear !

Mid the din of mortal harms,
Fold me, Freedom, in thine arms :
Let me in thy lap be laid
When the final debt is paid.
Still the foe, possess'd with dread,
Shall confess A MAN lies dead :
Valiant Helots, never yield—
Follow, follow to the field !
God of Armies, hear !

PANTON.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free!
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted; [slaves
And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefather's
Their spirits are hovering o'er us, [graves.
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone.
For we've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we shall be victorious!
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious!

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheath not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the
waves,

And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge! Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall we blush for its story,
Or brighten our lives with its glory! [spair,
Our women—Oh, say, shall they shriek in de-
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their
Accursed may his memory blacken, [hair?
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown our-
selves worth [earth.
Being sprung from, and named for, the godlike of
Strike home—and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her islands, her isles of the ocean ; [ring,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns shall with jubilee
And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness, [spring.
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white
waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have crimson'd the beak of our ravens !

CAMPBELL.

CHEROKEE DEATH SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away ;
Begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

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Q Q

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,—
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the
pain?

No, the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation
away—

Now the fire rises fast, you exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son ;
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to com-
plain.

MRS. HUNTER.

ILLINOIS DEATH SONG.

REAR'D midst the war-empurpled plain,
What Illinois submits to pain!
How can the glory-darting fire
The coward chill of death inspire !

The sun a blazing heat bestows,
The moon midst pensive evening glows,
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their flaming source divine.

Then let me hail the' immortal fire,
And in the sacred flames expire ;
Nor yet those Huron hands restrain ;
This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.

No griefs this warrior soul can bow,
 No pangs contract this even brow;
 Not all your threats excite a fear,
 Not all your force can start a tear.

Think not with me my tribe decays,
 More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise;
 Nor unrevenged their Sachem dies,
 Nor unattended greets the skies.

MRS. MORTON.

A MAROON SONG.

HASTE, haste, my companions! the night dews
 are o'er; [are flown;

From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows
 The bright morning star calls to the chase of the
 boar, [groan.

And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his
 O'er the deep tangled thicket our toils shall prevail,
 In vain to the steep cliff the savage shall run;
 Where the cocoa waves gay to the balm-scented
 gale,

And the aloe expands its tall spires to the sun.
 Ye spirits that triumph'd in death o'er your foe,
 But left the dark sons of your race to complain;
 Ye that bade, in your anguish, the heirs of your woe
 Be the heirs of your hatred, the chiefs of disdain;

If ye sail in your pride on the sun's slanting beam,
 If ye robe your stern shades in the mist's fleet-
 ing form;

Or if rather ye joy in the lightning's fierce gleam,
 And stride on the whirlwind, and trample the
 storm;

O, come on your clouds, o'er the wide-rolling wave,
To the hills of our freedom in triumph repair;
For the blue-mantled mountains are trod by the
brave,

And the dark-dwelling sons of defiance are there.

Hark! the horn's swelling tones call to danger
away, [pass'd,

And when the stern course of our pleasure is
Though the whirlwinds of heaven wake around
us their sway, [blast.

We will heed not the tempest, and sing to the

Haste, haste, my companions! the night dews
are o'er; [are flown;

From the mist-skirted mountains the shadows
The bright morning star calls to the chase of the
boar, [groan.

And the rock's secret echoes are waiting his

P. M. JAMES.

SONG TO ZEPHYR.

ZEPHYR! whither are you straying,

Tell me where?

With prankish girls in gardens playing,

False as fair?

A butterfly's light back bestriding,

Queen bees to honeysuckles guiding,

Or in a swinging harebell riding,

Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble

High in air;

At noon, when Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,

Braid their hair;

When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottos they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moonbeams up the mountains
You prepare ;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share ;
Now seen with lovelorn lilies weeping,
Now with a blushing rosebud sleeping,
While fays, from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, O rare !

LEFTLY.

FAIRY SONG.

WOULD you the fairy regions see,
Hence to the green woods run with me ;
From mortals safe, the livelong night,
There countless feats the fays delight,
Where burns the glowworm's lamp so blue,
One gives each flower its proper hue ;
While, near, his busy huswife weaves
Ribands of grass and mantling leaves ;
Some teach young plants with grace to move,
Some lead the woodbine to her love,
Some strew the shores with shells and sand,
While others pilot weeds to land :
By moonlight these their labours free,
Then follow me, follow me,
And the chaffer's bugle our guide shall be.

LEFTLY.

TO THE WATERNYMPHS,

ON DRINKING AT A FOUNTAIN.

REACH with your whiter hands to me
Some crystal of the spring ;
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing :
Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this ;
To the' glass your lips incline—
And I shall see, by that one kiss,
The water turn'd to wine.

HERRICK.

THE POPLAR.

No watchdog disturb'd the calm season of rest,
And the daybeams were faintly the mountain
adorning ;
The night dew still hung on the eglantine's breast,
And the shrill cock first broke the sweetsilence
of morning.
To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his
sport,
A wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow,
The magic of life's early vision to court,
And the sweetest of hours from remembrance
to borrow.
But the field of his culture was dreary and wild,
And drear were the bowers where the rose once
was blowing ;
The dark weed had grown where the garden had
smiled, [glowing.
And a wilderness spread where late beauty was

Yet one poplar survived, and was lofty and fair,
'Twas the pride of his youth, when its sun rose
 enchanting ;
And Affection had treasured his memory there,
And had hallow'd his name on the tree of his
 planting.

Unknown was the hand that thus witness'd its
truth, [beaming;
Unknown was the heart with affection thus
But the wanderer thought on the friend of his
youth, [were streaming.
And his spirit was bless'd, though his tear-drops
Thou flower of affection, entwining the heart,
To deck the drear scene of our wanderings
given;
Thy balm to our grief can its healing impart,
And thy blossoms of light caught their beauty
from heaven.

P. M. JAMES.

P. M. JAMES.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are you sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?
 Is this a time to think of wark!
 Mak haste, lay by your wheel;
 Is this the time to spin a thread
 When Colin's at the door!
 Reach me my cloak, I'll to the quay
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There is nae luck at aw;
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
'Tis aw to pleasure my gudeman,
For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fire side,
Put on the muckle pot,
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw,
It's aw to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.
For there's nae, &c.

There's twa fat hens upo' the bauk
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And mak the table neat and clean,
Let every thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa.
Ah, there's nae, &c.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like cauler air,
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair!

And shall I see his face again,
 And shall I hear him speak!
 I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae, &c.

[The caul blasts of the winter wind,
 That thrilled though my heart,
 They're aw blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part:
 But why should I of parting tauk,
 It may be far awa;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw*.]

For there's nae, &c.

If Colin's weel, and weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave—
 And gin I live to keep him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And shall I see his face again,
 And shall I hear him speak!
 I'm downright dizzy wi the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae, &c.

MICKLE.

BACHELOR'S FARE.

FUNNY and free are a bachelor's revelries,
 Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
 Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
 Troublesome children and clamorous wife.

* These lines enclosed between brackets were inserted by
 Dr. Beattie.

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R R

Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses and Venus's kisses,—
This, boys, this is the bachelor's fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead:
Old ones are too devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair;
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and bachelor's fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
Soon are imbitter'd with wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life;
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his bachelor's fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder
grown,

Turning your temper, and spurning your rule;
Girls through foolishness, passion, or mulishness,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.
Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun, and frivolity
Equals in quality bachelor's fare.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG*.

IN the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind;
What have I to do with thee,
Dull unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale and satire witty,
Sprightly glee and doleful ditty,
Measured sighs and roundelay,
Welcome all, but do not stay;
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull unjoyous Constancy?

ANONYMOUS.

TIME AND LOVE.

TIME and Love are ever foes,
Following still a different aim;
Where the rosy tyrant glows
Steals old Time and damps the flame,

Angry Love a vengeful blow
Oft inflicts as rage inspires,
And where Time has scatter'd snow
Joys to wake the rebel fires.

Men in every age and clime
Equal still their triumphs prove,
Oft from love forgetting time,
Oft from time forgetting love.

H. MELMOTH.

* Sang in the comedy of Fashionable Friends.

SONNETS.

Summer.

THE soote season that bud and bloom forth brings
 With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale:
 The nightingall with fethers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
 Summer is come: for every spray now springs.
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes fleete with new-repayred scale;
 The adder all her slough away she flinges;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smalle;
 The busy bee her honey how she minges!
 Winter is worne that was the floures bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays; and yet my sorrow springs.

 EARL OF SURREY.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight;
 And bidding the' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright:
 And, calling forth out of sad Winters night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse
 bower,
 Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive;
 And warns the Earth with divers colord flowre
 To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.
 Then you, faire flowre! in whom fresh youth doth
 Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine. (raine,

SPENSER.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre ;
But, when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle brest that shall endure for ever :
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste effects, that nought but death can sever.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
To knit the knot that ever shall remaine.

SPENSER.

THE merry cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al lovers wayte upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought ;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere cuckow end, let her a rebell be !

SPENSER.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attyre under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or haire may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes which gaze too bold
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee!

SPENSER.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye lyken it;
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
A hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day;
That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
With that sunshine when cloudy looks are cleared.

SPENSER.

THE doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
 That fondly feare to lose your liberty ;
 When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
 And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth tye
 Without constraynt or dread of any ill :
 The gentle birde feeles no captivity
 Within her cage ; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league twixt them that loyal love hath bound :
 But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
 Seeks, with sweet Peace, to salve each others
 wound :

There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
 And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SPENSER.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Loves mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
 All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd ;
 Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
 Yet in her winters bowre not well awake ;
 Tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid,
 Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take ;
 Bid her therefore her selfe soon ready make,
 To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew ;
 Where every one that misseth then her make
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
 Make hast therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime ;
 For none can call againe the passed time.

SPENSER.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do not use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of those who in their lips Love's standard bear,
'What, he?' say they of me, 'now I dare swear
He cannot love! No, no; let him alone.'
And think so still! so Stella know my mind:
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is worn but in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love, indeed, who quake to say they love.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

Look, Delia, how we' esteem the half blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory to the air, [cline;
But straight her wide blown pomp comes to de-
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.
No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift, speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow:
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou mayst be loved again.

DANIEL.

I ONCE may see when years shall wreak my wrong,
 When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
 And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.
 Then Beauty (now the burthen of my song),
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
 Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so
 long :

When, if she grieve to gaze upon her glass
 Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
 Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was;
 For what she was she best shall find in you.
 Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
 But (phoenixlike) shall make her live anew.

DANIEL.

Love renounced and reinbited.

SINCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part:
 Nay, I have done; you get no more of me:
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free:
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one spark of former love retain.
 Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
 Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou mightst him yet recover.

DRAYTON.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought ;
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, [waste :
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

THAT time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or few or none, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
In me thou seest the twilight of such day [sang,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black death doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all in rest,
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE forward violet thus did I chide ;—

Sweet thief, where didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ; -

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, but I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

MY mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,

Coral is far more red than her lips' red :

If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

I have seen roses, damask'd red and white,

But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;

And in some perfumes there is more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.

I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know

That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;

I grant I never saw a goddess go,— [ground :

My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare..

SHAKESPEARE.

To his Mistress.

I SWEARE, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,
And by those golden lockes whose locke none
And by the corall of thy rosie lippes, [slippes,
And by the naked snowes which beautie dyes,
I sweare by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solide judgement and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearely shined;
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse love,
And by my secret yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nursed but chaste desires,
And such as modestie might well approve.
Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this vertuous mind in me?

EARL OF STIRLING.

I KNOW that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the hawthorn flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power;
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

DRUMMOND.

SLEEP, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals
brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd ;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou sparest, alas ! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe ;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-
I long to kiss the image of my death. [queath,
DRUMMOND.

To hear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
Thou in a silent slumber seem'st to stay ;
Delicious flowers, lily and columbine,
Ye bow your heads when I my woes display ;
Forests, in you the myrtle, palm, and bay
Have had compassion, listening to my groans ;
The winds with sighs have solemnized my moans
'Mong leaves, which whisper'd what they could
not say ;
The caves, the rocks, the hills, the sylvans' thrones
(As if even pity did in them appear)
Have at my sorrow rent their ruthless stones :
Each thing I find hath sense except my dear,
Who doth not think I love, or will not know
My grief, perchance delighting in my woe.
DRUMMOND.

O mortal glory, O soon darkened ray!

O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!

O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!

O traitorous hopes, which do our judgments

Lead, in a flash that light is gone away [blind!

Which darts did each eye, delight each mind,

And with that sun, from whence it came, combined,

Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.

Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears,

Let widow'd Music only roar and groan, [sighs,

Poor Virtue, get thee wings, and mount the

For dwellingplace on earth for thee is none:

Death hath thy temple razed, Love's empire fill'd,

The world of honour, worth, and sweetness
 spoil'd. DRUMMOND.

O Fate, conjured to pour your worst on me!

O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!

With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,

And fruit with leaves have scatter'd on the
 ground.

A little space of earth my love doth bound;

That beauty which did raise it to the sky,

Turn'd in disdain'd dust, now low doth lie,

Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.

Ah! did I live for this? Ah! did I love?

And was't for this (ferce powers) she did excel,

That ere she well the sweets of life did prove,

She should, too dear a guest! with darkness
 dwell?

Weak influence of Heaven! what fair is wrought

Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought.

DRUMMOND.

SWEET soul, which in the April of thy years,
 For to enrich the heaven madest poor this round,
 And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
 Most bless'd abides above the sphere of spheres;
 If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
 From looking to this globe that all upbears,
 If ruth and pity there above be found,
 O, deign to lend a look unto these tears :
 Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice ;
 And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
 My offerings take, let this for me suffice,
 My heart a living pyramid I'll raise :
 And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
 Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be
 seen.

DRUMMOND.

SWEET Spring, thou comest with all thy goodly
 train, [flowers,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
 showers. [hours
 Sweet Spring, thou comest—but, ah ! my pleasant
 And happy days with thee come not again ;
 The sad memorials only of my pain [sours.
 Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to
 Thou art the same that still thou wert before,
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair ; [air
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome
 Is gone ; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
 Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,
 While thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

DRUMMOND.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.

Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,

Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a
For which be silent as in woods before. [tear;
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

DRUMMOND.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling
flowers;

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that hours!

What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!
Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yea, and to angel's lays.

DRUMMOND.

As when it happeneth that some lovely town
 Unto a barbarous besieger falls,
 Who both by sword and flame himself instals,
 And shameless it in tears and blood doth drown;
 Her beauty spoiled, her citizens made thralls,
 His spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
 But that some statue, pillar of renown,
 Yet lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls;
 So after all the spoil, disgrace, and wreck
 That time, the world, and death could bring
 combined,
 Amidst that mass of ruins they did make,
 Safe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
 From this so high transcendent rapture springs
 That I, all else defaced, not envy kings.

 DRUMMOND.

Written for Galatea.

STREPHON, in vain thou bring'st thy rhymes and
 songs, [flowers;
 Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd
 In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
 And her whom Jove deceived in golden showers,
 Thou hast slept never under myrtle's shed;
 Or if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd,
 It is but for some Grecian mistress dead;
 Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast!
 How can true love with fables hold a place?
 Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
 Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove:
 Thou suest for grace, in scorn more to disgrace.
 I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
 O no! thou learn'st thy love in lovers' books.

DRUMMOND.

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, son of the sable night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
 With dark forgetting of my care's return;
 And let the day be long enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth;
 Let watery eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
 Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, fond image of my fond desires,
 To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
 Let never rising sun approve your tears,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

DRUMMOND.

To Sir William Alexander.

THOUGH I have twice been at the doors of Death
 And twice found shut those gates which ever
 mourn,
 This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
 For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
 Amidst thy sacred cares and courtly toils,
 Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering Fam
 Tell, Death has triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils
 And that on earth I am but a sad name;
 If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
 By all that bliss, those joys Heaven here
 I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove, [gave
 To grave this short remembrance on my grave-
 ' Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
 The murmuring Esk:—may roses shade the place

DRUMMOND.

MORE oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
 ' Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and gold ;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
 Who have in dust their far stretch'd pride up-
 roll'd.

All, all is mine beneath moon's silver sphere ;
 And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold :
 This, not believed, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
 That of my horrors thou right use mightst make,
 And a more sacred path of living take :
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow ;
 Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
 And live each day as if it were thy last.'

DRUMMOND.

WHAT hapless hap had I for to be born
 In these unhappy times, and dying days,
 Of this now doting world, when good decays
Love's quite extinct, and virtue held a scorn !
 When such are only prized by wretched ways
Who with a golden fleece can them adorn ;
 When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphanlike, forlorn !
Why was I not born in that golden age, [arts
 When gold was not yet known, and those black
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage ?
 To have been then, O Heaven ! 't had been my
 bliss ;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

DRUMMOND.

To the Nightingale.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

MILTON.

On his being arriv'd at the Age of Twenty-three.
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the Will of
All is, if I have grace to use it so, [Heaven;
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

MILTON.

On the late Massacre in Piedmont, 1655.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe. MILTON.

On his Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide,
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

MILTON.

To Mr. Lister.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

MILTON.

To Cyriac Skinner.

CYRIAC, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounced and in his volumes taught our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth that, after, no repenting draws;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French:
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.

MILTON.

To the same.

CYRIAC, this three-years-day these eyes, though
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot, [clear,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year,
 Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them over-
 In liberty's defence, my noble task, [plied
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's
 vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

MILTON.

On his deceased Wife.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
 Whom Jove's greatson to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of childbed taint
 Purification in the' old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heaven without restraint;
 Came vested all in white pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight;
 But O! as to embrace me she inclined, [night.
 I waked; she fled; and day brought back my

MILTON.

WISELY, O C*, enjoy the present hour,
 The present hour is all the time we have,
 High God the rest has placed beyond our power,
 Consign'd perhaps to grief—or to the grave.
 Wretched the man who toils ambition's slave,
 Who pines for wealth, or sighs for empty fame;
 Who rolls in pleasures which the mind deprave,
 Bought with severe remorse and guilty shame.
 Virtue and knowledge be our better aim;
 These help us ill to bear, or teach to shun;
 Let friendship cheer us with her generous flame,
 Friendship the sum of all our joys in one:
 So shall we live each moment fate has given;
 How long or short let us resign to Heaven.

EDWARDS.

On a family Picture.

WHEN pensive on that portraiture I gaze,
 Where my four brothers round about me stand,
 And four fair sisters smile with graces bland,
 The goodly monument of happier days:
 And think how soon insatiate Death, who preys
 On all, has cropp'd the rest with ruthless hand,
 While only I survive of all that band
 Which one chaste bed did to my father raise:
 It seems that, like a column left alone,
 The tottering remnant of some splendid fame,
 Seep'd from the fury of the barbarous Gaul
 And wasting Time, which has the rest o'erthrown,
 Amidst our house's ruins I remain
 Single, uncrepp'd, and waiting to my fall.

KING'S ARMS.

YOUNG, fair, and good! ah, why should young
and fair

And good be huddled in untimely grave?

Must so sweet flowers so brief a period have,
Just bloom and charm, then fade and disappear?
Yet ours the loss, who ill, alas! can spare

The bright example which thy virtues gave;

The guerdon thine, whom gracious heaven did
From longer trial in this vale of care. [save

Rest then, sweet saint, in peace and honour rest,

While our true tears bedew thy maiden hearse,
Light lie the earth upon thy lovely breast;

And let a grateful heart with grief oppress'd

To thy dear memory consecrate this verse,
Though all too mean for who deserves the best!

EDWARDS.

For the Root-house at Wrest.

STRANGER or guest, whome'er this hallow'd grove
Shall chance receive, where sweet Contentment
dwells,

Bring here no heart that with ambition swells,
With avarice pines, or burns with lawless love.

Vice-tainted souls will all in vain remove

To silvan shades and hermits' peaceful cells;

In vain will seek Retirement's lenient spells,

Or hope that bliss which only good men prove.

If heaven-born Truth, and sacred Virtue's lore,

Which cheer, adorn, and dignify the mind,

Are constant inmates of thy honest breast;

If unrepining at thy neighbour's store

Thou count'st as thine the good of all mankind,

Then welcome share the friendly Groves of

Wrest.

EDWARDS.

On the Death of West.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire!
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
 These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require:
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
 And in my breast the' imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear:
 To warm their little loves the birds complain:
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more because I weep in vain.

GRAY.

' Ah! why,' cries Prudence, ' turn thy wayward
 feet

From scenes congenial to each spruce divine?
 See how they flutter round Preferment's shrine
 With scarf so rustling, and with band so neat!
 Bless'd with such brethren and their converse
 sweet,

Like them politely pray, devoutly dine.'
 Pardon me, dame; for Competence benign
 (Heaven-sent at last) now favours my retreat,
 Leads me to where Content, sedately gay,
 Her favourite sister, my free step attends:
 Hark! she repeats the Pontic exile's lay *;
 Bids me enjoy the boon kind Fortune lends,
 Of Envy void, while Time slides soft away;
 And from my equals only culls my friends.

* Ovid. Trist. lib. iii. eleg. iv.

MARSH

Written at Winslade, in Hampshire.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capp'd hills, with waving
grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he* far distant strays,
With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days.

T. WARTON.

On Bathing.

WHEN late the trees were stripp'd by Winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-throned in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale,
She to the cave retires, high arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

* His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton.

T. WARTON.

To the River Totton*.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run—
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun :
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
 While pensive memory traces back the round
 Which fills the varied interval between ;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road!
 Yet still one joy remains that, not obscure
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime ma-
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd. [ture ;

T. WARTON.

Yes, loved retreat, those wonted gales I know
 That shed soft fragrance o'er my drooping frame,
 Sweet, as of old, when first the youthful flame
 Was kindled in my veins ; and now below
 I see thy various length of landscape glow
 With all its' custom'd blooms, its groves the same,
 Its verdant lawns, and towers of antique fame,
 And streams that gently murmur as they flow :
 Now too the sounds that used my soul to cheer,
 Thy mingled melodies of hill and plain,
 Melt in faint murmurs on my ravish'd ear :
 But say, will they too bless my eyes again,
 My friends of yore? if they no more appear,
 Fair as thou art, thy other charms are vain.

RUSSELL.

* Near Basingstoke, Warton's native country.

To the Owl.

GRAVE bird, that, shelter'd in thy lonely bower,
 On some tall oak with ivy overspread,
 Or in some silent barn's deserted shed,
 Or mid the fragments of some ruin'd tower,
 Still, as of old, at this sad solemn hour,
 When now the toiling sons of care are fled,
 And the free ghost slips from his wormy bed,
 Complainest loud of man's ungentle power,
 That drives thee from the cheerful face of day
 To tell thy sorrows to the pale-eyed night;
 Like thee, escaping from the sunny ray,
 I woo this gloom, to hide me from the sight
 Of that fell tribe whose persecuting sway
 On me and thee alike is bent to light.

RUSSELL.

To the Redbreast.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
 Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
 Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim;
 But when pale Winter lights the social fire, [mire,
 And meads with alime are sprent, and ways with
 Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn
 From battlement or barn or haystack trim;
 And now not seldom tunest, as if for hire,
 Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
 The pittance due to thy well warbled song:
 Sweet bird! sing on; for oft near lonely hatch,
 Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
 And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful thatch,
 Full many a tale have told, and ditty long.

BAMFFYLD.

The Return.

As when, to one who long hath watch'd, the morn
Advancing slow forewarns the approach of day
(What time the young and flowery-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale and many a whitening thorn),
And now the sun comes forth with level ray,
Gilding the high wood top and mountain gray;
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
The' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem.
Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to
mourn, [vain.
That long have watch'd for light, and wept in
BAMPFYLD.

Written in a Country Retirement.

AROUND my porch and lonely casement spread
The myrtle never sere and gadding vine,
With fragrant sweetbriar love to intertwine;
And in my garden's box-encircled bed,
The pansy pied, and musk-rose white and red,
The pink, the lily chaste, and sweet woodbine
Fling odours round; thick-woven eglantine
Decks my trim fence, in which, by Silence led,
The wren hath wisely placed her mossy cell,
Shelter'd from storms, in courtly land so rife,
And nestles o'er her young, and warbles well.
'Tis here with Innocence in peaceful glen
I pass my blameless moments far from men;
Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

BAMPFYLD.

On Christmas.

WITH footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
 His brows inwreath'd with holly never sere,
 Old Christmas comes to close the waned year;
 And aye the shepherd's heart to make right glad;
 Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had,
 To blazing hearth repairs, and nut-brown beer,
 And views well pleased the ruddy prattlers dear
 Hug the gray mungrel; meanwhile maid and lad
 Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, Sire, we hail,
 Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
 In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
 Or wrapp'st thy visage in a sable cloud :
 Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail
 To greet thee, well with many a carol loud.

BAMPFYLDE.

Addressed to the Genius of a Rock.

UNSHAKEN Power ! that seest from upper air
 The various changes of the circling main,
 When vernal skies evoke the zephyr train;
 Or wintry gales their giant vans prepare ;
 Ah ! never from thy rocky throne refrain
 To make the stranded mariner thy care ;
 So lightnings aye thy forked summit spare,
 And waves assail thy steepy sides in vain !
 So skill'd in numerous song the Muse's lyre
 Still charm at closing eve the nereid quire
 With feet and voice responsive to the shell !
 So faery tapers chase the misty night,
 And dolphin-borne quaint Ariel's buxom sprite
 With wilder notes thy moonlight echo swell !

WARWICK.

Written during a heavy Storm at Sea.

THREE moons are pass'd, and quickly to decline
The fourth suspends her middle lamp in heaven,
Since stay'd by calms, by countering tempest
driven,

I cease to view the funeral show divine:
For this, my chief delight, I must resign,
Though many a dying groan my heart have given,
And many a soul devoted to the tomb;

The dread alarm to follow victims given.
Him too that, bending o'er the vessel's side,
With pensive eye surveys the sinking tide,

If mark'd as once some passion's future prey—
May distant love lament his costly decay?
The cot my windingsheet, the wave my tomb,
The passing gale my monumental lay!

WARREN.

Written at a small Country House in Cornwall.

IN these neglected walls a father's day
Serenely closed, unconscious of a stain,
Whom all unknown to fame's unequal strain
Reflection's sweeter voice did well repay.

Nor thou, his loved retreat, of fate complain,
Whose praise may last while prouder scenes decay,
Where native floods the painted arch disdain,
And pagod spires their shivering pomp display.
Nor had the plunder'd East her spoils resign'd,

And mimic Ganges through thy pastures roll'd,
Might haply peace have soothed the master's
Or late reflection lent his death a smile; [mind,
Nor could his weeping son the costly pile
With equal joy or gratitude behold.

WARREN.

To a friend.

FILL high the glass, nor lose in vain debate
(Alike to us whatever party sway)
The few, the fleeting hours assign'd by fate
To love and wine with social freedom gay:
Let Fox or Shelburne rule their little day;
Not ours, thank Heaven! to mend a crazy state,
Doom'd like ourselves to perish soon or late,
But when, dear Charles, let older statesmen say.
Thee sprightly Cloe's artless smiles provoke,
Whole from the spur, unconscious of the yoke,
And skittish still to every touch but thine—
Me three long months in silken bonds insnare
The starry tresses of Emilia's hair,
And snowy limbs of symmetry divine.

WARWICK.

On the Author's Birthday.

Now from the orient o'er the laughing earth
The sun obliquely darts his ruddy ray,
And in unclouded glory leads the day
That first auspicious dawn'd upon my birth:
Yet not with songs of joy and festive mirth
Can I this rising day salute, as they
Who, when they turn their actions to survey,
With every added year see added worth.
Me, as my noon of manhood hastens on,
Fierce and more fierce the heats of passion burn;
In vain with many a fleeting cloud o'ercast;
For soon the transitory gloom is gone, [turn,
And soon forth breaking bright those heats re-
Till the cool eve of westering age to last.

F. LAURENCE.

Written at ——— in Hampshire.

As Nature fondly view'd with conscious pride
This airy brow, with waving forests crown'd,
The' expanse of varied green and hills that bound
The rich domain, ' Mine be the praise,' she cried.
' Not thine alone, my sister,' Art replied :
 'I clothed in livelier green the various ground;
 And here with circling woods this brow embrown'd,
There spotted with thin shade yon mountain's side.'
' Yes,' Nature said, ' with thee that praise I share;
View then this beauty where alone I reign;
Where Art has added, and can add no grace.'
Her haughty rival with the' insulting air
Of mockery turn'd ; but when upon the plain
She saw Selina, blushing veil'd her face.

F. LAURENCE.

By Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd,
With Infancy's light step and glances wild,
And saw vast rocks, on steepy mountains piled,
Frown o'er the' umbrageous glen ; or pleased survey'd
The cloudy moonshine in the shadowy glade,
Romantic Nature to the' enthusiast child
Grew dearer far than when serene she smiled
In uncontrasted loveliness array'd.
But O! in every scene, with sacred sway,
Her graces fire me ; from the bloom that spreads
Resplendent in the lucid morn of May
To the green light the little glowworm sheds
On mossy banks, when midnight glooms prevail,
And softest silence broods o'er all the dale.

ANNA SEWARD.

Sweet to rove, from summer sunbeams veil'd,
 In gloomy dingles; or to trace the tide
 Of wandering brooks, their pebbly beds that
 chide;

Feel the west wind cool refreshment yield,
 It comes soft creeping o'er the flowery field
 And shadow'd waters; in whose bushy side
 The mountain bees their fragrant treasure hide
 Muring; and sings the lonely thrush con-
 n, Ceremony, in thy gilded halls, [ceal'd.
 When forced and frivolous the themes arise,
 With bow and smile unmeaning, O! how palls
 thee and thine my sense!—how oft it sighs
 or leisure, wood-lanes, dells, and waterfalls;
 It feels the' untemper'd heat of sultry skies!

ANNA SEWARD.

O child of Night and Silence, balmy Sleep,
 Shed thy soft poppies on my aching brow!
 And charm to rest the thoughts of whence or how
 Vanish'd that prized Affection, wont to keep
 In grief of mine from rankling into woe.
 When stern Misfortune from her bended bow
 Loosed the dire strings;—and Care and anxious
 Dread

From my cheer'd heart on sullen pinion fled.
 Now, the spell dissolved, the enchantress gone,
 Baseless those cruel fiends infest my day,
 And sunny hours but light them to their prey.
 A welcome, midnight shades, when thy wish'd
 Lay in oblivious dews my eyelids steep, [boon
 Thou child of Night and Silence, balmy Sleep!

ANNA SEWARD.

See wither'd Winter bending low his head,
 His ragged locks stiff with the hoary dew,
 His eyes, like frozen lakes, of livid hue;
 His train a sable cloud, with murky red
 Streaked.—Ah! behold his unknown breathings
 Petrific death! Lean, woeful birds pursue
 On as he swoops o'er the dim lonely moor,
 Amid the battling blasts of all the winds
 That, while their sleet the climbing sailor blith
 Lash the white surges to the sounding shore
 So comest thou, Winter, finally to doom
 The sinking year; and with thy ice-dropp'd dew
 Cypress and yew, engarland her pale tomb
 Her vanish'd hopes and aye departed days.

ANNA SEW.

Now on hills, rocks, and streams and vales
 plains
 Full looks the shining day.—Our gardens
 The gorgeous robes of the consummate year
 With laugh and shout and song, stout maids
 swains
 Heap high the fragrant hay, as through rough
 Rings the yet empty waggon.—See in air
 The pendent cherries, red with tempting
 Gleam through their boughs.—Summer,
 bright career
 Must slacken soon in Autumn's milder sway
 Then thy now heap'd and jocund meads shall
 Smooth, vacant—silent, through the' expanse
 As waves thy rival's golden fields, and gay
 Her reapers throng. She smiles, and bind
 sheaves,
 Then bends her parting step o'er fallen
 rustling leaves.

ANNA SEW.

To a friend.

SINCE dark December shrouds the transient day,
 And stormy winds are howling in their ire,
 Why comest not Thou, who always canst inspire
 The soul of cheerfulness, and best array
 A sullen hour in smiles?—O, haste to pay
 The cordial visit sullen hours require!—
 Around the circling walls a glowing fire
 Shines;—but it vainly shines in this delay
 To blend thy spirit's warm Promethean light.
 Come then, at Science and at Friendship's call,
 Their vow'd disciple;—come, for they invite!
 The social powers without thee languish all.
 Come, that I may not hear the winds of night,
 Nor count the heavy eave-drops as they fall.

ANNA SEWARD.

ON the fleet streams the sun, that late arose,
 In amber radiance plays;—the tall young grass
 No foot hath bruised—clear morning, as I pass,
 Breathes the pure gale that on the blossom blows;
 And, as with gold yon green hill's summit glows,
 The lake inlays the vale with molten glass.
 Now is the year's soft youth; yet me, alas!
 Cheers not as it was wont; impending woes
 Weigh on my heart! the joys that once were mine
 Spring leads not back; and those that yet remain
 Fade while she blooms.—Each hour more lovely
 shine
 Her crystal beams, and feed her floral train;
 But ah, with pale and waning fires decline
 Those eyes whose light my filial hopes sustain.

ANNA SEWARD.

ON the damp margin of the seabeat shore
Lonely at eve to wander ; or reclined
Beneath a rock, what time the rising wind
Mourns o'er the waters, and, with solemn roar,
Vast billows into caverns surging pour,
And back recede alternate ; while combined
Loud shriek the sea-fowls, harbingers assign'd,
Clamorous and fearful of the stormy hour ;
To listen with deep thought those awful sounds ;
Gaze on the boiling, the tumultuous waste,
Or promontory rude, or craggy mounds
Staying the furious main, delight has cast
O'er my rapt spirits, and my thrilling heart,
Dear as the softer joys green vales impart.

ANNA SEWARD.

To a Coffin Lid.

THOU silent door of our eternal sleep,
Sickness and pain, debility and woes,
All the dire train of ills existence knows
Thou shuttest out for ever !—Why then weep
This fix'd tranquillity,—so long !—so deep !
In a dear father's clay-cold form ?—where rose
No energy enlivening Health bestows,
Through many a tedious year that used to creep
In languid deprivation ; while the flame
Of intellect, resplendent once confess'd,
Dark, and more dark each passing day became.
Now that angelic lights the soul invest,
Calm let me yield to thee a joyless frame,
Thou silent door of everlasting Rest.

ANNA SEWARD.

DARK as the silent stream beneath the night,
 Thy funeral glides to Life's eternal home,
 Child of its narrow house!—how late the bloom,
 The facile smile, the soft eye's crystal light,
 Each grace of youth's gay morn that charms our
 sight [gloom,
 Play'd o'er that form! now sunk in death's cold
 Insensate! ghastly!—for the yawning tomb,
 Alas! fit inmate.—Thus we mourn the blight
 Of virgin beauty, and endowments rare
 In their glad hours of promise.—O! when age
 Drops, like the o'erblown faded rose, though dear
 Its long known worth, no stormy sorrows rage;
 But swell when we behold, unsoil'd by time,
 Youth's broken lily perish'd in its prime.

 ANNA SEWARD.

An Evening in May.

YE glittering stars of heaven's blue concave, hail!
 Ye ancient oaks, that lift your branches high
 In the dim twilight of the azure sky,
 Beneath whose arms I hear the nightingale
 Pour out her liquid notes across the vale;
 While mates from every half-leaf'd covert nigh
 In exquisitely varied notes reply!
 Thou faded hill, where bleating lambs bewail
 Their mothers lost! thou hedge, yet dimly seen,
 That skirt'st the meadow, whence the screechowl
 cries!
 Ye glancing lights, that oft by fits, between
 The opening branches, from the village rise!
 Hail, soul-composing scenes and harmonies,
 That raise the soul to heavenly ecstasies!

SIR E. BRYDGE.

P. 11
ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

Written at Wotton, in Kent.

scenes my melancholy soul that fill, [drown,
Where Nature's voice no crowds tumultuous
And but thro' breaks of trees, the lawn that crown,
The paths of men are seen; and farther still
The carce peeps the city spire o'er many a hill!
Your green retreats, lone walks, and shadows
brown, [frown,

While sheep feed round, beneath the branches
Shall calm my mind, and holy thoughts instill.
What though with passion oft my trembling frame
Each real and each fancied wrong inflame,
Wandering alone I here my thoughts reclaim;
Resentment sinks, Disgust within me dies;
And Charity and meek Forgiveness rise,
And melt my soul and overflow mine eyes.

SIR E. BRYDGE

On Dreams.

O GENTLE Sleep, come, wave thine opiate v
And with thy dewy fingers close mine eyes
Then shall freed Fancy from her cell arise
And elves and fairies dance in airy ring
Before her sight, and melting visions bring
Of virgin love, pure faith, and lonely
While on the passing gale soft music
And hands unseen awake the bliss me
Ye dreams, to me than waking bliss more
Love-breathing forms before my view
And fairy songs that charm my ravish'd
Let blackening cares my day wit
In smiling patience every wrong I'll be
While ye relieve me with your rise

SIR

THOUGH since my date of woe long years have roll'd,
 Darkness ne'er draws the curtains round my
 Nor orient morning opes her eyes of gold, [head,
 But grief pursues my walks or haunts my bed.
 Visions, in sleep, their tristful shapes unfold ;
 Show Misery living, Hope and Pleasure dead,
 Pale shrouded beauty, kisses faint and cold ;
 Or murmur words the parting angel said.
 Thoughts when awake their wonted trains renew ;
 With all their stings my tortured breast assail ;
 Her faded form now glides before my view ;
 Her plaintive voice now floats upon the gale.
 The hope how vain, that time should bring relief !
 Time does but deeper root a real grief.

SIR B. BOOTHBY.

DEATH ! thy cold hand the brightest flower has
 chill'd

That e'er suffused Love's cheek with rosy dyes ;
 Quench'd the soft radiance of the loveliest eyes,
 And accents, tuned to sweetest music, still'd ;
 The springing buds of hope and pleasure kill'd ;
 Joy's cheerful measures changed to doleful sighs ;
 Of fairest form and fairest mind the ties
 For ever rent in twain.—So heaven has will'd !
 Though in the bloom of health thy arrow fled,
 Sudden as sure ; long had prophetic dread
 Hung o'er my heart, and all my thoughts depress'd !
 Oft when in flowery wreaths I saw her dress'd,
 A beauteous victim seem'd to meet my eyes,
 To early fate a destined sacrifice.

SIR B. BOOTHBY.

At Cinemouth, after a tempestuous Bopage.

As slow I climb the cliffs' ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleased I look back and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore : and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,
And yon forsaken towers that Time has rent :—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep !
Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Nature's
breast
A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest ;
While sea-sounds lull her, and she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and as they mourn ex-
pire.

BOWLES.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill,
And wood, I think of those that have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led [haunts,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen ; and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales where the tired mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery ! [the while
Ah ! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile !

BOWLES.

At Ostend, landing.

THE orient beam illumines the parting oar—
 From yonder azure track, emerging white,
 The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
 And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore;
 Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
 Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmoved,
 Like one for ever torn from all he loved,
 Towards Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
 Where every pleasure seemed erewhile to dwell:
 Yet boots it not to think or to complain,
 Musing sad ditties to the reckless main:
 So dreams like these, adieu! the pealing bell
 Speaks of the hour that stays not—and the day
 To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

BOWLES.

On the River Rhine.

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
 (Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine)
 Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling
 Rhine
 We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
 In murmurs parted; varying as we go,
 Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
 Some convent's ancient walls or glistening spire
 'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.
 Here dark, with furrow'd aspect, like despair, [side
 Frowns the bleak cliff—there on the woodland's
 The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
 Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
 Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

BOWLES

At a Convent.

If chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
(His bosom glowing from majestic views, [hues])
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—
'Tis poor Matilda!—To the cloister'd scene,
A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
Toshed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle;—
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend,
Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
Now, far removed from every earthly ill,
Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

BOWLES.

On a Distant View of England.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
As thee, my country, and the long lost sight
Of thy own cliffs that lift their summits white
Above the wave, once more my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails!
Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave!
Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

BOWLES.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the lingering night, and heard
Heartless the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed ;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed with slow-ascending dews !
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head
In varying forms fantastic wander white ;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight.
With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing
incense steal !

BOWLES.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on each comb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flowers shall fringe the wild brink of the
stream,
As with the songs of joyance and of hope
The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle in the transient beam ;
The shrubs and laurels which I loved to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight
With many a peaceful charm thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the
sight !
But I shall mark their hues with sickening eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies !

BOWLES.

To Spring.

AGAIN the wood and long withdrawing vale
In many a tint of tender green are dressed,
Where the young leaves, unfolding, scarce conceal
Beneath their early shade the half-form'd nest
Of finch or woodlark, and the primrose pale
And lavish cowslip, wildly scatter'd round,
Give their sweet spirits to the sighing gale.
Ah! season of delight!—could aught be found
To soothe awhile the tortured bosom's pain,
Of Sorrow's rankling shaft to cure the wound,
And bring life's first delusions once again,
'Twere surely met in thee!—thy prospects fair,
Thy sounds of harmony, thy balmy air
Have power to cure all sadness—but despair.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Supposed to be Written by Walter.

WHY should I wish to hold in this low sphere
'A frail and feverish being?' Wherefore try
Poorly from day to day to linger here,
Against the powerful hand of destiny?
By those who know the force of hopeless care
On the worn heart—I sure shall be forgiven,
If, to elude dark guilt and dire despair,
I go uncall'd—to mercy and to Heaven!
O thou! to save whose peace I now depart,
Will thy soft mind thy poor lost friend deplore,
When worms shall feed on this devoted heart,
Where even thy image shall be found no more?
Yet may thy pity mingle not with pain,
For then thy hapless lover—dies in vain!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

To Melancholy, written on the Banks of the Arun.

WHEN latest Autumn spreads her evening veil,
And the gray mists from these dim waves arise,
I love to listen to the hollow sighs, [gale :
Through the half-leafless wood, that breathes the
For at such hours the shadowy phantom pale
Oft seems to fleet before the poet's eyes ; [dies,
Strange sounds are heard, and mournful melo-
As of night-wanderers, who their woes bewail !
Here by his native stream, at such an hour,
Pity's own Otway I methinks could meet,
And hear his deep sighs swell the saddened
O Melancholy !—such thy magic power, [wind !
That to the soul these dreams are often sweet,
And soothe the pensive visionary mind !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

FAR on the sands the low retiring tide
In distant murmurs hardly seems to flow ;
And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,
The sighing summer wind forgets to blow.
As sinks the daystar in the rosy west,
The silent wave with rich reflection glows :
Alas ! can tranquil nature give me rest,
Or scenes of beauty soothe me to repose ?
Can the soft lustre of the sleeping main,
Yon radiant heaven, or all-creation's charms,
' Erase the written troubles of the brain,'
Which memory tortures, and which guilt alarms ?
Or bid a bosom transient quiet prove,
That bleeds with vain remorse and unextinguished
love?

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Supposed to be written near the Grave of a Lady.

O THOU ! who sleep'st where hazle-bands entwine
The vernal grass, with paler violets dress'd ;
I would, sweet maid ! thy humble bed were mine,
And mine thy calm and enviable rest.
For never more by human ills oppress'd
Shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :

Thou canst not now thy fondest hopes resign
Even in the hour that should have made thee bless'd.
Light lies the turf upon thy virgin breast ;
And lingering here, to love and sorrow true,
The youth who once thy simple heart possess'd
Shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;
While still for him shall faithful memory save
Thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Supposed to have been written in the Hebrides.

On this lone island, whose unfruitful breast
Feeds but the Summer shepherd's little flock
With scanty herbage from the half-clothed rock,
Where ospreys, cormorants, and seamews rest ;
Even in a scene so desolate and rude
I could with thee for months and years be bless'd ;
And of thy tenderness and love possess'd,
Find all my world in this wild solitude !
When summer suns these northern seas illumine,
With thee admire the light's reflected charms,
And when drear winterspreads his cheerless gloom,
Still find Elysium in thy sheltering arms :
For thou to me canst sovereign bliss impart,
Thy mind my empire—and my throne thy heart.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

On passing by Moonlight through a Village.

WHILE thus I wander, cheerless and unblest'd,
 And find in change of place but change of pain,
 In tranquil sleep the village labourers rest,
 And taste that quiet I pursue in vain!
 Hushed is the hamlet now, and faintly gleam
 The dying embers from the casement low
 Of the thatch'd cottage; while the moon's wan beam
 Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow—
 O'er the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
 Scarce heeding whither, desolate I stray;
 For me, pale eye of evening, thy soft light
 Leads to no happy home; my weary way
 Ends but in sad vicissitudes of care:
 I only fly from doubt—to meet despair!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Written in a tempestuous Night.

THE night-flood rakes upon the stony shore;
 Along the rugged cliffs and chalky caves
 Mourns the hoarse ocean, seeming to deplore
 All that are buried in his restless waves—
 Mined by corrosive tides, the hollow rock
 Falls prone; and, rushing from its turfy height,
 Shakes the broad beach with long-resounding shock
 Loud thundering on the ear of sullen night;
 Above the desolate and stormy deep
 Gleams the wan moon, by floating mist oppress'd;
 Yet here, while youth and health and labour sleep,
 Alone I wander—calm untroubled rest, [breast,
 'Nature's soft nurse,' deserts the sigh-swoln
 And shuns the eyes that only wake to weep!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The Winter Night.

'SLEEP, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,'
Forsakes me, while the chill and sullen blast,
As my sad soul recalls its sorrows past,
Seems like a summons bidding me prepare
For the last sleep of death—murmuring I hear
The hollow wind around the ancient towers,
While night and silence reign, and cold and drear
The darkest gloom of middle winter lours;
But wherefore fear existence such as mine,
To change for long and undisturb'd repose?
Ah! when this suffering being I resign,
And o'er my miseries the tomb shall close,
By her, whose loss in anguish I deplore,
I shall be laid, and feel that loss no more!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Snowdrops.

WAN heralds of the sun and summer gale!
That seem just fallen from infant Zephyr's wing!
Not now, as once, with heart revived I hail
Your modest buds, that for the brow of spring
Form the first simple garland.—Now no more,
Escaping for a moment all my cares,
Shall I with pensive silent step explore
The woods yet leafless; where to chilling airs
Your green and pencil'd blossoms trembling wave.
Ah! ye soft transient children of the ground,
More fair was she on whose untimely grave
Flow my unceasing tears! Their varied round
The seasons go; while I through all repine:
For fix'd regret and hopeless grief are mine.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

To the Shade of Burns.

MUTE is thy wild harp, now, O bard sublime!
Who, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great Nature taught to 'build the lofty rhyme,'
And, even beneath the daily pressure rude
Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood
Fired with the love of freedom—Not subdued
Wert thou by thy low fortune: But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing parasite is best approved,
Was not for thee—Indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit; and, no longer moved
By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them 'the liberty it loved.'

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

WEARY and faint, methought the cooling air
Of fragrant eve I breathed in silent spot,
When, lo! to sight appear'd the fatal fair
Now long unseen, but never yet forgot.
Timid her steps, her looks forgiveness pray'd,
Her heavenly eyesshone through repentant tears;
And, 'O my friend!' with tenderest voice she said,
'Still must resentment gloom life's fairest years?
Ah! think how oft are mortals snared by guile;
Perfection dwells but in the realms of bliss.'
Blushing she bent, and, with an angel's smile,
Seal'd on my lips the reconciling kiss.
I press'd her to my heart with joy supreme—
And waked, alas! to mourn my bliss a dream

R. A. DAVE

To Miss Gifford.

MARY! 'tis sweet, from all the giddy throng
Retired, 'at eve, when all the woods are still,'
To hear the lone and plaintive warbler trill,
By melody inspired, the liquid song :
'Tis sweet, reclined the woodland shades among,
To list, from Eol's lyre, the tones that fill
The breast with tenderness, or wildly thrill,
As zephyr breathes the magic chords along.
But sweeter than to hear the nightbird singing,
When peace reposes on the moonlight plain ;
Or tones from airy lyre of Eol ringing, .
In bonds of harmony the soul that chain ;
O, sweeter far, diviner pleasure bringing,
To hear thee, Mary, pour thy heavenly strain.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

To the fairies.

O! LISTEN to my prayer, ye elfin train,
Who issuing from your cells at this lone hour,
With printless footsteps on the silent plain,
Beneath some ivied, overhanging tower,
Inmeasured cadence round the dewhung flower,
Dance to your tiny lute's melodious strain :
To you, ye fairy people, I complain,
For well I ween ye know the hidden power
Of every herb that grows in dell or bower,
Or on the margent of the murmuring stream:
Say is there aught can heal the sad heart's pain?
O, make it mine—and may the moon's mild beam
Shine on your sportive revels all the year,
Nor e'er unhallow'd step invade your haunts so
dear!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

To a fading flower.

POOR luckless flower, why languid droops thy
 Why do thy late warm tints begin to fail? [head?
 And that sweet fragrance which perfumed the
 Why is it now for ever from thee fled? [vale,
 Say, dost thou mourn that from thy native bed
 Untimely pluck'd thou shalt no more inhale
 The sun's warm ray, the renovating gale,
 And to the bee thy treasured nectar spread?
 Alas! like thee from tranquil pleasure torn,
 And doom'd no more Hope's sunny smile to know,
 Those faded hours of bliss I sadly mourn,
 For which, though vain, Regret's fond tear will flow.
 Thou happy diest. I, by pale anguish worn,
 Unwilling live to feel protracted woe.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

On the Approach of Spring.

Lo! from their beds the timid flowers are peeping,
 To drink the sun's revivifying ray;
 The gladden'd birds begin to carol gay;
 The weary tempest idly now is sleeping: [ing
 O'er the sedged brook young zephyr softly creep-
 Forms many a dimple in his wanton play;
 The trees are budding forth their new array—
 'et lorn I rove, my eyes are dim with weeping.
 I cannot joyous hail the sun bright shining;
 'be budding trees, the mildly breathing air;
 The merry birds their melodies combining;
 'r I am sad, the victim of despair—
 Say, heeds the captive in his cell reclining,
 'ether the passing day be foul or fair?

R. A. DAVENPORT.

To Zephyr.

SOFT breathing Zephyr, in some lonely dell,
Where slowly winds the limpid stream its way,
Hid by the oak's broad shade from prying day,
Dost thou delight, alone, remote, to dwell?
Or rather where the mountain's lofty van
Frowns on the vale below, say dost thou fly,
And with thy silky wings each floret fan,
That blooms unseen by any mortal eye?
From dell remote, where strays the mazy stream,
Or where on airy cliff the lone buds spring,
Haste! to my languid frame thy breezes bring,
Unnerved I faint beneath the sun's fierce beam:
While in my bosom a still fiercer fire
Consuming preys, with life alone to' expire.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

To the Butterfly.

CHILD of the vernal sun! with spangled wing
Thou sportest lightly on the scented gale:
Thee no conflicting passions rude assail;
But wandering wild, in many an airy ring,
Around the blooming children of the spring—
The blushing rose, or lily purest pale,
That, as mild Zephyr steals along the vale,
On his light plumes their blended fragrance fling—
Careless, unpain'd, of life thy little hour
Flits gaily! ah! that I like thee might know
Such sweet exemption from heart-rending woe;
Like thee, unhurt by love's or fortune's power,
In airy circles round each blossom fly;
Then, chill'd by winter, unrepining die!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

To Twilight.

MEEK matron, Twilight! at thy silent hour,
When slow, as loath to part, in western skies
The last fine streak of glowing crimson dies,
And Vesper hastes to lead his starry power;
When the bright dewdrop on each closing flower
Trembles, as soft the lulling zephyr sighs,
And the dull bat on uncouth pinions flies
In frequent circles round his lonely tower;
Ah, then, full dearly do I love to stray
Far from the giddy rout of Comus jolly;
With folded arms alone to bend my way,
Free from the hated din of empty Folly, [gray,
Through some faint rustling grove or cloister
Lost in the musing sweet of sainted Melancholy.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

To Winter.

LET happy mortals love the gaudy blooms
That deck the bosom of the laughing Spring,
And, fann'd by her warm breath, profusely fling
To the young gale their delicate perfumes;—
Stern rugged Winter, thy congenial glooms
A mournful pleasure to that bosom bring
Where pale Despondence spreads her lurid wing,
Which Fate severe to ceaseless sorrow dooms.
It loves, than all the vernal pride far more,
Thy storms wild-howling through the forest bare;
Thy driving snows the plains that mantle o'er;
Thy chilling mists that dim the burden'd air:
Then Nature seems her sorrows to deplore,
And, sympathetic, feel the soul's despair.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SWEET birds, who dwell beneath this grove's thick shade,

I come, depress'd and weigh'd to earth by wrong,
Unheard by all the sickening, soulless throng,
To mourn vain hopes and love but ill repaid.
Blithe minstrels, now no guileful feet invade
Your haunts, then fly not as I rove along,
But rather kindly strive with charming song
To give my throbbing heart some little aid!
Sing on, sweet birds, nor fear from me annoy;

Your nests I harm not, nor your offspring steal:
Not mine the gloomy pleasure to destroy.

He who, by change of giddy Fortune's wheel,
Has seen himself of many a cherish'd joy
Rudely bereft, for all that lives can feel.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

Written at Midnight.

YE disembodied spirits, who have pass'd
Of this dim earth the feverish turmoil;
If, not in inner heaven enthroned—awhile
Ye wander, viewless, through the starry vast,
And pitying see, by changeful Passion's blast
Rude tempested, or wrung by force or guile,
The feeble dwellers on this thorny soil,
Till friendly Death the conflict end at last;
Tell, if ye may, what cares, what pleasures wait
The' ethereal essence from encumbering dust
Released, to seek on high its destined state:
Vain wish! ye hear not, or the Ever-just
Forbids the wondrous story to relate;
Peace then, my soul! adore and humbly trust!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

How oft, when others rest in sleep profound,
I wake,—to years gone by while Memory flies,
And muses there, till all the present dies,
And all the past revives, and lives around.
Then, bursting from its dark and narrow bound,
For one brief moment to my wondering eyes
Thy form, my buried friend! appears to rise,
With all its soft and breathing beauty crown'd.
Thy heavenly accents once again I hear!
I catch thy smile, thy blushes' orient glow!
Thick beats my heart: the vision fades: the tear
Of bliss with anguish mix'd begins to flow.
O melancholy joy! yet O more dear
Than all that power or grandeur could bestow.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

Does Fancy cheat me? or, from heaven descending,
When throbs my lonely heart with grief severe,
Dost thou, indeed, O friend beloved! appear?
Still, as in life, thy gentle succour lending!
For, sure, on me their azure splendour bending,
I see those eyes, dimm'd with the pitying tear,
And soft thou whisperest to my charmed ear
Thy strains of hope, the pang' of woe suspending!
Can this be Fancy! I remember well
The balmy smile, the cheek's divine suffusion,
The tones that like Eolian music fell!
Yet O! if Fancy form the bright delusion,
In this sad breast for ever may she dwell,
Unscared away by Reason's cold intrusion.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

On the Death of Colonel Schill, 1809.

BRIEF was thy course, brave Schill! but dazzling
blaze

O'er that brief course the star of glory shed:
'Twas thine for fetter'd realms the sword to raise;
And dare a foe who smote those realms with
dread:

'Twas thine, at honour and at freedom's call,
To scorn of danger and of death the frown;
'Twas thine awhile to triumph o'er the Gaul,
And nurse the dreams of conquest and renown!
Nor wert thou doom'd those visions to resign:
Ere hope expired, to press the field was thine;
Nor hear the taunt nor wear the chain of foes.
Bless'd was thy fate! who would not rather own
The few and glowing hours which thou hast known
Than long and languid years of indolent repose?

R. A. DAVENPORT.

On the allied Armies approaching Paris, 1814.

With gorgeous spoils of conquer'd nations crown'd,
Imperial city! still didst thou the cries
Of Nature, Justice, Freedom, Truth, despise:
At length thy crimes have reach'd their final bound!
From ruin'd fanes, polluted altars round,
The murmurs deep of accusation rise;
And loud for vengeance to the listening skies
The voice of innocent blood calls from the ground.
And therefore pass'd are thy triumphant hours,
Proud city! long in guilty glory nursed:
Woe to thee, Paris! Woe! tremendous hours
The storm of heavenly anger, soon to burst:
Destruction's angel hovers o'er thy towers,
Thou second Sodom, darker than the first!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

Inscription for the Tomb of Porlier.

ART thou a slave? Thou base of heart, retire!
 Go, lick the dust! go, hug the despot's chain!
 Nor let thy steps this hallow'd earth profane,
 That threatens thy dastard lord with omens dire.
 But dost thou thralldom spurn? does patriot fire
 Rush with a thrilling power through every vein?
 Then pause, and, pouring forth the' indignant
 Call on the tyrant's head celestial ire. [strain,
 No common cause thy grief and wrath demands:
 This tomb enshrined no common relic keeps.
 Lifting to heaven her supplicating hands,
 Her martyr'd son here pallid Freedom weeps!
 And, sternly musing, Valour guardian stands,
 With spotless Honour join'd:—Here Porlier
 sleeps!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

CHAIN'd eagle! that upon yon rock alone
 Dost sit, with desolate heart, and turn thy gaze
 To realms where once the more than solar blaze
 Of Glory's orb around thy path was thrown;
 For ever pent within that narrow zone,
 While torturing Memory on thy bosom preys,
 Shalt thou no more thy daring pinions raise
 To heights sublime, by vulgar wing unknown?
 Alas! imperial bird, hadst thou but reign'd
 Monarch, not tyrant, never had this doom
 Been thine, from light and liberty restrain'd,
 To mourn with drooping beak and shatter'd
 plume, [dain'd,
 While those, whom erst thy towering pride dis-
 Vultures and pies and crows the' aerial sway
 assume!

R. A. DAVENPORT.

On a blighted Rose-bud.

SCARCE had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
 And Nature hail'd thee infant queen of May,
 Scarce saw thine opening bloom the sun's broad
 And to the air thy tender fragrance threw; [ray,
 When the north wind enamour'd of thee grew,
 And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay.
 Now droops thine head, now fades thy blushing hue;
 No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.
 So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy,
 Her mind array'd in Innocency's vest;
 When, suddenly, impatient to destroy,
 Death clasps the virgin to his icy breast.
 She fades—the parent, sister, friend deplore
 The charms and budding virtues now no more!

MISS C. SYMMONS.

On the Death of Miss Caroline Symmons.

O! WHAT a length of days indulged to me
 Who little have employ'd the boon of Time!
 While thee Death cropp'd in thy first dawn of
 prime,

Sweet and hope-breathing flower! How ill agree
 Such hopes, such early fate!—But no:—to Thee
 Expands the beauty of a purer clime;

The' eternal radiance of that bless'd sublime
 Which tenderest Innocence may happiest see.

And such the will of Heaven. Nor could it speak
 More clearly to mankind. That loveliest bloom,

That morn of promise which began to break,
 Closed in the dreary darkness of the tomb,
 Proclaim—'Look, mortals, to that world on high,
 Where Sweetness, Genius, Goodness cannot die.'

CAPEL LOTT.

Sappho to Phaon.

Is it to love—to fix the tender gaze,
 To hide the timid blush and steal away,
 To shun the busy world and waste the day
 In some rude mountain's solitary maze?
 Is it to chant one name in ceaseless lays,
 To hear no words that other tongues can say,
 To watch the pale moon's melancholy ray,
 To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?
 Is it to pour the' involuntary sigh,
 To dream of bliss and wake new pangs to prove,
 To talk in fancy with the speaking eye,
 Then start in jealousy and wildly rove?
 Is it to loathe the light, and wish to die?
 For these I feel:—and feel that they are love.

MRS. ROBINSON.

Sappho to Phaon.

CANST thou forget, O idol of my soul,
 Thy Sappho's voice, her form, her dulcet lyre,
 That, melting every thought to fond desire,
 Bade sweet delirium o'er thy senses roll?
 Canst thou so soon renounce the bless'd control
 That calm'd with Pity's tears love's raging fire,
 While Hope, slow breathing on the trembling wire,
 On every note with soft persuasion stole?
 O sovereign of my heart, return, return!
 For me no springs appear; no summers bloom;
 No sunbeams glitter, and no altars burn:
 The mind's dark winter of eternal gloom
 Shows, midst the waste, a solitary urn,
 A blighted laurel, and a mouldering tomb.

MRS. ROBINSON.

To Expression.

EXPRESSION, child of soul, I fondly trace
Thy strong enchantments when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil catch thy sacred fire,
And beauty wakes for thee her touching grace.
But from this frightened glance thy form avert
When horrors check thy tear, thy struggling sigh;
When Frenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Or Guilt sits heavy on thy labouring heart.
Nor ever let my shuddering fancy hear
The wasting groan or view the pallid look
Of him the Muses loved: when Hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear. [breast
For charm'd with heavenly song this bleeding
Mourns that the power of verse could give despair
no rest. H. MARIA WILLIAMS.

To the Terr'd Zone.

PATHWAY of Light! o'er thy empurpled zone
With lavish charms perennial summer strays,
Soft mid thy spicy groves the zephyr plays,
While far around the rich perfumes are thrown!
The Amadavid bird for thee alone
Spreads his gay plumes that catch thy vivid rays:
For thee the gems with liquid lustre blaze;
And Nature's various wealth is all thine own!
But ah, not thine is twilight's doubtful gloom;
Those mild gradations mingling day with night!
Here instant darkness shrouds thy genial bloom;
Nor leaves my pensive soul that lingering light,
When musing Memory would each trace resume
Of fading pleasures in successive flight.
H. MARIA WILLIAMS.

To the Curlew.

SOOTHED by the murmurs on the seabeat shore,
His dun gray plumage floating to the gale,
The curlew blends his melancholy wail
With those hoarse sounds the rushing waters pour.
Like thee, congenial bird, my steps explore
The bleak lone seabeach or the rocky dale;
And shun the orange bower, the myrtle vale,
Whose gay luxuriance suits my soul no more.
I love the ocean's broad expanse, when dress'd
In limpid clearness; or when tempests blow:
When the smooth currents on its placid breast
Flow calm, as my past moments used to flow;
Or when its troubled waves refuse to rest,
And seem the symbols of my present woe.

H. MARIA WILLIAMS.

Now gleam the clouded host of stars! and now
The vestal Dian, with her lamp of light
Veiled in mists, above the mountain's brow
Glides through the shadowy sky, and gilds the
night:
Here, where the desert moor, the water still,
In deepest gloom are stretch'd; and dim and far
The hamlet rests in sleep; what fancies fill
This lonely heart, and heavenly musings mar!
Ah! now perhaps, amid yon peaceful scene,
Death's noiseless sithe some blooming youth
destroys!
Or Sorrow, o'er wan embers, weeps past joys!
Or houseless Hunger faints and groans between;
Or Murder, o'er some corpse, with bloody hands,
Harkening its last dread cry, tremendous

THROUGH balmy groves the young Favonius rushes,
Parting with wanton wing their foliage light;
Beneath Sol's gaze awakening Flora blushes,
And binds her radiant hair with wreaths as
bright: [flushes,
Spring's sweetest breath the cheek of Nature
While Love's own minstrel woos the pitying
Night;
At that bless'd sound the spheres' soft music hushes;
They bend entranced to hear from heaven's steep
height.
How fair the scene, if to my bosom's measure
Some dear companion's breast responsive beat!
If they now far away but shared my treasure
Of wanderings wide and wild, and feelings
But ah, I lonely rove: and lonely pleasure [sweet!
Suits not a heart of social thoughts the seat!

————— A. MARIA PORTER.

Written in the Spring.

WHILST fresh and green the trees around me sway,
And cheerful zephyr pipes their glades among,
Whilst the bright moon, like bashful bride of day,
With silver feet walketh the heavens along—
O nightingale! thy melancholy song
I hear, and wonder why so sad a lay
Still waits not on the passing year's decay,
When scatter'd leaves the lonely valleys throng.
Why, gentle bird! in April's spangled woods,
On primrose banks, pour'st thou melodious tears,
When beds of faded boughs and wither'd buds
Neglected Autumn's cold and moist hand rears?
She o'er thy heavy griefs would weep in floods,
While the gay Spring insulting them appears.

A. MARIA PORTER.

FAIR art thou, Scotia! the swift mountain stream
 Dashes with deafening roar and whitening spray
 From thy brown hills, where eagles seek their
 Or soar undazzled in the solar beam. [prey,
 But dearer far to me, be thou my theme,
 My native Hampshire; thy sweet valleys gay,
 Trees, spires, and cots, that in the brilliant ray
 Confusedly glitter like a morning dream.
 And thou, fair forest, lovely in thy shades;
 Thy oaks majestic o'er the billows pale [glades,
 High spreading their green arms; or the deep
 Where the dark holly, arm'd with prickly mail,
 Shelters the yellow fern and tufted blades,
 That sigh responsive to the sighing gale.

 MISS MITFORD.

To Burns.

BURNS! not the fairy songster's painted wings,
 Shaking from fiery plumes Columbian dew,
 Can match the changeful splendour of thy Muse.
 Now melting Tenderness resistless flings
 Delightful sorrow; now quick-flashing springs
 The patriot glow; now Wit the smile renews;
 Now Love with Fancy blends his gayest hues,
 And Reason's self lies captive whilst he sings.
 Idol and victim of a heartless train,
 Bold was thy rhyme, impetuous, sparkling, clear;
 Not Ariosto's, no, nor Shakspeare's strain
 Could sooner raise or sooner quell the tear:
 One only tear thy magic cannot chain,—
 Burns! Burns! for thee it falls, thee on thy bier.

MISS MITFORD.

To the River Otter.

DEAR native brook! wild streamlet of the west!
How many various-fated years have pass'd,
What happy and what mournful hours since last
I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! yet so deep impress'd
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows gray
And bedded sand that, vein'd with various dyes,
Gleam'd through thy bright transparence! On
my way,
Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs.
Ah! that once more I were a careless child!

COLERIDGE.

To the Evening Rainbow.

MILD arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile,
Flashing brief splendour thro' the skies awhile,
Then deepen'd dark anon, and fell in rain.
But pleasant is it now to pause, and view
Thy changeful tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

SOUTHEY.

The Slave.

OH, he is worn with toil ! the big drops run
Down his dark cheek : hold, hold thy merciless
hand,

Pale tyrant ! for beneath thy hard command
O'erwearied Nature sinks. The scorching sun,
As pitiless as proud Prosperity,

Darts on him his full beams ; gasping he lies
Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,
While that inhuman trader lifts on high
The mangling scourge. Oh, ye who at your ease
Sip the blood-sweeten'd beverage ! thoughts like
these

Haply ye scorn : I thank thee, gracious God !

That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A sable brother writhes in silent woe.

SOUTHEY.

FAIR is the rising morn, when o'er the sky

The orient Sun expands his roseate ray ;
And lovely to the bard's enthusiast eye

Fades the meek radiance of departing day.
But fairer is the smile of one we love

Than all the scenes in Nature's ample sway ;
And sweeter than the music of the grove
The voice that bids us welcome. Such delight,
Edith, is mine—escaping to thy sight

From the hard durance of the empty throng.
Too swiftly then towards the silent night,

Ye hours of happiness, ye speed along :
While I, from all the world's cold cares apart,
Pour out the feelings of my burden'd heart,

TO OLD WINTER.

A WRINKLED crabbed man they picture thee,
 Old Winter; with a rugged beard as gray
 As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
 Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
 (Blue lipp'd, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose),
 Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snow!
 They should have drawn thee by the high-hear'd
 hearth,

Old Winter! seated in thy great-arm'd chair,
 Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
 Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
 Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
 Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night;
 Pausing at times to move the languid fire;
 Or taste the Old October, brown and bright.

SOUTHEY.

YOUTH! as thou read'st some celebrated page,
 Where fancy all her charming powers display'd,
 Hast thou not cursed thy star with impious rage
 That sunk thee a dull cipher in the shade?
 Ah! fairer far thy calm inglorious lot,
 Sweeter, though uninspired, thy leaden sleep,
 And, though by Fame's obstreperous trump forgot,
 On thy green turf each neighbouring swain will
 weep.

He who those polish'd lines so well could form
 Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child;
 Now, earth-enamour'd, groveling with the worm,
 Now, seraph-plumed, 'mid ether wandering wild
 From his lone grave the traveller turns aside;
 Youth! by his own red hand thy envied favourit
 died.

T. DERMODY.

Al, cease to grieve!—what though thy lonely home
Boast not the storied hall or roof high wrought;
What though no Parian column richly fraught
Rear her bold head beneath the swelling dome?
This be thy lot—beneath yon aged oak,
Nigh the green valley and the murmuring rill,
Where the cliff beetles and where towers the hill,
Where the wood darkens shall thy cottage smoke.
There, fired to rapture, shalt thou fold the fair,
Shalt drink the breathings of her secret sigh;
As flung on ether floats her golden hair,
And wildly wanton rolls her azure eye.
Eve and the hours of bliss shall Friendship share,
Nor shall the Muse thy modest mansion fly.

DR. DRAKE.

To the Nightingale.

MELODIOUS Philomela! pleased I hear
In the lone woods thy love-resounding lay,
Where the world's din, like thunder from afar,
Just mutters in the wind, and dies away.
Known to a few loved friends these shades among,
Close treasured from the noisy crowd, like thee,
I'd chant the rural or the moral song,
In native wood-notes warbling wild and free.
Heaven never form'd me for the world's affairs,
Too much a foe to all its strife and cares,
Content with little in obscure repose.
To life's high storm-vex'd top let others rise;
Low in the vale my lot more safely lies,
Nor heeds which way the raging tempest blows.

ALMIGHTY Gold ! whose magic charms dispense
Worth to the worthless, to the graceless grace,
To cowards valour, and to blockheads sense,
And to the wither'd maid a Hebe's face.
Poor Love exiled, thou sitt'st on Hymen's throne;
Thou rulest the court, the senate, and the bar;
And though the church thy Deity disown,
Some whisper thou hast priest and altar there.
All human charities, all laws divine
Deluded mortals offer at thy shrine ;
O thou supreme, like Fate, to kill or save !
To thy vast empire what is wanting more ?
' Nought,' sighs Avaro, ' had it but the power
To silence conscience, and to bribe the grave.'

REV. H. MOORE.

To a Friend.

Too fond the world's applause to gain,
Say, will the purchase quit the cost ?
What you with endless toil obtain
May in a moment all be lost.
Fame oft is like a vernal flower,
Which sheds awhile a sweet perfume,
But time may shake it from its bower,
Or envy blast the blushing bloom.
But, friend ! the glory that proceeds
From noble aims, from generous deeds,
Will ever flourish fresh and fair
In the bright gardens of the sky ;
Old Time can never enter there,
And Envy cannot soar so high.

REV. H. MOORE.

As thus oppress'd with many a heavy care
 (Though young yet sorrowful), I turn my feet
 To the dark woodland,—longing much to greet
The form of Peace, if chance she sojourns there,—
Deep thought and dismal, verging to despair,
 Fills my sad breast: and tired with this vain coil
 I shrink dismay'd before life's upland toil,
And as amid the leaves the evening air
 Whispers still melody, I think, ere long,
When I no more can hear, these woods will speak!
And then a sad smile plays upon my cheek,
 And mournful phantasies upon me throng:
And I do think with a most strange delight
On the calm slumbers of the dead man's night.

H. K. WHITE.

To Consumption.

GENTLY, most gently on thy victim's head,
 Consumption, lay thine hand! Let me decay
 Like the expiring lamp, unseen, away,
And softly go to slumber with the dead!
And if 'tis true what holy men have said
 That strains angelic oft foretell the day
 Of death to those good men who fall thy prey,
O, let the' aerial music round my bed
Dissolving slow in dying symphony
 Whisper the solemn warning to my ear:
That I may bid my weeping friends good bye
 Ere I depart upon my journey drear;
And, smiling faintly on the painful past,
Compose my decent head, and breathe my last.

H. K. WHITE.

On the Death of Henry Kirke White.

MASTER so early of the various lyre,
‘Energic, pure, sublime!’ Thus art thou gone,
In its bright dawn of fame that spirit flown
Which breathed such sweetness, tenderness, and
Wert thou but shown to win us to admire [fire!
And veil in death thy splendour?—But unknown
Their destination who least time have shone
And brightest beam’d! When these the’Eternal Sire
—Righteous and wise and good are all his ways—
Eclipses, as their sun begins to rise,
Can mortal judge, for their diminished days
What bless’d equivalent in changeless skies,
What sacred glory waits them? His the praise:
Gracious, whate’er he gives; whate’er denies.

CAPEL LOFT.

SWIFT flew the bounding bark along the tide,
Whose emerald waters flash’d in snowy spray
Beneath the keel; the seabirds that beside
Now rose, now fell, o’er the deep ocean way
Still floated with our course: the sun from high
Shone sparkling in blue ether, and the gale,
That with fresh breath came whispering pleasantly,
Swell’d full the swanlike bosom of the sail:
But oh! when, skirting the round seas, the shore
Of ancient liberty emerged to view;
That scenery calm and beautiful no more
Was heeded; but so strong impatience grew
In every limb, methought the deck moved slow,
And the reluctant wind had ceased to blow.

C. A. ELTON.

BENEATH these beetling cliffs, from age to age
 Immovable, whose ramparts have withstood
 The thunder's shivering stroke, and the white rage
 Of ocean, rolling its incessant flood,
 I sit; and on the verge of azure sky
 Trace the far sail; or mark the seagull glide
 Above the shadow'd sands; or tranquilly [tide:
 Watch the slow breeze rippling the dark blue
 Here man is then himself: I feel thee now,
 Exalting Independence! who could rest
 Beneath this giant rock's o'ervaulting brow,
 Lengthening in shadow on the billow's breast;
 Could gaze yon boundless amplitude of sea,
 Yon marble space of air, and not be free?

C. A. ELTON.

BLESS'D be the Spring's return: for as I pass
 These hedge-rows, where the verdure-budding
 gem
 Studs the brown spray, and under tufts of grass
 The primrose, sweetly pallid, clothes the stem,
 Sensation keenly feels the balmy power
 Gladdening the pulse of life: there is no tree
 Whose gradual greenness tips the boughs, nor
 flower
 Whose bell the dewdrop holds, but yields to me
 Anticipated joy: oh heavenly sweet
 Illusion! that the blank world-wearied breast
 Can for a moment from itself retreat
 To outward pleasantness, and be at rest!
 A fresh existence from the sunny air
 Steals through the brighten'd eyes, for hope is
 there.

C. A. ELTON.

LATELY at afternoon, the sun hot-shining,
Flush'd with the grape, and in poetics deep;
On a soft sofa carelessly reclining,
Tuning new sonnets, lo! I dropp'd asleep.
Through the vine-bower'd windows then inclining,
My mistress from the garden chanced to peep;
And left her lilies with the heat repining,
On tiptoe to my cool recess to creep.
She read the verse for her sweet self intended:
We must, indeed, she said, those lips salute,
Which blushing do use such modest suit,
That maiden meekness cannot be offended:
She kiss'd, I waked—how eloquently mute
Her eyes, her blushes the sweet fault defended.
LEFTLY.

To MR. Lovell, Esq. singing to Purcell's Music.

WHILE my young cheek retains its youthful hues
And I have many friends who hold me dear,
Lovell, methinks I would not often hear
Such melodies as thine; lest I should lose
All memory of the wrongs and sore distress
For which my miserable brethren weep.
But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
My daily bread in tears and bitterness;
And if at Death's dread moment I should lie
With no beloved face by my bed-side
To fix the last glance of my closing eye;
O God, such strains breathed by my angel-guide
Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
Mix with the bless'd, nor know that I had died.

ANONYMOUS.

MALVERN, thy beetling cliffs, that pierce the cloud,
 Majestic rise. With patient step and slow
 We mount, and shudder at the gulf below.
 Full on the sight romantic visions crowd;
 Knoll above knoll uprears its knotty brow;
 While tints of tender or luxuriant green
 On the slope vale's enamel'd bosom glow;
 And smiling harvests float in gold between.
 Of Cambria's hills we trace the shadowy height,
 Ken tapering spires half dipp'd in azure sky:
 While with gay wreaths, and fleecy blossoms
 Pomona sings her fragrant vintage nigh. [dight,
 Inhale, ye languid nymphs, this genial air;
 Taste the pure lymph, and feel that health is
 there.

ANONYMOUS.

On Lord Nelson.

I ASK'D of Time what gallant feats must claim
 (Maugre his biting sithe and idle rage)
 Proudstation, blazed on history's glowing page?
 Sullen he scowls, and would efface the name;
 But as the fiend his hoary wings uphore
 I spied Trafalgar's peak and rocky shore.
 I ask'd of Atè, who her ravenous maw
 Had gorged most with carnage, wreck, and spoil?
 Who best had loved his giant course of toil
 To run? whose pendant gave old Ocean law?
 Came forth a voice—'What boots it this to know?
 My shaft's unerring barb, in yonder fight,
 Pierced through this living tower of patriot
 might;
 Ask you his name? Go read a nation's woe!

ANONYMOUS.

To an Oak blown down by the Wind.

THOU who, unmoved, hast heard the *whirlwind*
chide

Full many a winter round thy craggy bed;
And, like an *earthborn* giant, hast outspread
Thy hundred arms and heaven's own bolt defied
Now liest along thy native mountain's side
Uptorn; yet deem not that I come to shed
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
(Or basely to insult thy blasted pride:

No—still 'tis thine, though fallen, imperial Oak!
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave,
That 'tis much better, overthrown and broke
In Freedom's cause, to sink into the grave,
Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave.

ANONYMOUS.

END OF VOL. III.



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